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POEMS

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C. CHURCHILL.

VOL. I.

POEMS

BY

C. CHURCHILL.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

CONTAINING

THE ROSCIAD,
THE APOLOGY,
NIGHT,
THE PROPHECY OF FAMINE,
AN EPISTLE TO WILLIAM HOGARTH,
AND
THE GHOST, IN FOUR BOOKS.

THE FOURTH EDITION.

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THE

ROSCIAD.

ROSCIUS deceas'd, each high aſpiring Play'r
Puſh'd all his int'reſt for the vacant chair.
The buſkin'd Heroes of the mimic ſtage
No longer whine in love, and rant in rage;
The monarch quits his throne, and condeſcends
Humbly to court the favour of his friends;
For pity's ſake tells undeſerv'd miſhaps,
And, their applauſe to gain, recounts his claps.
Thus the victorious chiefs of ancient Rome,
To win the mob, a ſuppliant's form aſſume,

In pompous ſtrain fight o'er th' extinguiſh'd war,
And ſhew where honour bled in ev'ry ſcar.

But though bare Merit might in Rome appear
The ſtrongeſt plea for favour, 'tis not here;
We form our judgment in another way;
And they will beſt ſucceed, who beſt can pay:
Thoſe, who would gain the votes of Britiſh tribes,
Muſt add to force of Merit, force of bribes.

What can an actor give? in ev'ry age
Caſh hath been rudely baniſh'd from the ſtage;
Monarchs themſelves, to grief of ev'ry play'r,
Appear as often as their image there:
They can't, like candidate for other place,
Pour ſeas of wine, and mountains raiſe of meat.
Wine! they could bribe you with the world as ſoon,
And of roaſt beef, they only know the tune:
But what they have they give; could CLIVE do more,
Though for each million he had brought home four?

SHUTER keeps open houſe at Southwark fair,
And hopes the friends of humour will be there;

In

In Smithfield, YATES prepares the rival treat
For thoſe who laughter love, inſtead of meat;
FOOTE, at Old Houſe, for even FOOTE will be,
In ſelf-conceit, and actor, bribes with tea;
Which WILKINSON at ſecond-hand receives,
And at the New, pours water on the leaves.

The town divided, each runs ſev'ral ways,
As paſſion, humour, int'reſt, party ſways.
Things of no moment, colour of the hair,
Shape of a leg, complexion brown or fair,
A dreſs well choſen, or a patch miſplac'd,
Conciliate favour, or create diſtaſte.

From galleries loud peals of laughter roll,
And thunder SHUTER's praiſes,—he's ſo *droll*;
Embox'd, the ladies muſt have ſomething ſmart,
PALMER! Oh! PALMER tops the janty part.
Seated in pit, the dwarf, with aching eyes,
Looks up, and vows that BARRY's out of ſize;
Whilſt to ſix feet the vig'rous ſtripling grown,
Declares that GARRICK is another COAN.

When place of ju[illegible] is by whim ſupply'd,
And our opinions have their riſe in pride;
When, in diſcourſing on ſuch [illegible] elf,
We praiſe and cenſure with an [illegible] ſelf;
All muſt meet friends, and ACKMAN bids as fair
In ſuch a court, as GARRICK, for the chair.

At length agreed, all ſquabbles to decide,
By ſome one judge the cauſe was to be try'd;
But this their ſquabbles *did* afreſh renew,
Who ſhould be judge in ſuch a trial:—Who?

For JOHNSON ſome, but JOHNSON, it was fear'd,
Would be too grave; and STERNE too gay appear'd;
Others for FRANCKLIN voted: but 'twas known,
He ſicken'd at all triumphs but his own;
For COLMAN many, but the peeviſh tongue
Of prudent Age found out that he was Young.
For MURPHY ſome few *pilf'ring* wits declar'd,
Whilſt FOLLY clapp'd her hands, and WISDOM ſtar'd.

To miſchief train'd, e'en from his mother's womb,
Grown old in fraud, tho' yet in manhood's bloom,

[illegible]ing

Adopting arts, by which gay villains riſe,
And reach the heights, which honeſt men deſpiſe;
Mute at the bar, and in the ſenate loud,
Duſt 'mongſt the dullest, proudeſt of the proud;
A pert, prim, Prater of the *artful* face,
Guilt in his heart, and ſan me in his face,
Stood forth,—and thrice he wav'd his lilly hand—
And thrice he twirl'd his Tye—thrice ſmok'd his band—

" At Friendſhip's call (thus oft with trait'rous aim,
" Men, void of faith, uſurp faith's ſacred name)
" At Friendſhip's call I come, by MURPHY ſent,
" Who thus by me *developes* his intent.
" But leſt, *tranſfus'd*, the Spirit ſhould be loſt,
" That Spirit, which in ſtorms of *Rhet'ric* toſt,
" Bounces about, and flies like bottled beer,
" In his own words his own intentions hear.

" Thanks to my friends.—But to vile fortunes born,
" No robes of fur theſe ſhoulders muſt adorn.
" Vain your applauſe, no aid from thence I draw;
" Vain all my wit, for what is wit in law?
" Twice (curs'd rememb'rance!) twice I ſtrove to gain
" Admittance 'mongſt the law-inſtructed train,

" Who, in the TEMPLE and GRAY'S-INN, prepare
" For client's wretched feet the legal ſnare;
" Dead to thoſe arts, which poliſh and refine,
" Deaf to all worth, becauſe that worth was *Mine*,
" Twice did theſe blockheads ſtartle at my name,
" And foul rejection gave me up to ſhame.
" To laws and lawyers then I bad adieu,
" And plans of far more lib'ral note purſue.
" Who will may be a Judge—my kindling breaſt
" Burns for that Chair which ROSCIUS once poſſeſs'd.
" *Here* give your votes, your int'reſt *here* exert,
" And let Succeſs for *once* attend Deſert."

With ſleek appearance, and with ambling pace,
And, type of vacant head, with vacant face,
The Proteus HILL put in his *modeſt* plea,—
" Let Favour ſpeak for others, Worth for me."—
For who, like him, his various powers could call
Into ſo many ſhapes, and ſhine in all?
Who could ſo nobly grace the motley liſt,
Actor, Inſpector, Doctor, Botaniſt?
Knows any one ſo well—ſure no one knows,—
At once to *play, preſcribe, compound, compoſe?*

Who

Who ca[illegible]—But WOODWARD came,—HILL ſlipp'd away,
Melting, like ghoſts, before the riſing day.

With that *low* CUNNING, which in fools ſupplies,
And amply too, the place of being wiſe,
Which Nature, kind indulgent parent, gave
To qualify the Blockhead for a Knave;
With that *ſmooth* FALSHOOD, whoſe appearance charms,
And reaſon of each wholſome doubt diſarms,
Which to the loweſt depths of guilt deſcends,
By vileſt means purſues the vileſt ends,
Wears Friendſhip's maſk for purpoſes of ſpite,
Fawns in the day, and Butchers in the night;
With that *malignant* ENVY, which turns pale,
And ſickens, even if a friend prevail,
Which merit and ſucceſs purſues with hate,
And damns the worth it cannot imitate;
With the *cold* CAUTION of a coward's ſpleen,
Which fears not guilt, but always ſeeks a ſcreen,
Which keeps this maxim ever in her view—
What's *baſely* done, ſhould be done *ſafely* too;
With that *dull, rooted, callous* IMPUDENCE,
Which, dead to ſhame, and ev'ry nicer ſenſe,

Ne'er bluſh'd, unleſs, in ſpreading VICE's ſnares,
She blunder'd on ſome virtue *unawares*;
With all theſe bleſſings, which we ſeldom find
Laviſh'd by Nature on *one* happy mind,
A Motley Figure, of the FRIBBLE Tribe,
Which Heart can ſcarce conceive, or pen deſcribe,
Came *ſimp'ring* on; to aſcertain whoſe ſex
Twelve, ſage, *impanell'd* Matrons would perplex.
Nor *Male*, nor *Female*; *Neither*, and yet both;
Of *Neuter* Gender, tho' of *Iriſh* growth;
A ſix-foot ſuckling, mincing in *Its* gait;
Affected, peeviſh, prim, and delicate;
Fearful *It* ſeem'd, tho' of Athletic make,
Leſt *brutal breezes* ſhould too roughly ſhake
Its tender form, and *ſavage* motion ſpread,
O'er *Its* pale cheeks, the horrid manly red.

Much did *It* talk, in *Its* own *pretty* phraſe,
Of Genius and of Taſte, of Play'rs and Plays;
Much too of writings, which *Itſelf* had wrote,
Of ſpecial merit, tho' of little note;
For Fate, in a ſtrange humour, had decreed
That what *It* wrote, none but *Itſelf* ſhould read;

Much

Much to the chatter'd of *Dramatic* Laws,
Misjudging Critics, and miſplac'd applauſe,
Then, with a ſelf complacent jutting air,
It ſmil'd, It ſmil'd, It wriggled to the chair;
And, with an awkward briſkneſs not *its* own,
Looking around, and *working* on the throng,
Triumphant ſeem'd, when that ſtrange ſavage Dame,
Known but to few, or only known by name,
Plain COMMON SENSE appear'd, by Nature there
Appointed, with plain TRUTH, to guard the chair.
The Pageant ſaw, and blaſted with her frown,
To *Its* firſt ſtate of Nothing melted down.

Nor ſhall the MUSE (for even there the pride
Of this *vain Nothing* ſhall be mortified)
Nor ſhall the MUSE (ſhould Fate ordain her rimes,
Fond, pleaſing thought! to live in after-times)
With ſuch a Trifler's name her pages blot;
Known be the Character, the *Thing* forgot;
Let *It*, to diſappoint each future aim,
Live without Sex, and die without a name!

Cold-blooded critics, by enervate fires
Scarce hammer'd out, when Nature's feeble fires

Glimmer'd

Glimmer'd their laſt; whoſe ſluggiſh blood, half froze,
Creeps lab'ring thro' the veins; whoſe heart ne'er glows
With fancy-kindled heat:—A ſervile race,
Who, in mere want of fault, all merit place;
Who blind obedience pay to ancient ſchools,
Bigots to Greece, and ſlaves to muſty rules;
With ſolemn conſequence declar'd that none
Could judge that cauſe but SOPHOCLES alone.
Dupes to their fancied excellence, the crowd,
Obſequious to the ſacred dictate, bow'd.

When, from amidſt the throng, a Youth ſtood forth,
Unknown his perſon, not unknown his worth;
His look beſpoke applauſe; alone he ſtood,
Alone he ſtemm'd the mighty critic flood.
He talk'd of ancients, as the man became
Who priz'd our own, but envied not their fame;
With noble rev'rence ſpoke of Greece and Rome,
And ſcorn'd to tear the laurel from the tomb.

" But more than juſt to other countries grown,
" Muſt we turn baſe apoſtates to our own?
" Where do theſe words of Greece and Rome excel,
" That England may not pleaſe the ear as well?

What

" What mighty magic's in the place or air,
" That all perfection needs muſt centre there?
" In ſtates, let Fancy blindly be preferr'd;
" In ſtate of arts is Merit ſhould be heard.
" Genius is of no country, her pure ray
" Spreads all abroad, as gen'ral as the day;
" Foe to reſtraint, from place to place ſhe flies,
" And may hereafter e'en in Holland riſe.
" May not (to give a pleaſing fancy ſcope,
" And chear a patriot heart with patriot hope)
" May not ſome great extenſive genius raiſe
" The name of Britain 'bove Athenian praiſe;
" And, whilſt brave thirſt of fame his boſom warms,
" Make England great in Letters as in Arms?
" There may--there hath--and SHAKESPEARE's muſe aſpires
" Beyond the reach of Greece; with native fires
" Mounting aloft, he wings his daring flight,
" Whilſt SOPHOCLES below ſtands trembling at his height.

" Why ſhould we then abroad for judges roam,
" When abler judges we may find at home?
" Happy in tragic and in comic powr's,
" Have we not SHAKESPEARE?—Is not JOHNSON ours?
For them, your nat'ral judges, Britons, vote;
[illegible] like Britons, who like Britons wrote."

He ſaid, and conquer'd—Senſe reſum'd her ſway,
And diſappointed pedants ſtalk'd away.
SHAKESPEARE and JOHNSON, with deſerv'd applaus
Joint-judges were ordain'd to try the cauſe.
Mean-time the ſtranger ev'ry voice employ'd,
To aſk or tell his name—Who is it?—LLOYD.

Thus, when the aged friends of JOB ſtood mute,
And, tamely prudent, gave up the diſpute,
ELIHU, with the decent warmth of youth,
Boldly ſtood forth the advocate of Truth;
Confuted Falſhood, and diſabled pride,
Whilſt baffled age ſtood ſnarling at his ſide.

The day of tryal's fix'd, nor any fear
Leſt day of tryal ſhould be put off here.
Cauſes but ſeldom for delay can call
In courts where forms are few, fees none at all.

The morning came, nor find I that the ſun,
As he on other great events hath done,
Put on a brighter robe than what he wore
To go his journey in the day before.

Full

Full in the centre of a ſpacious plain,
On plan entirely new, where nothing vain,
Nothing magnificent appear'd, but Art,
With decent modeſty perform'd her part,
Roſe a tribunal: from no other court
It borrow'd ornament, or ſought ſupport:
No juries here were pack'd to kill or clear,
No bribes were taken, nor oaths broken here;
No gownſmen, partial to a client's cauſe,
To their own purpoſe tun'd the pliant laws.
Each judge was true and ſteady to his truſt,
As MANSFIELD wiſe, and as old FOSTER juſt.

In the firſt ſeat, in robe of various dyes,
A noble wildneſs flaſhing from his eyes,
Sat SHAKESPEARE.—In one hand a wand he bore,
For mighty wonders fam'd in days of yore;
The other held a globe, which to his will
Obedient turn'd, and own'd the maſter's ſkill:
Things of the nobleſt kind his genius drew,
And look'd through Nature at a ſingle view:
A looſe he gave to his unbounded ſoul,
And taught new lands to riſe, new ſeas to roll;

Call'd

Call'd into being ſcenes unknown before,
And, paſſing Nature's bounds, was ſomething more.

Next JOHNSON ſat, in ancient learning train'd,
His rigid Judgment Fancy's flights reſtrain'd,
Correctly prun'd each wild luxuriant thought,
Mark'd out her courſe, nor ſpar'd a glorious fault.
The book of man he read with niceſt art,
And ranſack'd all the ſecrets of the heart;
Exerted Penetration's utmoſt force,
And trac'd each paſſion to its proper ſource;
Then, ſtrongly mark'd, in livelieſt colours drew,
And brought each foible forth to publick view.
The Coxcomb felt a laſh in ev'ry word,
And fools, hung out, their brother fools deterr'd,
His comic humour kept the world in awe,
And Laughter frightened Folly more than Law.

But, hark!—The trumpet ſounds, the crowd gives way,
And the proceſſion comes in juſt array.

Now ſhould I, in ſome ſweet poetic line,
Offer up incenſe at APOLLO'S ſhrine;

Invoke

Invoke the muſe to quit her calm abode,
And waken mem'ry with a ſleeping ode.
For how ſhould mortal man, in mortal verſe,
Their titles, merits, or their names rehearſe?
But give, kind DULLNESS, memory and rime,
We'll put off Genius till another time.

Firſt, ORDER came,—with ſolemn ſtep, and ſlow;
In meaſur'd time his feet were taught to go.
Behind, from time to time, he caſt his eye,
Leſt This ſhould quit his place, That ſtep awry.
Appearances to ſave his only care;
So things ſeem right, no matter what they are.
In him his parents ſaw themſelves renew'd,
Begotten by *Sir* CRITIC on *Saint* PRUDE.

Then came *Drum*, *Trumpet*, *Hautboy*, *Fiddle*, *Flute*;
Next *Snuffer*, *Sweeper*, *Shifter*, *Soldier*, *Mute*:
Legions of Angels all in *white* advance;
Furies, all *fire*, come forward in a dance;
Pantomime figures then are brought to view,
Fools hand in hand with Fools, go two by two.
Next came the Treaſurer of either houſe;
[illegible] t'other with not a ſous.

Behind

Behind, a group of figures ſtrive create,
Set off with all th' impertinence of ſtate;
By lace and feather conſecrate to fame,
Expletive Kings, and Queens without a name.

Here HAVARD, all ſerene, in the ſame ſtrains,
Loves, hates, and rages, triumphs, and complains;
His eaſy vacant face proclaim'd a heart
Which could not feel emotions, nor impart.
With him came mighty DAVIES. On my life,
That DAVIES hath a very pretty wife:—
Stateſman all over!—In plots famous grown!—
He mouths a ſentence, as curs mouth a bone.

Next HOLLAND came.—With truly tragic ſtalk,
He creeps, he flies.—A Hero ſhould not walk.
As if with heav'n he warr'd, his eager eyes
Planted their batteries againſt the ſkies,
Attitude, Action, Air, Pauſe, Start, Sigh, Groan,
He borrow'd, and made uſe of as his own.
By fortune thrown on any other ſtage,
He might, *perhaps*, have pleas'd an eaſy age;
But now appears a copy, and no more,
Of ſomething better we have ſeen before.

The actor who would build a ſolid fame,
Muſt imitation's [illegible]le arts diſclaim;
Act from himſelf, on his own bottom ſtand;
I hate e'en GARRICK thus at ſecond-hand.

Behind came KING.—Bred up in modeſt lore,
Baſhful and young he ſought Hibernia's ſhore;
Hibernia, fam'd, 'bove ev'ry other grace,
For matchleſs intrepidity of face.
From Her his Features caught the gen'rous flame,
And bid defiance to all ſenſe of ſhame.
Tutor'd by Her all rivals to ſurpaſs,
'Mongſt DRURY's ſons he comes, and ſhines in BRASS.

Lo YATES!—Without the leaſt fineſſe of art
He gets applauſe!—I wiſh he'd get his part.
When hot impatience is in full career,
How vilely "Hark'e! Hark'e!" grates the ear?
When active fancy from the brain is ſent,
And ſtands on tip-toe for ſome wiſh'd event,
I hate thoſe careleſs blunders which recall
Suſpended ſenſe, and prove it fiction all.

In characters of low and vulgar mould,
Where nature's coarſeſt features are enroll'd.
Where, deſtitute of ev'ry decent grace,
Unmanner'd jeſts are blurted in your face,
There YATES with juſtice ſtrict attention draws,
Acts truly from himſelf, and gains applauſe.
But when, to pleaſe himſelf or charm his wife,
He aims at ſomething in politer life,
When, blindly thwarting Nature's ſtubborn plan,
He treads the ſtage, by way of gentleman,
The Clown, who no one touch of breeding knows,
Looks like TOM ERRAND dreſs'd in CLINCHER's cloaths.
Fond of his dreſs, fond of his perſon grown,
Laugh'd at by all, and to himſelf unknown,
From ſide to ſide he ſtruts, he ſmiles, he prates,
And ſeems to wonder what's become of YATES.

WOODWARD, endow'd with various tricks of face,
Great maſter in the ſcience of grimace,
From Ireland ventures, fav'rite of the town,
Lur'd by the pleaſing proſpect of renown;
A ſpeaking Harlequin, made up of whim,
He twiſts, he twines, he tortures ev'ry limb.

ys to the eye with a mere monkey's art,
d leaves to ſenſe the conqueſt of the heart.
We laugh indeed, but on reflection's birth,
We wonder at ourſelves, and curſe our mirth.
His walk of parts he fatally miſplac'd,
And inclination fondly took for taſte;
Hence hath the town ſo often ſeen diſplay'd
Beau in Burleſque, High Life in Maſquerade.

But when bold Wits, not ſuch as patch up plays,
Cold and correct, in theſe inſipid days,
Some comic character, ſtrong featur'd, urge
To probability's extremeſt verge,
Where modeſt judgment her decree ſuſpends,
And for a time, nor cenſures, nor commends,
Where critics can't determine on the ſpot,
Whether it is in Nature found or not,
There WOODWARD ſafely ſhall his pow'rs exert,
Nor fail of favour where he ſhews deſert.
Hence he in Bobadil ſuch praiſes bore,
Such worthy praiſes, Kitely ſcarce had more.

By turns transform'd into all kind of ſhapes,
Conſtant to none, FOOTE laughs, cries, ſtruts, and ſcrapes:

Now in the centre, now in [illegible] ar,
The Proteus ſhifts, *Bawd*, *Parſ*[illegible]
His ſtrokes of humour, and his burſts [illegible]
Are all contain'd in this one word, *Diſt*[illegible]

Doth a man ſtutter, look a-ſquint, or halt?
Mimics draw humour out of Nature's fault.
With perſonal defects their mirth adorn,
And hang misfortunes out to public ſcorn.
E'en I, whom Nature caſt in hideous mould,
Whom, having made, ſhe trembled to behold,
Beneath the load of mimicry may groan,
And find that Nature's errors are my own.

Shadows behind of FOOTE and WOODWARD came;
WILKINSON this, OBRIEN was that name.
Strange to relate, but wonderfully true,
That even ſhadows have their ſhadows too!
With not a ſingle comic pow'r endu'd,—
The firſt a mere mere mimic's mimic ſtood.
The laſt, by Nature form'd to pleaſe, who ſhows,
In JOHNSON's Stephen, which way Genius grows,
Self quite put off, affects, with too much art,
To put on WOODWARD in each mangled part;

Adopts

Adopts his ſhrug, his wink, his ſtare; nay, more,
His voice, and croaks; for WOODWARD croak'd before.
When a dull copier ſimple grace neglects,
And reſts his Imitation in Defects,
We readily forgive; but ſuch vile arts
Are double guilt in men of real parts.

By Nature form'd in her perverſeſt mood,
With no one requiſite of Art endu'd,
Next JACKSON came.—Obſerve that ſettled glare,
Which better ſpeaks a Puppet than a Play'r;
Liſt to that voice—did ever DISCORD hear
Sounds ſo well fitted to her untun'd ear?
When, to enforce ſome very tender part,
The right hand ſleeps by inſtinct on the heart,
His ſoul, of every other thought bereft,
Is anxious only where to place the left;
He ſobs and pants to ſooth his weeping ſpouſe,
To ſooth his weeping mother, turns and bows.
Aukward, embarraſs'd, ſtiff, without the ſkill
Of moving gracefully, or ſtanding ſtill,
One leg, as if ſuſpicious of his brother,
Deſirous ſeems to run away from t'other.

Some errors, handed down from [illegible]
Plead Cuſtom's force, and ſtill [illegible]
That's vile—ſhould we a parent's [illegible]
And err, becauſe our fathers err'd [illegible]
If, inattentive to the author's mir[illegible]
Some actors made the jeſt they co[illegible]
If by low tricks they marr'd fair [illegible]
And blurr'd the graces of the ſimple ſcene,
Shall we, if reaſon rightly is employ'd,
Not ſee their faults, or ſeeing not avoid?
When FALSTAFF ſtands detected in a lye,
Why, without meaning, rowls LOVE's glaſſy eye?
Why?—There's no cauſe—at leaſt no cauſe we know—
It was the Faſhion twenty years ago.
Faſhion—a word which knaves and fools may uſe
Their knavery and folly to excuſe.
To copy beauties, forfeits all pretence
To fame—to copy faults, is want of ſenſe.

Yet (tho' in ſome particulars he fails,
Some few particulars, where MODE prevails)
If in theſe hallow'd times, when ſober, ſad,
All GENTLEMEN are melancholy mad,

When

When 'tis not deem'd ſo great a crime by half
To violate a veſtal, as to laugh,
Rude mirth may hope preſumptuous to engage
An Act of Toleration for the ſtage,
And courtiers will, like reaſonable creatures,
Suſpend vain Faſhion, and unſcrew their features,
Old FALSTAFF, play'd by LOVE, ſhall pleaſe once more,
And humour ſet the audience in a roar.

Actors I've ſeen, and of no vulgar name,
Who, being from one part poſſeſs'd of fame,
Whether they are to laugh, cry, whine, or bawl,
Still introduce that fav'rite part in all.
Here, LOVE, be cautious—ne'er be thou betray'd
To call in that wag FALSTAFF's dang'rous aid;
Like GOTHS of old, howe'er he ſeems a friend,
He'll ſeize that throne, you wiſh him to defend.
In a peculiar mould by HUMOUR caſt,
For FALSTAFF fram'd—Himſelf, the Firſt and laſt,—
He ſtands aloof from all—maintains his ſtate,
And ſcorns, like *Scotſmen*, to aſſimilate.
Vain all diſguiſe—too plain we ſee the trick,
Tho' the Knight wears the weeds of DOMINIC,

And BONIFACE, diſgrac'd, betrays the ſmack,
In ANNO DOMINI, of FALSTAFF's ſack.

Arms croſs'd, brows bent, eyes fix'd, feet marching ſlow,
A band of malecontents with ſpleen o'erflow;
Wrapt in conceit's impenetrable fog,
Which Pride, like Phœbus, draws from ev'ry bog,
They curſe the managers, and curſe the town,
Whoſe partial favour keeps ſuch merit down.

But if ſome man, more hardy than the reſt,
Should dare attack theſe *gnatlings* in their neſt;
At once they riſe with impotence of rage,
Whet their ſmall ſtings, and buzz about the ſtage.
"'Tis breach of privilege!—Shall any dare
"To arm ſatyric truth againſt a play'r?
"Preſcriptive rights we plead time out of mind;
"Actors, unlaſh'd themſelves, may laſh mankind."

What! ſhall Opinion then, of nature free
And lib'ral as the vagrant air, agree
To ruſt in chains like theſe, impos'd by Things
Which, leſs than nothing, ape the pride of kings?

No

No—though half-poets with half-players join
the freedom of each honeſt line;
rage and malice dim their faded cheek;
the muſe freely thinks, ſhe'll freely ſpeak.
With juſt diſdain of ev'ry paltry ſneer,
Stranger alike to flattery and fear,
In purpoſe fix'd, and to herſelf a rule,
Public Contempt ſhall wait the Public Fool.

AUSTIN would always gliſten in French ſilks,
ACKMAN would Norris be, and PACKER Wilks.
For who, like ACKMAN, can with humour pleaſe;
Who can, like PACKER, charm with ſprightly eaſe?
Higher than all the reſt, ſee BRANSBY ſtrut:
A mighty Gulliver in Lilliput!
Ludicrous nature! which at once could ſhew
A man ſo very High, ſo very Low.

If I forget thee, BLAKES, or if I ſay
Aught hurtful, may I never ſee thee play.
Let critics, with a ſupercilious air,
Decry thy various merits, and declare
Frenchman is ſtill at top;—but ſcorn that rage
Which, in attacking thee, attacks the age.

French

French follies, univerſally embrac'd,
At once provoke our mirth, and form our taſte.

Long, from a nation ever hardly us'd,
At random cenſur'd, wantonly abus'd,
Have BRITONS drawn their ſport, with partial view
Form'd gen'ral notions from the raſcal few;
Condemn'd a people, as for vices known,
Which, from their country baniſh'd, ſeek our own.
At length, howe'er, the ſlaviſh chain is broke,
And Senſe, awaken'd, ſcorns her ancient yoke:
Taught by Thee, MOODY, we now learn to raiſe
Mirth from their foibles; from their virtues, praiſe.

Next came the legion, which our *Summer* BAYES,
From Alleys, here and there, contriv'd to raiſe,
Fluſh'd with vaſt hopes, and certain to ſucceed,
With WITS who cannot write, and ſcarce can read.
Vet'rans no more ſupport the rotten cauſe,
No more from ELLIOT's worth they reap applauſe,
Each on himſelf determines to rely,
Be YATES diſbanded, and let ELLIOT fly.
Never did play'rs ſo well an Author fit,
To Nature dead, and foes declar'd to Wit.

So

So loud each tongue, ſo empty was each head,
So much they talk'd, ſo very little ſaid,
So wond'rous dull, and yet ſo wond'rous vain,
At once ſo willing, and unfit to reign,
That Reaſon ſwore, nor would the oath recall,
Their mighty Maſter's ſoul inform'd them all.

As one with various diſappointments ſad,
Whom Dullneſs only kept from being mad,
Apart from all the reſt great MURPHY came—
Common to fools and wits, the rage of fame.
What tho' the ſons of Nonſenſe hail him SIRE,
AUDITOR, AUTHOR, MANAGER, and SQUIRE,
His reſtleſs ſoul's ambition ſtops not there,
To make his triumphs perfect, dubb him PLAY'R.

In perſon tall, a figure form'd to pleaſe,
If Symmetry could charm, depriv'd of eaſe;
When motionleſs he ſtands, we all approve;
What pity 'tis the THING was made to move.

His voice, in one dull, deep, unvaried ſound,
Seems to break forth from caverns under ground.

From

From hollow cheſt the low ſepulchral note
Unwilling heaves, and ſtruggles in his throat.

Could authors butcher'd give an actor grace,
All muſt to him reſign the foremoſt place.
When he attempts, in ſome one fav'rite part,
To ape the feelings of a manly heart,
His honeſt features the diſguiſe defy,
And his face loudly gives his tongue the lye.

Still in extremes, he knows no happy mean,
Or raving mad, or ſtupidly ſerene.
In cold wrought ſcenes the lifeleſs actor flags,
In paſſion, tears the paſſion into rags.
Can none remember?—Yes—I know all muſt—
When in the MOOR he ground his teeth to duſt,
When o'er the ſtage he FOLLY's ſtandard bore,
Whilſt COMMON-SENSE ſtood trembling at the door.

How few are found with real talents bleſs'd,
Fewer with Nature's gifts contented reſt.
Man from his ſphere eccentric ſtarts aſtray;
hunt for fame; but moſt miſtake the way.

Bred

Bred at St. OMER's to the Shuffling trade,
The hopeful youth a Jeſuit might have made,
With various readings ſtor'd his empty ſkull,
Learn'd without ſenſe, and venerably dull;
Or, at ſome Banker's deſk, like many more,
Content to tell, that two and two make four,
His name had ſtood in CITY ANNALS fair,
And PRUDENT DULLNESS mark'd him for a MAYOR.

What then could tempt thee, in a critic age,
Such blooming hopes to forfeit on a ſtage?
Could it be worth thy wond'rous waſte of pains
To publiſh to the world thy lack of brains?
Or might not reaſon e'en to thee have ſhewn
Thy greateſt praiſe had been to live *unknown?*
Yet let not vanity, like thine, deſpair:
Fortune makes Folly her peculiar care.

A vacant throne high-plac'd in SMITHFIELD view,
To ſacred DULLNESS and her FIRST-BORN due,
Thither with haſte in happy hour repair,
Thy birth-right claim, nor fear a rival there.
SHUTER himſelf ſhall own thy juſter claim,
And VENAL LEDGERS puff their MURPHY's name.

Whilſt

Whilſt VAUGHAN or DAPPER, call him which you will.
Shall blow the trumpet, and give out the bill.

There rule ſecure from critics and from ſenſe,
Nor once ſhall GENIUS riſe to give offence;
Eternal peace ſhall bleſs the happy ſhore,
And LITTLE FACTIONS break thy reſt no more.

From COVENT-GARDEN crowds promiſcuous go,
Whom the muſe knows not, nor deſires to know.
Vet'rans they ſeem'd, but knew of arms no more
Than if, till that time, arms they never bore:
Like Weſtminſter militia train'd to fight,
They ſcarcely knew the left hand from the right,
Aſham'd among ſuch troops to ſhew the head,
Their Chiefs were ſcatter'd, and their Heroes fled.

SPARKS at his glaſs ſat comfortably down
To ſep'rate frown from ſmile, and ſmile from frown;
SMITH, the genteel, the airy, and the ſmart,
SMITH was juſt gone to ſchool to ſay his part;
ROSS (a misfortune which we often meet)
Fell faſt aſleep at dear STATIRA's feet;

STATIRA,

STATIRA, with her hero to agree,
Stood on her feet as faſt aſleep as he;
MACKLIN, who largely deals in half-form'd ſounds,
Who wantonly tranſgreſſes Nature's bounds,
Whoſe Acting's hard, affected, and conſtrain'd,
Whoſe features, as each other they diſdain'd,
At variance ſet, inflexible and coarſe,
Ne'er know the workings of united force,
Ne'er kindly ſoften to each other's aid,
Nor ſhew the mingled pow'rs of light and ſhade.
No longer for a thankleſs ſtage concern'd,
To worthier thoughts his mighty Genius turn'd,
Harangu'd, gave Lectures, made each ſimple elf
Almoſt as good a ſpeaker as himſelf;
Whilſt the whole town, mad with miſtaken zeal,
An aukward rage for ELOCUTION feel;
Dull CITS and grave DIVINES his praiſe proclaim,
And join with SHERIDAN's their MACKLIN's name;
SHUTER, who never car'd a ſingle pin
Whether he left out nonſenſe, or put in,
Who aim'd at wit, tho', lawell'd in the dark,
The random arrow ſeldom hit the mark,
At Iſlington, all by the placid ſtream
Where city ſwains in lap of Dullneſs dream,

Where,

Where, quiet as her ſtrains their ſtrains *do* flow,
That all the patron by the bards may know;
Secret as night, with ROLT's experienc'd aid,
The plan of future operations laid,
Projected ſchemes the ſummer months to chear,
And ſpin out happy Folly through the year.

But think not, though theſe daſtard-chiefs are fled,
That COVENT-GARDEN troops ſhall want a head:
HARLEQUIN comes their chief!--ſee from afar,
The hero ſeated in fantaſtic car!
Wedded to *Novelty*, his only arms
Are wooden ſwords, wands, taliſmans, and charms;
On one ſide Folly ſits, by ſome call'd Fun,
And on the other, his arch-patron, LUN.
Behind, for liberty a-thirſt in vain,
SENSE, helpleſs captive, drags the galling chain.
Six rude miſ-ſhapen beaſts the chariot draw,
Whom Reaſon loaths, and Nature never ſaw,
Monſters, with tails of ice, and heads of fire;
Gorgons, and Hydras, and Chymæras dire.
Each was beſtrode by full as monſtrous wight,
Giant, Dwarf, Genius, Elf, Hermaphrodite.

The Town, as uſual, met him in full cry;
The Town, as uſual, knew no reaſon why.
But Faſhion ſo directs, and Moderns raiſe
On Faſhion's mould'ring baſe their tranſient praiſe.

Next, to the field a band of females draw
Their force; for Britain owns no Salique Law:
Juſt to their worth, we female rights admit,
Nor bar their claim to empire or to wit.

Firſt, giggling, plotting chamber-maids arrive,
Hoydens and romps, led on by Gen'ral CLIVE.
In ſpite of outward blemiſhes, ſhe ſhone
For Humour fam'd, and Humour all her own.
Eaſy as if at Home the ſtage ſhe trod,
Nor ſought the critic's praiſe, nor fear'd his rod.
Original in ſpirit and in eaſe,
She pleas'd by hiding all attempts to pleaſe.
No comic actreſs ever yet could raiſe,
On Humour's baſe, more merit or more praiſe.

With all the native vigour of ſixteen,
Among the merry troop conſpicuous ſeen,

See lively POPE advance in *jig*, and *trip*
Corinna, Cherry, Honeycomb, and Snip.
Not without Art, but yet to Nature true,
She charms the town with humour juſt, yet new,
Chear'd by her promiſe, we the leſs deplore
The fatal time when CLIVE ſhall be no more.

Lo! VINCENT comes—with ſimple grace array'd,
She laughs at paltry arts, and ſcorns parade.
Nature through her is by reflection ſhewn,
Whilſt GAY once more knows POLLY for his own.

Talk not to me of diffidence and fear—
I ſee it all, but muſt forgive it here.
Defects like theſe which *modeſt* terrors cauſe,
From Impudence itſelf extort applauſe.
Candour and Reaſon ſtill take Virtue's part;
We love e'en foibles in ſo good an heart.

Let TOMMY ARNE, with uſual pomp of ſtile,
Whoſe chief, whoſe only merit's to compile,
Who, meanly pilf'ring here and there a bit,
Deals muſic out as MURPHY deals out Wit,

Publiſh

Publiſh propoſals, laws for taſte preſcribe,
And chant the praiſe of an ITALIAN tribe;
Let him reverſe kind Nature's firſt decrees,
And teach e'en BRENT a method not to pleaſe;
But never ſhall a TRULY BRITISH Age,
Bear a vile race of eunuchs on the ſtage.
The boaſted work's called NATIONAL in vain,
If one ITALIAN voice pollutes the ſtrain.
Where tyrants rule, and ſlaves with joy obey,
Let ſlaviſh minſtrils pour th' enervate lay;
To BRITONS far more noble pleaſures ſpring,
In native notes whilſt BEARD and VINCENT ſing.

Might figure give a title unto fame,
What rival ſhould with YATES diſpute her claim?
But juſtice may not partial trophies raiſe,
Nor ſink the Actreſs in the Woman's praiſe.
Still hand in hand her words and actions go,
And the heart feels more than the features ſhow:
For, through the regions of that beauteous face,
We no variety of paſſions trace;
Dead to the ſoft emotions of the heart,
No kindred ſoftneſs caſt thoſe eyes impart;

The brow, ſtill fix'd in ſorrow's ſullen frame,
Void of diſtinction, marks all parts the ſame.

What's a fine perſon, or a beauteous face,
Unleſs deportment gives them decent grace?
Bleſs'd with all other requiſites to pleaſe,
Some want the ſtriking elegance of Eaſe;
The curious eye their aukward movement tires;
They ſeem like puppets led about by wires.
Others, like ſtatues, in one poſture ſtill,
Give great ideas of the workman's ſkill;
Wond'ring, his art we praiſe the more we view,
And only grieve he gave not motion too.
Weak of themſelves are what we beauties call,
It is the manner which gives ſtrength to all.
This teaches ev'ry beauty to unite,
And brings them forward in the nobleſt light.
Happy in this, behold, amidſt the throng,
With tranſient gleam of grace, HART ſweeps along.

If all the wonders of external grace,
A perſon finely turn'd, a mould of face,
Where, Union rare, Expreſſion's lively force
With Beauties ſofteſt magic holds diſcourſe,

Attract

Attract the eye; if feelings, void of art,
Rouze the quick paſſions, and enflame the heart;
If muſic, ſweetly breathing from the tongue,
Captives the ear, BRIDE muſt not paſs unſung.

When fear, which rank ill-nature terms conceit,
By time and cuſtom conquer'd, ſhall retreat;
When judgment, tutor'd by experience ſage,
Shall ſhoot abroad, and gather ſtrength from age;
When heav'n in mercy ſhall the ſtage releaſe
From the dull ſlumbers of a ſtill-life piece;
When ſome ſtale flow'r, diſgraceful to the walk,
Which long hath hung, tho' wither'd on the ſtalk,
Shall kindly drop, then BRIDE ſhall make her way,
And merit find a paſſage to the day;
Brought into action ſhe at once ſhall raiſe
Her own renown, and juſtify our praiſe.

Form'd for the tragic ſcene, to grace the ſtage,
With rival excellence of Love and Rage,
Miſtreſs of each ſoft art, with matchleſs ſkill
To turn and wind the paſſions as ſhe will;
To melt the heart with ſympathetic woe,
Awake the ſigh, and teach the tear to flow;

To put on Frenzy's wild diſtracted glare,
And freeze the ſoul with horror and deſpair;
With juſt deſert enroll'd in endleſs fame,
Conſcious of worth ſuperior, CIBBER came.

When poor Alicia's madd'ning brains are rack'd,
And ſtrongly imag'd griefs her mind diſtract;
Struck with her grief, I catch the madneſs too!
My brain turns round, the headleſs trunk I view!
The roof cracks, ſhakes and falls!—New horrors riſe,
And Reaſon buried in the ruin lies.

Nobly diſdainful of each ſlaviſh art,
She makes her firſt attack upon the heart:
Pleas'd with the ſummons, it receives her laws,
And all is ſilence, ſympathy, applauſe.

But when, by fond ambition drawn aſide,
Giddy with praiſe, and puff'd with female pride,
She quits the tragic ſcene, and, in pretence
To comic merit, breaks down Nature's fence;
I ſcarcely can believe my ears or eyes,
Or find out CIBBER through the dark diſguiſe.

PRITCHARD,

PRITCHARD, by Nature for the ſtage deſign'd,
In perſon graceful, and in ſenſe refin'd;
Her art as much as Nature's friend became,
Her voice as free from blemiſh as her fame.
Who knows ſo well in majeſty to pleaſe,
Attemper'd with the graceful charms of eaſe?

When Congreve's favour'd pantomime to grace,
She comes a captive queen of Mooriſh race;
When Love, Hate, Jealouſy, Deſpair and Rage,
With wildeſt tumults in her breaſt engage;
Still equal to herſelf is Zara ſeen;
Her paſſions are the paſſions of a Queen.

When ſhe to murther whets the tim'rous Thane,
I feel ambition ruſh through ev'ry vein;
Perſuaſion hangs upon her daring tongue,
My heart grows flint, and ev'ry nerve's new ſtrung.

In Comedy—"Nay, there," cries Critic, "hold.
"PRITCHARD's for Comedy too fat and old.
"Who can, with patience, bear the gray coquette,
"Or force a laugh with over-grown Julett?

" Her Speech, Look, Action, Humour, all are juſt;
" But then, her age and figure give diſguſt."

Are Foibles then, and Graces of the mind,
In real life, to ſize or age confin'd?
Do ſpirits flow, and is good-breeding plac'd
In any ſet circumference of waiſt?
As we grow old, doth affectation ceaſe,
Or gives not age new vigour to caprice?
If in originals theſe things appear,
Why ſhould we bar them in the copy here?
The nice punctilio-mongers of this age,
The grand minute reformers of the ſtage,
Slaves to propriety of ev'ry kind,
Some ſtandard-meaſure for each part ſhould find,
Which when the beſt of Actors ſhall exceed,
Let it devolve to one of ſmaller breed.
All actors too upon the back ſhould bear
Certificate of birth;—time, when;—place, where.
For how can critics rightly fix their worth,
Unleſs they know the minute of their birth?
An audience too, deceiv'd, may find too late
That they have clapp'd an actor out of date.

Figure, I own, at firſt may give offence,
And harſhly ſtrike the eye's too curious ſenſe:
But when perfections of the mind break forth,
Humour's chaſte ſallies, Judgment's ſolid worth;
When the pure genuine flame, by Nature taught,
Springs into Senſe, and ev'ry action's Thought;
Before ſuch merit all objections fly;
PRITCHARD's genteel, and GARRICK's ſix feet high.

Oft have I, PRITCHARD, ſeen thy wond'rous ſkill,
Confeſs'd thee great, but find thee greater ſtill.
That worth, which ſhone in ſcatter'd rays before,
Collected now, breaks forth with double pow'r.
The JEALOUS WIFE! On that thy trophies raiſe,
Inferior only to the Author's praiſe.

From Dublin, fam'd in legends of Romance
For mighty magic of enchanted lance,
With which her heroes arm'd victorious prove,
And like a flood ruſh o'er the land of Love,
MOSSOP and BARRY came.—Names ne'er deſign'd
By fate in the ſame ſentence to be join'd.
Raiſ'd by the breath of popular acclaim,
They mounted to the pinnacle of Fame;

There

There the weak brain, made giddy with the height,
Spurr'd on the rival chiefs to mortal fight.
Thus ſportive boys, around ſome baſon's brim,
Behold the pipe-drawn bladders circling ſwim:
But if from lungs more potent, there ariſe
Two bubbles of a more than common ſize,
Eager for honour they for fight prepare,
Bubble meets bubble, and both ſink to air.

Mossop, attach'd to military plan,
Still kept his eye fix'd on his right-hand man.
Whilſt the mouth meaſures words with ſeeming ſkill,
The right hand labours, and the left lies ſtill;
For he reſolved on ſcripture-grounds to go,
What the right doth, the left-hand ſhall not know.
With ſtudied impropriety of ſpeech,
He ſoars beyond the hackney critic's reach;
To epithets allots emphatic ſtate,
Whilſt principals, ungrac'd, like lacquies wait;
In ways firſt trodden by himſelf excels,
And ſtands alone in indeclinables;
Conjunction, preposition, adverb join
To ſtamp new vigour on the nervous line:

In

In monoſyllables his thunders roll,
HE, SHE, IT, AND, WE, YE, THEY, fright the ſoul.

In perſon taller than the common ſize,
Behold where BARRY draws admiring eyes!
When lab'ring paſſions, in his boſom pent,
Convulſive rage, and ſtruggling heave for vent;
Spectators, with imagin'd terrors warm,
Anxious expect the burſting of the ſtorm:
But, all unfit in ſuch a pile to dwell,
His voice comes forth, like Echo from her cell;
To ſwell the tempeſt needful aid denies,
And all a-down the ſtage in feeble murmurs dies.

What man, like BARRY, with ſuch pains, can err
In elocution, action, character?
What man could give, if BARRY was not here,
Such well-applauded tenderneſs to Lear?
Who elſe can ſpeak ſo very, very fine,
That ſenſe may kindly end with ev'ry line?

Some dozen lines before the ghoſt is there,
Behold him for the ſolemn ſcene prepare.

See how he frames his eyes, poiſes each limb,
Puts the whole body into proper trim.—
From whence we learn, with no great ſtretch of art,
Five lines hence comes a ghoſt, and, Ha! a ſtart.

When he appears moſt perfect, ſtill we find
Something which jars upon, and hurts the mind,
Whatever lights upon a part are thrown,
We ſee too plainly they are not his own.
No flame from Nature ever yet he caught;
Nor knew a feeling which he was not taught;
He rais'd his trophies on the baſe of art,
And conn'd his paſſions, as he conn'd his part.

QUIN, from afar, lur'd by the ſcent of fame,
A ſtage Leviathan, put in his claim.
Pupil of BETTERTON and BOOTH. Alone,
Sullen he walk'd, and deem'd the chair his own.
For how ſhould moderns, muſhrooms of the day,
Who ne'er thoſe maſters knew, know how to play?
Grey-bearded vet'rans, who, with partial tongue,
Extol the times when they then [illegible]
Who, having loſt all reliſh for the ſtage,
See not their own defects, but lay the [illegible]

Receiv'd

Receiv'd, with joyful murmurs of applauſe,
Their darling chief, and lin'd his fav'rite cauſe.

Far be it from the candid muſe to tread
Inſulting o'er the aſhes of the dead,
But, juſt to living merit, ſhe maintains,
And dares the teſt, whilſt GARRICK's Genius reigns
Ancients, in vain, endeavour to excel,
Happily prais'd, if they could act as well.
But, though preſcription's force we diſallow,
Nor to antiquity ſubmiſſive bow;
Though we deny imaginary grace,
Founded on accidents of time and place;
Yet real worth of ev'ry growth ſhall bear
Due praiſe, nor muſt we, QUIN, forget thee there.

His words bore ſterling weight, nervous and ſtrong
In manly tides of ſenſe they roll'd along.
Happy in art, he chiefly had pretence
To keep up numbers, yet not forfeit ſenſe.
No actor ever greater heights could reach
In all the labour'd artifice of ſpeech.

Speech! Is that all?—And ſhall an actor found
An univerſal fame on partial ground?

Parrots themſelves ſpeak properly by rote;
And, in ſix months, my dog ſhall howl by note.
I laugh at thoſe, who, when the ſtage they tread,
Neglect the heart, to compliment the head;
With ſtrict propriety their care's confin'd
To weigh out words, while paſſion halts behind.
To Syllable-diſſectors they appeal,
Allow them accent, cadence,—Fools may feel;
But, Spite of all the criticiſing elves,
Thoſe who would make us feel, muſt feel themſelves.

His eyes, in gloomy ſocket taught to roll,
Proclaim'd the ſullen habit of his ſoul.
Heavy and phlegmatic he trod the ſtage,
Too proud for Tenderneſs, too dull for Rage.
When Hector's lovely widow ſhines in Tears,
Or Rowe's gay Rake dependant Virtue jeers,
With the ſame caſt of features he is ſeen
To chide the Libertine, and court the Queen.
From the tame ſcene, which without paſſion flows,
With juſt deſert his reputation roſe;
Nor leſs he pleas'd, when, on ſome [illegible],
He was, at once, the Actor and the Man.

In Brute he ſhone unequall'd: all agree
GARRICK's not half ſo great a brute as he.
When Cato's labour'd ſcenes are brought to view;
With equal praiſe the Actor labour'd too,
For ſtill you'll find, trace paſſions to their root,
Small diff'rence 'twixt the Stoic and the Brute.
In fancied ſcenes, as in life's real plan,
He could not, for a moment, ſink the Man.
In whate'er caſt his character was laid,
Self ſtill, like oil, upon the ſurface play'd.
Nature, in ſpite of all his ſkill, crept in:
Horatio, Dorax, Falſtaff,—ſtill 'twas QUIN.

Next follows SHERIDAN.—A doubtful name,
As yet unſettled in the rank of fame.
This, fondly laviſh in his praiſes grown,
Gives him all merit: That allows him none,
Between them both, we'll ſteer the middle courſe,
Nor, loving praiſe, rob judgment of her force.

Juſt his conceptions, natural and great:
His feelings ſtrong, his words enforc'd with weight.
Were ſpeech-fam'd QUIN himſelf to hear him ſpeak,
Envy would drive the colour from his cheek:

But

But ſtep-dame Nature, niggard of her grace,
Deny'd the ſocial pow'rs of voice and face.
Fix'd in one frame of features, glare of eye,
Paſſions, like chaos, in confuſion lie:
In vain the wonders of his ſkill are try'd
To form diſtinction Nature hath deny'd.
His voice no touch of harmony admits,
Irregularly deep, and ſhrill by fits:
The two extremes appear like man and wife,
Coupled together for the ſake of ſtrife.

His action's always ſtrong, but ſometimes ſuch
That Candour muſt declare he acts too much.
Why muſt impatence fall three paces back?
Why paces three return to the attack?
Why is the right leg too forbid to ſtir,
Unleſs in motion ſemicircular?
Why muſt the hero with the Nailor vie,
And hurl the cloſe-clench'd fiſt at noſe or eye?
In royal John, with Philip angry grown,
I thought he would have knock'd poor DAVIES down
Inhuman tyrant! was it not a [illegible]
To fright a king ſo harmleſs and ſo tame?

But, ſpite of all defects, his glories riſe;
And Art, by Judgment form'd, with Nature vie;
Behold him ſound the depth of HUBERT's ſoul,
Whilſt in his own contending paſſions roll;
View the whole ſcene, with critic judgment ſcan,
And then deny him Merit if you can,
Where he falls ſhort, 'tis Nature's fault alone;
Where he ſucceeds, the Merit's all his own.

Laſt GARRICK came.—Behind him throng a train
Of ſnarling critics, ignorant as vain.

One finds out,—" He's of ſtature ſomewhat low,—
" Your Hero always ſhould be tall you know.—
" True nat'ral greatneſs all conſiſts in height."
Produce your voucher, Critic.—" Sergeant KYTE."

Another can't forgive the paltry arts,
By which he makes his way to ſhallow hearts;
Mere pieces of fineſſe, traps for applauſe.—
" Avaunt, unnat'ral Start, affected Pauſe."

For me, by Nature form'd to judge with phlegm,
I can't acquit by wholeſale, nor condemn.

The beſt things carried to exceſs are wrong:
The ſtart may be too frequent, pauſe too long;
But, only us'd in proper time and place,
Severeſt judgment muſt allow them Grace.

If Bunglers, form'd on Imitation's plan,
Juſt in the way that monkies mimic man,
Their copied ſcene with mangled arts diſgrace,
And pauſe and ſtart with the ſame vacant face;
We join the critic laugh; thoſe tricks we ſcorn,
Which ſpoil the ſcenes they mean them to adorn.
But when, from Nature's pure and genuine ſource,
Theſe ſtrokes of Acting flow with gen'rous force,
When in the features all the ſoul's portray'd,
And paſſions, ſuch as GARRICK's are diſplay'd,
To me they ſeem from quickeſt feelings caught:
Each ſtart is Nature; and each pauſe is Thought.

When Reaſon yields to Paſſion's wild alarms,
And the whole ſtate of man is up in arms;
What, but a Critic, could condemn the Play'r,
For pauſing here, when Cool Senſe pauſes there?
Whilſt, working from the Heart, the fire I trace,
And mark it ſtrongly flaming to the Face;

Whilſt

Whilſt, in each ſound, I hear the very man;
I can't catch words, and pity thoſe who can.

Let wits, like ſpiders, from the tortur'd brain
Fine-draw the critic-web with curious pain;
The gods,—a kindneſs I with thanks muſt pay,—
Have form'd me of a coarſer kind of clay;
Nor ſtung with envy, nor with ſpleen diſeas'd,
A poor dull creature, ſtill with Nature pleas'd;
Hence to thy praiſes, GARRICK, I agree,
And, pleas'd with Nature, muſt be pleas'd with Thee.

Now might I tell, how ſilence reign'd throughout,
And deep attention huſh'd the rabble rout:
How ev'ry claimant, tortur'd with deſire,
Was pale as aſhes, or as red as fire:
But, looſe to Fame, the muſe more ſimply acts,
Rejects all flouriſh, and relates mere facts.

The Judges, as the ſev'ral parties came,
With temper heard, with judgment weigh'd each Claim,
And, in their ſentence happily agreed,
In name of both, Great SHAKESPEARE thus decreed.

" If manly Senſe; if Nature link'd with Art,
" If thorough knowledge of the Human Heart;
" If Pow'rs of acting vaſt and unconfin'd;
" If feweſt Faults with greateſt Beauties join'd;
" If ſtrong Expreſſion, and ſtrange Pow'rs, which lie
" Within the magic circle of the eye;
" If feelings which few hearts, like his, can know,
" And which no face ſo well as His can ſhow;
" Deſerve the Pref'rence;—GARRICK take the chair;
" Nor quit it—till Thou place an Equal there."

THE END.

THE APOLOGY.

THE

APOLOGY.

ADDRESSED TO THE

CRITICAL REVIEWERS.

LAUGHS not the heart, when Giants, big with pride,
Aſſume the pompous port, the martial ſtride;
O'er arm Herculean heave th' enormous ſhield;
Vaſt as a weaver's beam, the javelin wield;
With the loud voice of thund'ring Jove defy,
And dare to ſingle combat—What?—A Fly,

And laugh we leſs, when Giant names, which ſhine
Eſtabliſh'd, as it were, by *right divine*;
CRITICS, whom ev'ry captive art adores,
To whom glad Science pours forth all her ſtores;
Who high in letter'd reputation ſit,
And hold, ASTRÆA like, the ſcales of Wit;
With partial rage ruſh forth,—Oh! ſhame to tell!
To cruſh a bard juſt burſting from the ſhell?

Great are his perils in this ſtormy time
Who raſhly ventures on a ſea of Rime.
Around vaſt ſurges roll, winds envious blow,
And jealous rocks and quickſands lurk below,
Greatly his foes he dreads, but more his friends;
He hurts me moſt who laviſhly commends.

Look thro' the world—in ev'ry other trade
The ſame employment's cauſe of kindneſs made,
At leaſt appearance of good will creates,
And ev'ry fool puffs off the fool he hates.
Coblers with coblers ſmoke away the night,
And in the common cauſe e'en Play'rs unite.
Authors alone, with more than ſavage rage,
Unnat'ral war with brother authors wage.

The

The pride of Nature would as ſoon admit
Competitors in empire as in wit:
Onward they ruſh at Fame's imperious call,
And, leſs than greateſt, would not be at all.

Smit with the love of Honour,—or the Pence,
O'er run with wit, and deſtitute of ſenſe,
Should any novice in the riming trade,
With lawleſs pen the realms of verſe invade;
Forth from the court, where ſcepter'd ſages ſit,
Abus'd with praiſe, and flatter'd into wit:
Where in lethargic majeſty they reign,
And what they won by dullneſs, ſtill maintain;
Legions of factious authors throng at once;
Fool beckons fool, and dunce awakens dunce.
To HAMILTON's the Ready Lies repair;—
Ne'er was Lye made which was not welcome there—
Thence, on maturer judgment's anvil wrought,
The poliſh'd falſhood's into public brought.
Quick-circulating ſlanders mirth afford,
And reputation bleeds in ev'ry word.

A CRITIC was of old a glorious name,
Whoſe ſanction handed merit up to fame;

Beauties

Beauties as well as faults he brought to view:
His Judgment great, and great his Candour too.
No ſervile rules drew ſickly taſte aſide;
Secure he walk'd, for Nature was his guide.
But now, Oh ſtrange reverſe! our Critics bawl
In praiſe of Candour with a heart of Gall,
Conſcious of guilt, and fearful of the light,
They lurk enſhrouded in the veil of night:
Safe from detection, ſeize th' unwary prey,
And ſtab, like bravoes, all who come that way.

When firſt my muſe, perhaps more bold than wiſe,
Bad the rude trifle into light ariſe,
Little ſhe thought ſuch tempeſts would enſue,
Leſs, that thoſe tempeſts would be rais'd by you.
The thunder's fury rends the tow'ring oak,
Rosciads, like ſhrubs, might 'ſcape the fatal ſtroke.
Vain thought! a Critic's fury knows no bound;
Drawcansir like, he deals deſtruction round;
Nor can we hope he will a'ſtranger ſpare,
Who gives no quarter to his friend Voltaire.

Unhappy Genius! plac'd by partial Fate
With a free ſpirit in a ſlaviſh ſtate;

Where

Where the reluctant Muſe, oppreſs'd by kings,
Or droops in ſilence, or in fetters ſings.
In vain thy dauntleſs fortitude hath borne
The bigot's furious zeal, and tyrant's ſcorn.
Why didſt thou ſafe from home-bred dangers ſteer,
Reſerv'd to periſh more ignobly here?
Thus, when the Julian Tyrant's pride to ſwell
ROME with her POMPEY at Pharſalia fell,
The vanquiſh'd chief eſcap'd from CÆSAR's hand
To die by ruffians in a foreign land.

How could theſe ſelf-elected monarchs raiſe
So large an empire on ſo ſmall a baſe?
In what retreat, inglorious and unknown,
Did Genius ſleep, when Dullneſs ſeiz'd the throne?
Whence, abſolute now grown, and free from awe,
She to the ſubject world diſpenſes law.
Without her licence, not a letter ſtirs,
And all the captive criſs-croſs-row is hers.
The STAGYRITE, who rules from Nature drew,
Opinions gave, but gave his reaſons too.
Our great Dictators take a ſhorter way—
Who ſhall diſpute what the Reviewers ſay?

Their

Their word's ſufficient; and to aſk a reaſon,
In ſuch a ſtate as theirs, is downright treaſon,
True judgment now with Them alone can dwell;
Like Church of Rome, they're grown infallible.
Dull ſuperſtitious readers they deceive,
Who pin their eaſy faith on critic's ſleeve;
And, know nothing, ev'ry thing believe!
But why repine we, that theſe Puny Elves
Shoot into Giants?—We may think ourſelves;
Fools that we are, like Iſrael's fools of yore,
The Calf ourſelves have faſhion'd we adore.
But let true Reaſon once reſume her reign,
This God ſhall dwindle to a Calf again.

Founded on arts which ſhun the face of day,
By the ſame arts they ſtill maintain their ſway.
Wrapp'd in myſterious ſecreſy they riſe,
And, as they are unknown, are ſafe and wiſe.
At whomſoever aim'd, howe'er ſevere
Th' envenom'd ſlander flies, no names appear.
Prudence forbid that ſtep.—Then all might know
And on more equal terms engage the foe,
But now, what Quixote of the age would care
To wage a war with dirt, and fight with air?

By

By int'reſt join'd, th' expert confederates ſtand,
And play the game into each others hand.
The vile abuſe, in turn by all deny'd,
Is bandy'd up and down from ſide to ſide:
It flies—hey!—preſto!—like a jugler's ball,
'Till it belongs to nobody at all.

All men and things they know, themſelves unknown,
And publiſh ev'ry name—except their own.
Nor think this ſtrange—ſecure from vulgar eyes
The nameleſs author paſſes in diſguiſe,
But vet'ran critics are not ſo deceiv'd,
If vet'ran critics are to be believ'd.
Once ſeen, they know an author evermore,
Nay ſwear to hands they never ſaw before.
Thus in the ROSCIAD, beyond chance or doubt,
They, by the writing, found the writers out.
"That's LLOYD's—his manner there you plainly trace,
"And all the ACTOR ſtares you in the face.
"By COLMAN that was written.—On my life,
"The ſtrongeſt ſymptoms of the JEALOUS WIFE,
"That little diſingenuous piece of ſpite,
"CHURCHILL, a wretch unknown, perhaps might write."

How

How doth it make judicious readers ſmile,
When authors are detected by their ſtile:
Tho' ev'ry one who knows this author, knows
He ſhifts his ſtile much oftner than his cloaths?

Whence could ariſe this mighty critic ſpleen,
The Muſe a trifler, and her theme ſo mean?
What had I done, that angry Heav'n ſhould ſend
The bitt'reſt Foe where moſt I wiſh'd a Friend?
Oft hath my tongue been wanton at thy name,
And hail'd the honours of thy matchleſs fame.
For me let hoary FIELDING bite the ground
So nobler PICKLE ſtands ſuperbly bound.
From LIVY's temples tear th' hiſtoric crown,
Which with more juſtice blooms upon thine own,
Compar'd with thee, be all life-writers dumb,
But he who wrote the Life of TOMMY THUMB.
Who ever read the REGICIDE, but ſworn
The author wrote as man ne'er wrote before?
Others for plots and under-plots may call,
Here's the right method—have no plot at all.
Who can ſo often in his cauſe engage
The tiny Pathos of the Grecian ſtage,

Whilſt

Whilſt horrors riſe, and tears ſpontaneous flow
At tragic Ha! and no leſs tragic Oh!
To praiſe his nervous weakneſs all agree;
And then for ſweetneſs, who ſo ſweet as he!
Too big for utterance when ſorrows ſwell
The too big ſorrows flowing tears muſt tell:
But when thoſe flowing tears ſhall ceaſe to flow,
Why—then the voice muſt ſpeak again you know.

Rude and unſkilful in the Poet's trade,
I kept no NAIADS by me *ready-made*;
Ne'er did I colours high in air advance;
Torn from the bleeding fopperies of France;
No flimſey linſey-wóolſey ſcenes I wrote,
With patches here and there like Joſeph's coat.
Me humbler themes befit: Secure, for me,
Let Playwrights ſmuggle nonſenſe, duty free:
Secure, for me, ye lambs, ye lambkins bound,
And friſk, and frolic o'er the fairy ground:
Secure, for me, thou pretty little fawn,
Lick SYLVIA's hand, and crop the flow'ry lawn:
Uncenſur'd let the gentle breezes rove,
Thro' the green umbrage of th' enchanted grove;

Secure,

Secure, for me, let foppiſh Nature ſmile,
And play the coxcomb in the DESART ISLE.

The ſtage I choſe—a ſubject fair and free—
Tis yours—'tis mine—'tis Public Property.
All Common Exhibitions open lie
For Praiſe or Cenſure to the Common Eye.
Hence are a thouſand Hackney writers fed;
Hence Monthly Critics earn their Daily-Bread.
This is a gen'ral tax which all muſt pay,
From thoſe who ſcribble, down to thoſe who play.
Actors, a venal crew, receive ſupport
From public bounty, for the public ſport.
To clap or hiſs, all have an equal claim,
The cobler's and his lordſhip's right the ſame.
All join for their ſubſiſtence; all expect
Free leave to praiſe their worth, their faults correct.
When active PICKLE Smithfield ſtage aſcends,
The three days wonder of his laughing friends;
Each, or as judgment, or as fancy guides,
The lively witling praiſes or derides.
And where's the mighty diff'rence, tell me where,
Betwixt a Merry Andrew and a Play'r?

The ſtrolling tribe, a deſpicable race,
Like wand'ring Arabs, ſhift from place to place.
Vagrants by law, to Juſtice open laid,
They tremble, of the beadle's laſh afraid,
And fawning cringe, for wretched means of life,
To Madam May'reſs, or his Worſhip's Wife.

The mighty monarch, in theatric ſack,
Carries his whole regalia at his back;
His royal conſort heads the female band,
And leads the heir-apparent in her hand;
The pannier'd aſs creeps on with conſcious pride,
Bearing a future prince on either ſide.
No choice muſicians in this troop are found
To varniſh nonſenſe with the charms of ſound;
No ſwords, no daggers, not one poiſon'd bowl;
No lightning flaſhes here, no thunders roll;
No guards to ſwell the monarch's train are ſhown;
The monarch here muſt be a hoſt *alone*.
No ſolemn pomp, no ſlow proceſſions here;
No AMMON's entry, and no JULIET's bier.

By need compell'd to proſtitute his art,
The varied actor flies from part to part;

And, ſtrange diſgrace to all theatric pride!
His character is ſhifted with his ſide.
Queſtion and Anſwer he by turns muſt be,
Like that ſmall wit in MODERN TRAGEDY;
Who, to patch up his fame,—or fill his purſe,—
Still pilfers wretched plans, and makes them worſe;
Like gypſies, leſt the ſtolen brat be known,
Defacing firſt, then claiming for his own.
In ſhabby ſtate they ſtrut, and tatter'd robe;
The ſcene a blanket, and a barn the globe.
No high conceits their mod'rate wiſhes raiſe,
Content with humble profit, humble praiſe.
Let dowdies ſimper, and let bumpkins ſtare,
The ſtrolling pageant hero treads in air:
Pleas'd for his hour, he to mankind gives law,
And ſnores the next out on a truſs of ſtraw.

But if kind Fortune, who we ſometimes know
Can take a hero from a puppet-ſhow,
In mood propitious ſhould her fav'rite call,
On royal ſtage in royal pomp to bawl,
Forgetful of himſelf he rears the head,
And ſcorns the dunghill where he firſt was bred.

Converſing

Converſing now with well-dreſs'd kings and queens,
With gods and goddeſſes behind the ſcenes,
He ſwears beneath the terror-nodding plume,
Taught by Mock Honours Real Pride t'aſſume.
On this great ſtage the World, no Monarch e'er
Was half ſo haughty as a Monarch Play'r.

Doth it more move our anger or our mirth,
To ſee theſe THINGS, the loweſt ſons of earth,
Preſume, with ſelf-ſufficient knowledge grac'd,
To rule in Letters, and preſide in Taſte?
The Town's deciſions they no more admit,
Themſelves alone the Arbiters of Wit;
And ſcorn the juriſdiction of that Court,
To which they owe their being and ſupport.
Actors, like monks of old, now ſacred grown,
Muſt be attack'd by no fools but their own.

Let the Vain Tyrant ſit amidſt his guards,
His puny *Green-room* Wits and Venal Bards,
Who meanly tremble at the Puppet's frown,
And for a Playhouſe Freedom loſe their own;
In ſpite of new-made Laws, and new-made Kings,
The free-born Muſe with lib'ral ſpirit ſings.

Bow down, ye Slaves; before theſe Idols fall;
Let Genius ſtoop to them who've none at all;
Ne'er will I flatter, cringe, or bend the knee
To thoſe who, Slaves to ALL, are Slaves to ME.

Actors, as Actors, are a lawful game;
The poet's right; and Who ſhall bar his claim?
And if, o'er-weening of their little ſkill,
When they have left the Stage, they're Actors ſtill;
If to the ſubject world they ſtill give laws,
With paper crowns, and ſceptres made of ſtraws;
If they in cellar or in garret roar,
And Kings one night, are Kings forever more;
Shall not bold Truth, e'en there, purſue her theme,
And wake the Coxcomb from his golden dream?
Or if, well worthy of a better fate,
They riſe ſuperior to their preſent ſtate;
If, with each ſocial virtue grac'd, they blend
The gay companion and the faithful friend:
If they, like PRITCHARD, join in private life
The tender parent and the virtuous wife;
Shall not our Verſe their praiſe with pleaſure ſpeak,
Though Mimics bark, and envy ſplits her cheek?

No

No honeſt worth's beneath the Muſe's praiſe;
No greatneſs can above her cenſure raiſe;
Station and wealth to Her are trifling things;
She ſtoops to Actors, and ſhe ſoars to Kings.

Is there a man, in vice and folly bred,
To ſenſe of honour as to virtue dead;
Whom ties nor human, nor divine, can bind;
Alien to GOD, and foe to all mankind;
Who ſpares no character; whoſe ev'ry word,
Bitter as gall, and ſharper than the ſword,
Cuts to the quick; whoſe thoughts with rancour ſwell:
Whoſe tongue, on earth, performs the work of Hell?
If there be ſuch a monſter, the REVIEWS
Shall find him holding forth againſt Abuſe.
"Attack Profeſſion!—'tis a deadly breach!—
"The Chriſtian laws another leſſon teach:—
"Unto the End ſhall charity endure,
"And Candour hide thoſe faults it cannot cure."
Thus Candour's maxims flow from Rancour's throat,
As devils, to ſerve their purpoſe, Scripture quote.

The Muſe's office was by HEAV'N deſign'd,
To pleaſe, improve, inſtruct, reform mankind;

To make dejected Virtue nobly riſe
Above the tow'ring pitch of ſplendid Vice;
To make pale Vice, abaſh'd, her head hang down,
And trembling crouch at Virtue's awful frown.
Now arm'd with wrath, ſhe bids eternal ſhame,
With ſtricteſt juſtice, brand the villain's name:
Now in the milder garb of Ridicule
She ſports, and pleaſes while ſhe wounds the Fool.
Her ſhape is often varied; but her aim,
To prop the cauſe of Virtue, ſtill the ſame.
In praiſe of Mercy let the guilty bawl,
When Vice and Folly for Correction call,
Silence the mark of weakneſs juſtly bears,
And is partaker of the crimes it ſpares.

But if the Muſe, too cruel in her mirth,
With harſh reflections wounds the man of worth;
If wantonly ſhe deviates from her plan,
And quits the Actor to expoſe the Man;
Aſham'd, ſhe marks that paſſage with a blot,
And hates the line where Candour was forgot.

But what is Candour, what is Humour's vein,
Tho' Judgment join to conſecrate the ſtrain,

If

If curious numbers will not aid afford,
Nor choiceſt muſic play in ev'ry word?
Verſes muſt run, to charm a modern ear,
From all harſh, rugged interruptions clear.
Soft let them breathe, as Zephyr's balmy breeze;
Smooth let their current flow, as ſummer ſeas;
Perfect then only deem'd when they diſpenſe
A happy tuneful vacancy of ſenſe.
Italian fathers thus, with barb'rous rage,
Fit helpleſs infants for the ſqueaking ſtage;
Deaf to the calls of pity, Nature wound,
And mangle vigour for the ſake of ſound.
Henceforth farewell then fev'riſh thirſt of fame;
Farewell the longings for a Poet's name;
Periſh my Muſe;—a wiſh 'bove all ſevere
To him who ever held the Muſes dear—
If e'er her labours weaken to refine
The gen'rous roughneſs of a nervous line.

Others affect the ſtiff and ſwelling phraſe;
Their Muſe muſt walk in ſtilts, and ſtrut in ſtays:
The ſenſe they murder, and the words tranſpoſe,
Leſt Poetry approach too near to Proſe.

See tortur'd Reaſon how they pare and trim,
And, like Procruſtes, ſtretch, or lop the limb.

WALLER, whoſe praiſe ſucceeding bards rehearſe,
Parent of harmony in Engliſh verſe,
Whoſe tuneful Muſe in ſweeteſt accents flows,
In couplets firſt taught ſtraggling ſenſe to cloſe.

In poliſh'd numbers, and majeſtic ſound,
Where ſhall thy rival, POPE, be ever found?
But whilſt each line with equal beauty flows,
E'en excellence, unvaried, tedious grows.
Nature, thro' all her works, in great degree,
Borrows a bleſſing from VARIETY.
Muſic itſelf her needful aid requires.
To rouze the ſoul, and wake our dying fires.
Still in one key, the Nightingale would teize:
Still in one key, not BRENT would always pleaſe.

Here let me bend, great DRYDEN, at thy ſhrine,
Thou deareſt name to all the tuneful nine.
What if ſome dull Lines in cold order creep,
And with his theme the poet ſeems to ſleep,

Still

Still, when his ſubject riſes proud to view,
With equal ſtrength the Poet riſes too.
With ſtrong invention, nobleſt vigour fraught,
Thought ſtill ſprings up and riſes out of thought;
Numbers ennobling numbers in their courſe;
In varied ſweetneſs flow, in varied force;
The pow'rs of Genius and of Judgment join,
And the whole Art of Poetry is Thine.

But what are Numbers, what are Bards to me,
Forbid to tread the paths of Poeſy?
" A ſacred Muſe ſhould conſecrate her pen;
" Prieſts muſt not hear nor ſee like other men;
" Far higher themes ſhould her ambition claim;
" Behold where STERNHOLD points the way to Fame."

Whilſt, with miſtaken zeal dull bigots burn,
Let Reaſon for a moment take her turn,
When Coffee-ſages hold diſcourſe with kings,
And blindly walk in Paper Leading-ſtrings,
What if a man delight to paſs his time
In ſpinning Reaſon into harmleſs Rime;
Or ſometimes boldly venture to the Play?
Say, Where's the Crime?—great Man of Prudence, ſay?

No

No two on earth in all things can agree;
All have ſome darling ſingularity;
Women and men, as well as girls and boys,
In Gew-gaws take delight, and ſigh for toys.
Your ſceptres, and your crowns, and ſuch like things,
Are but a better kind of toys for kings.
In things indiff'rent Reaſon bids us chuſe,
Whether the whim's a MONKEY, or a MUSE.

What the grave triflers on this buſy ſcene,
When they make uſe of this word REASON, mean,
I know not; but, according to my plan,
'Tis LORD CHIEF-JUSTICE in the COURT of MAN,
Equally form'd to rule in age or youth,
The Friend of Virtue, and the Guide to Truth.
To HER I bow, whoſe ſacred pow'r I feel;
To HER deciſion make my laſt appeal;
Condemn'd by HER, applauding worlds in vain
Should tempt me to take up the pen again:
By HER abſolv'd, my courſe I'll ſtill purſue:
If REASON's for me, GOD is for me too.

NIGHT.

NIGHT.

AN

EPISTLE

TO

ROBERT LLOYD.

NIGHT.

WHEN foes inſult, and *prudent* friends diſpenſe,
In pity's ſtrains, the worſt of inſolence,
Oft with thee LLOYD, I ſteal an hour from grief,
And in thy ſocial converſe find relief.
The mind, of ſolitude impatient grown,
Loves any ſorrows rather than her own.

Let ſlaves to buſineſs, bodies without ſoul,
Important blanks in Nature's mighty roll,
Solemnize nonſenſe in the day's broad glare,
We NIGHT prefer, which heals or hides our care.

ROGUES juſtified, and by ſucceſs made bold,
Dull fools and coxcombs ſanctified by Gold,

Freely

Freely may baſk in Fortune's partial ray,
And ſpread their feathers op'ning to the day;
But *thread-bare* Merit dares not ſhew the head
'Till vain Proſperity retires to bed.
Misfortunes, like the Owl, avoid the light;
The ſons of CARE are always ſons of NIGHT.

The Wretch bred up in Method's drowſy ſchool,
Whoſe only merit is to err by rule,
Who ne'er thro' heat of blood was tripping caught,
Nor guilty deem'd of one eccentric thought,
Whoſe ſoul directed to no uſe is ſeen,
Unleſs to move the body's dull Machine;
Which, clock-work like, with the ſame equal pace,
Still travels on thro' life's inſipid ſpace;
Turns up his eyes to think that there ſhould be
Among God's creatures two ſuch things as *we*.
Then for his night-cap calls, and thanks the pow'rs
Which kindly gave him grace to keep *good hours*.

Good hours—Fine words—but was it ever ſeen
That all Men could agree in what they mean?
FLORIO, who many years a courſe hath run
In downright oppoſition to the ſun,

Expatiates

Expatiates on *good hours*, their cauſe defends
With as much vigour as our *prudent* friends.
Th' uncertain term no ſettled notion brings,
But ſtill in diff'rent mouths means diff'rent things.
Each takes the phraſe in his own private view,
With PRUDENCE it is ten, with FLORIO two.

Go on, ye fools, who talk for talking ſake,
Without diſtinguiſhing diſtinctions make,
Shine forth in native folly, native pride,
Make yourſelves rules to all the world beſide;
Reaſon, collected in herſelf, diſdains
The ſlaviſh yoke of arbitrary chains,
Steady and true, each circumſtance ſhe weighs,
Nor to bare words inglorious tribute pays.
Men of ſenſe live exempt from vulgar awe,
And Reaſon to herſelf alone is law.
That freedom ſhe enjoys with lib'ral mind,
Which ſhe as freely grants to all mankind.
No idol title name her rev'rence ſtirs,
No hour ſhe blindly to the reſt prefers;
All are alike, if they're alike employ'd,
And all are good if *virtuouſly* enjoy'd.

Let

Let the ſage DOCTOR (think him one we know)
With ſcraps of ancient learning overflow,
In all the dignity of *wig* declare
The fatal conſequence of midnight air,
How damps and vapours, as it were by ſtealth,
Undermine life, and ſap the walls of health.
For me let GALEN moulder on the ſhelf,
I'll live, and be phyſician to myſelf.
Whilſt ſoul is join'd to body, whether fate
Allot a longer or a ſhorter date;
I'll make them live, as brother ſhould with brother,
And keep them in good humour with each other.

The ſureſt road to health, ſay what they will,
Is never to ſuppoſe we ſhall be ill.
Moſt of thoſe evils we poor mortals know
From doctors and imagination flow.
Hence to old women with your boaſted rules,
Stale traps, and only ſacred now to fools;
As well may ſons of phyſic hope to find
One med'cine, as one hour, for all mankind.

If RUPERT after ten is out of bed
The Fool next morning can't hold up his head,

What

What reaſon this which *me* to bed muſt call
Whoſe head (thank heaven) never aches at all?
In diff'rent courſes diff'rent tempers run,
He hates the Moon, I ſicken at the Sun.
Wound up at twelve at noon, *his* clock goes right,
Mine better goes, wound up at twelve at night.

Then in Oblivion's grateful cup I drown
The galling ſneer, the ſupercilious frown,
The ſtrange reſerve, the proud affected ſtate
Of upſtart knaves grown rich, and fools grown great.
No more that abject wretch diſturbs my reſt,
Who meanly overlooks a friend diſtreſt.
Purblind to Poverty the Worldling goes,
And ſcarce ſees rags an inch beyond his noſe;
But from a crowd can ſingle out his grace,
And cringe and creep to fools who ſtrut in lace.

Whether thoſe claſſic regions are ſurvey'd
Where we in earlieſt youth together ſtray'd,
Where hand in hand we trod the flow'ry ſhore,
Tho' now thy happier genius runs before,
When we conſpir'd a thankleſs wretch to raiſe,
And taught a *ſtump* to ſhoot, with pilfer'd praiſe,

Who once for *Rev'rend* merit famous grown,
Gratefully ſtrove to kick his MAKER down,
Or if more gen'ral arguments engage,
The court or camp, the pulpit, bar or ſtage;
If half-bred ſurgeons, whom men doctors call,
And lawyers, who were never bred at all,
Thoſe mighty letter'd monſters of the earth,
Our pity move, or exerciſe our mirth;
Or if in tittle-tattle, tooth-pick way,
Our rambling thoughts with eaſy freedom ſtray;
A gainer ſtill thy friend himſelf muſt find,
His grief ſuſpended, and improv'd his mind.

Whilſt peaceful ſlumbers bleſs the homely bed,
Where virtue, ſelf-approv'd, reclines her head;
Whilſt vice beneath imagin'd horrors mourns,
And conſcience plants the villain's couch with thorns,
Impatient of reſtraint, the active mind,
No more by ſervile prejudice confin'd,
Leaps from her ſeat, as wak'ned from a trance,
And darts through Nature at a ſingle glance.
Then we our friends, our foes, ourſelves, ſurvey,
And ſee by NIGHT what fools we are by DAY.

Stript

Stript of her gaudy plumes and vain diſguiſe,
See where ambition mean and loathſome lies;
Reflection with relentleſs hand pulls down
The tyrant's bloody wreath and raviſh'd crown.
In vain he tells of battles bravely won,
Of nations conquer'd, and of worlds undone:
Triumphs like theſe but ill with manhood ſuit,
And ſink the conqueror beneath the brute.
But if, in ſearching round the world, we find
Some gen'rous youth, the friend of all mankind,
Whoſe anger, like the bolt of Jove, is ſped
In terrors only at the guilty head,
Whoſe mercies, like Heav'n's dew, refreſhing fall
In gen'räl love and charity to all,
Pleas'd we behold ſuch worth on any throne,
And doubly pleas'd we find it on our own.

Through a falſe medium things are ſhewn by day,
Pomp, wealth, and titles, judgment lead aſtray.
How many from appearance borrow ſtate,
Whom NIGHT diſdains to number with the Great!
Muſt not we laugh to ſee yon *lordling* proud
Snuff up vile incenſe from a fawning crowd?

Whilſt in his beam ſurrounding clients play,
Like inſects in the ſun's enliv'ning ray,
Whilſt, JEHU like, he drives at furious rate,
And ſeems the only charioteer of ſtate,
Talking himſelf into a little God,
And ruling empires with a ſingle nod;
Who would not think, to hear him law diſpenſe,
That he had int'reſt, and that they had ſenſe?
Injurious thought! beneath NIGHT's honeſt ſhade
When pomp is buried and falſe colours fade,
Plainly we ſee at that impartial hour
Them dupes to pride, and *him* the tool of pow'r.

God help the man, condemn'd by cruel fate
To court the ſeeming, or the real great.
Much ſorrow ſhall he feel, and ſuffer more
Than any ſlave who labours at the oar.
By ſlaviſh methods muſt he learn to pleaſe,
By ſmooth-tongu'd flatt'ry, that curſt *court-diſeaſe*,
Supple to ev'ry wayward mood ſtrike ſail,
And ſhift with ſhifting humour's peeviſh gale,
To Nature dead he muſt adopt vile Art,
And wear a ſmile, with anguiſh in his heart.

A ſenſe

A ſenſe of honour would deſtroy his ſchemes,
And conſcience ne'er muſt ſpeak unleſs in dreams.
When he hath tamely borne for many years
Cold looks, forbidding frowns, contemptuous ſneers,
When he at laſt expects, good eaſy man,
To reap the profits of his labour'd plan,
Some cringing LACQUEY, or rapacious WHORE,
To favours of the great the ſureſt door,
Some CATAMITE, or PIMP, in credit grown,
Who tempts another's wife, or ſells his own,
Steps croſs his hopes, the promis'd boon denies,
And for ſome MINION's MINION claims the prize.

Foe to reſtraint, unpractis'd in deceit,
Too reſolute, from nature's active heat,
To brook affronts, and tamely paſs them by;
Too proud to flatter, too ſincere to lye,
Too plain to pleaſe, too honeſt to be great;
Give me, kind Heav'n, an humbler, happier ſtate:
Far from the place where men with pride deceive,
Where raſcals promiſe, and where fools believe;
Far from the walk of folly, vice and ſtriſe,
Calm, independent, let me ſteal thro' life,

Nor one vain wiſh my ſteady thoughts beguile
To fear his lordſhip's frown, or court his ſmile.
Unfit for greatneſs, I her ſnares defy,
And look on riches with untainted eye.
To others let the glitt'ring bawbles fall,
Content ſhall place us far above them all.

Spectators only on this buſtling ſtage,
We ſee what vain deſigns mankind engage;
Vice after vice with ardour they purſue,
And one old folly brings forth twenty new.
Perplex'd with trifles thro' the vale of life,
Man ſtrives 'gainſt man, without a cauſe for ſtrife;
Armies embattled meet, and thouſands bleed,
For ſome vile ſpot, where fifty cannot feed.
Squirrels for nuts contend, and, wrong or right,
For the world's empire kings ambitious fight;
What odds?—to us 'tis all the ſelf-ſame thing,
A NUT, a WORLD, a SQUIRREL, and a KING.

BRITONS, like Roman ſpirits fam'd of old,
Are caſt by nature in a PATRIOT mould;
No private joy, no private grief they know,
Their ſoul's ingroſs'd by public weal or woe.

Inglorious

Inglorious eaſe, like ours, they greatly ſcorn:
Let care with nobler wreaths their brows adorn.
Gladly they toil beneath the ſtateſman's pains,
Give them but credit for a ſtateſman's brains.
All would be deem'd, e'en from the cradle, fit
To rule in politics as well as wit.
The grave, the gay, the fopling, and the dunce,
Start up (God bleſs us!) ſtateſmen all at once.

His mighty charge of ſouls the prieſt forgets,
The court-bred lord his promiſes and debts,
Soldiers their fame, miſers forget their pelf,
The rake his miſtreſs, and the fop himſelf;
Whilſt thoughts of higher moment claim their care,
And their wiſe heads the weight of kingdoms bear.

Females themſelves the glorious ardour feel,
And boaſt an equal, or a greater zeal,
From nymph to nymph the ſtate-infection flies,
Swells in her breaſt, and ſparkles in her eyes.
O'erwhelm'd by politics lie malice, pride,
Envy, and twenty other faults beſide.
No more their little flutt'ring hearts confeſs
A paſſion for applauſe, or rage for dreſs;

No more they pant for PUBLIC RAREE-SHOWS,
Or loſe one thought on monkeys or on beaux.
Coquettes no more purſue the jilting plan,
And luſtful prudes forget to rail at man.
The darling theme CÆCILIA's ſelf will chuſe,
Nor thinks of ſcandal whilſt ſhe talks of news.

The CIT, a COMMON-COUNCIL-MAN by place,
Ten thouſand mighty nothings in his face.
By ſituation as by nature great,
With nice preciſion parcels out the ſtate;
Proves and diſproves, affirms, and then denies,
Objects himſelf, and to himſelf replies;
Wielding aloft the Politician rod,
Makes PITT by turns a devil and a god;
Maintains, e'en to the very teeth of pow'r,
The ſame thing right and wrong in half an hour.
Now all is well, now he ſuſpects a plot,
And plainly proves, WHATEVER IS, IS NOT.
Fearfully wiſe, he ſhakes his empty head,
And deals out empires as he deals out thread.
His uſeleſs ſcales are in a corner flung,
And Europe's balance hangs upon his tongue.

Peace to ſuch triflers, be our happier plan
To paſs thro' life as eaſy as we can.
Who's in or out, who moves this grand machine,
Nor ſtirs my curioſity, nor ſpleen.
Secrets of ſtate no more I wiſh to know
Than ſecret movements of a PUPPET-SHOW;
Let but the puppets move, I've my deſire,
Unſeen the hand which *guides* the MASTER-WIRE.

What is't to us, if taxes riſe or fall,
Thanks to our fortune we pay none at all.
Let muckworms, who in dirty acres deal,
Lament thoſe hardſhips which we cannot feel.
His GRACE, who ſmarts, may bellow if he pleaſe,
But muſt I bellow too, who ſit at eaſe?
By cuſtom ſafe, the poet's numbers flow,
Free as the light and air ſome years ago.
No ſtateſman e'er will find it worth his pains
To tax our labours, and exciſe our brains.
Burthens like theſe vile earthly buildings bear,
No tribute's laid on *Caſtles* in the *Air*.

Let then the flames of war deſtructive reign,
And ENGLAND's terrors awe *imperious* SPAIN;

Let

Let ev'ry *venal clan* and *neutral* tribe
Learn to receive conditions, not preſcribe;
Let each new-year call loud for new ſupplies,
And tax on tax with double burthen riſe;
Exempt we ſit, by no rude cares oppreſt,
And, having little, are with little bleſt.
All real ills in dark oblivion lie,
And joys, by fancy form'd, their place ſupply.
NIGHT's laughing hours unheeded ſlip away,
Nor one dull thought foretells approach of DAY.

Thus have we liv'd, and whilſt the fates afford
Plain plenty to ſupply the frugal board,
Whilſt MIRTH, with DECENCY his lovely bride,
And Wine's gay GOD, with TEMP'RANCE by his ſide,
Their welcome viſit pay; whilſt HEALTH attends
The narrow circle of our choſen friends,
Whilſt frank GOOD-HUMOUR conſecrates the treat,
And WOMAN makes ſociety complete,
Thus will we live, tho' in our teeth are hurl'd
Thoſe *Hackney Strumpets*, PRUDENCE and the WORLD

PRUDENCE, of old a ſacred term, imply'd
Virtue, with godlike wiſdom for her guide,

But now in gen'ral uſe is known to mean
The ſtalking-horſe of vice, and folly's ſcreen.
The ſenſe perverted we retain the name,
HYPOCRISY and PRUDENCE are the ſame.

A TUTOR once, more read in men than books,
A kind of crafty knowledge in his looks,
Demurely ſly, with high preferment bleſt,
His fav'rite pupil in theſe words addreſs'd:

Would'ſt thou, my ſon, be wiſe and virtuous deem'd,
By all mankind a prodigy eſteem'd?
Be this thy rule; be what men *prudent* call;
PRUDENCE, almighty PRUDENCE, gives thee all.
Keep up appearances, there lies the teſt;
The world will give thee credit for the reſt.
Outward be fair, however foul within;
Sin if thou wilt, but then in ſecret ſin.
This maxim's into common favour grown,
Vice is no longer vice, unleſs 'tis known.
Virtue indeed may barefac'd take the field;
But vice is virtue when 'tis well conceal'd.
Should raging paſſions drive thee to a whore,
Ante PRUDENCE lead thee to a *poſtern* door;

Stay

Stay out all night, but take eſpecial care
That PRUDENCE bring thee back to early prayer.
As one with watching and with ſtudy faint,
Reel in a drunkard, and reel out a ſaint.

With joy the youth this uſeful leſſon heard,
And in his mem'ry ſtor'd each precious word,
Succeſsfully purſu'd the plan, and *now*,
"Room for my LORD—VIRTUE ſtand by and bow."

And is this all—is this the worldling's art,
To maſk, but not amend a vicious heart?
Shall lukewarm caution and demeanour grave
For wiſe and good ſtamp ev'ry ſupple knave?
Shall wretches, whom no real virtue warms,
Gild fair their names and ſtates with empty forms,
Whilſt VIRTUE ſeeks in vain the wiſh'd-for prize,
Becauſe, diſdaining ill, ſhe hates diſguiſe;
Becauſe ſhe frankly pours forth all her ſtore,
Seems what ſhe *is*, and ſcorns to paſs for more?
Well—be it ſo—let vile diſſemblers hold
Unenvy'd pow'r, and boaſt their dear-bought gold,
Me neither pow'r ſhall tempt, nor thirſt of pelf,
To flatter others or deny myſelf;

Might

Might the whole world be plac'd within my ſpan,
I would not be *that* THING, *that* PRUDENT MAN.

What, cries Sir PLIANT, would you then oppoſe
Yourſelf, alone, againſt an hoſt of foes?
Let not conceit, and peeviſh luſt to rail,
Above all ſenſe of intereſt prevail.
Throw off for ſhame this petulance of wit,
Be wiſe, be modeſt, and for *once* ſubmit:
Too hard the taſk 'gainſt multitudes to fight,
You muſt be wrong, the WORLD is in the right.

What is this WORLD? a term which men have got
To ſignify, not one in ten knows what;
A term, which with no more preciſion paſſes
To point out herds of *men* than herds of *aſſes*;
In common uſe no more it means we find,
Than many fools in ſame opinions join'd.

Can numbers then change nature's ſtated laws?
Can numbers make the worſe the better cauſe?
Vice muſt be vice, virtue be virtue ſtill,
Tho' thouſands rail at good and practiſe ill.

Wouldſt

Wouldſt thou defend the Gaul's deſtructive rage
Becauſe vaſt nations on his part engage?
Tho' to ſupport the rebel CÆSAR's cauſe
Tumultous legions arm againſt the laws,
Tho' Scandal would *our Patriot*'s name impeach,
And rails at virtues which ſhe cannot reach,
What honeſt man but would with joy ſubmit
To bleed with CATO, and retire with PITT?

Stedfaſt and true to virtue's ſacred laws,
Unmov'd by vulgar cenſure or applauſe,
Let the WORLD talk, my Friend; that WORLD we know
Which calls us guilty, cannot make us ſo.
Unaw'd by numbers, follow Nature's plan,
Aſſert the rights, or quit the name of man.
Conſider well, weigh ſtrictly right and wrong;
Reſolve not quick, but once reſolv'd be ſtrong.
In ſpite of Dullneſs, and in ſpite of Wit,
If to thyſelf thou canſt thyſelf acquit,
Rather ſtand up aſſur'd with conſcious pride
Alone, than err with millions on thy ſide.

THE

THE

Prophecy of FAMINE.

A

SCOTS PASTORAL.

INSCRIBED TO

JOHN WILKES, Esq.

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SCOTS PASTORAL.

WHEN Cupid firſt inſtructs his darts to fly
From the ſly corner of ſome cook-maid's eye,
The ſtripling raw, juſt enter'd in his teens,
Receives the wound, and wonders what it means;
His heart, like dripping, melts, and new deſire
Within him ſtirs, each time ſhe ſtirs the fire;

Trembling and bluſhing he the fair one views,
And fain would ſpeak, but can't—without a MUSE.

So to the ſacred mount he takes his way,
Prunes his young wings, and tunes his infant lay,
His oaten reed to rural ditties frames,
To flocks and rocks, to hills and rills proclaims,
In ſimpleſt notes, and all unpoliſh'd ſtrains,
The loves of nymphs, and *eke* the loves of ſwains.

Clad, as your nymphs were always clad of yore,
In ruſtic weeds—a cook-maid now no more—
Beneath an aged oak LARDELLA lies—
Green moſs her couch; her canopy the ſkies.
From aromatic ſhrubs the *roguiſh* gale
Steals *young* perfumes, and wafts them thro' the vale.
The youth, turn'd ſwain, and ſkill'd in ruſtic lays,
Faſt by her ſide his am'rous deſcant plays.
Herds lowe, Flocks bleat, Pies chatter, Ravens ſcream,
And the full chorus dies a-down the ſtream.
The ſtreams, with muſic freighted, as they paſs,
Preſent the fair LARDELLA with a glaſs,
And ZEPHYR, to compleat the love-ſick plan,
Waves his light wings, and ſerves her for a fan.

But

But, when maturer Judgment takes the lead,
Theſe childiſh toys on Reaſon's altar bleed;
Form'd after ſome *great man*, whoſe name breeds awe,
Whoſe ev'ry ſentence Faſhion makes a law,
Who on mere credit his vain trophies rears,
And founds his merit on our ſervile fears;
Then we diſcard the workings of the heart,
And nature's baniſh'd by *mechanic* art;
Then, deeply read, our reading muſt be ſhown;
Vain is that knowledge which remains unknown.
Then OSTENTATION marches to our aid,
And *letter'd* PRIDE ſtalks forth in full parade;
Beneath their care behold the work refine,
Pointed each ſentence, poliſh'd ev'ry line,
Trifles are dignified, and taught to wear
The robes of Ancients with a Modern air,
NONSENSE with *Claſſic* ornaments is grac'd,
And paſſes current with the ſtamp of TASTE.

Then the rude THEOCRITE is ranſack'd o'er,
And *courtly* MARO call'd from MINCIO's ſhore;
Sicilian Muſes on our mountains roam,
Eaſy and free as if they were at home;

NYMPHS, NAIADS, NEREIDS, DRYADS, SATYRS, FAUNS
Sport in our floods, and trip it o'er our lawns;
Flow'rs, which once flouriſh'd fair in GREECE and ROME,
More fair revive in ENGLAND's meads to bloom;
Skies without cloud exotic ſuns adorn;
And roſes bluſh, but bluſh without a thorn;
Landſcapes unknown to *dowdy* Nature, riſe,
And new creations ſtrike our wond'ring eyes.

For bards, like theſe, who neither ſing nor ſay,
Grave without thought, and without feeling gay,
Whoſe numbers in one even tenor flow,
Attun'd to pleaſure, and *attun'd* to woe,
Who, if plain COMMON-SENSE her viſit pays,
And mars one couplet in their happy lays,
As at ſome Ghoſt affrighted, ſtart and ſtare,
And aſk the meaning of her coming there;
For bards like theſe a wreath ſhall MASON bring,
Lin'd with the ſofteſt down of FOLLY's wing;
In LOVE's PAGODA ſhall they ever doze,
And GISBAL kindly rock them to repoſe;
My lord—to letters as to *faith* moſt true—
At once their patron and example too—

Shall

Shall *quaintly* faſhion his love-labour'd dreams,
Sigh with ſad winds, and weep with weeping ſtreams,
Curious in grief, (for real grief, we know,
Is curious to dreſs up the tale of woe)
From the green umbrage of ſome DRUID's ſeat,
Shall his own works in his own way repeat.

Me, whom no muſe of heav'nly birth inſpires,
No judgment tempers when raſh genius fires;
Who boaſt no merit but mere knack of rhime,
Short gleams of ſenſe, and ſatire out of time,
Who cannot follow where *trim* fancy leads
By *prattling* ſtreams o'er *flow'r-empurpled* meads;
Who often, but without ſucceſs, have pray'd
For *apt* ALLITERATION'S *artful aid*;
Who would, but cannot, with a maſter's ſkill,
Coin fine new epithets, *which mean no ill*,
Me, thus uncouth, thus ev'ry way unfit
For *pacing* poeſy, and *ambling* wit,
TASTE without contempt beholds, nor deigns to place
Amongſt the loweſt of her favour'd race.

Thou, NATURE, art *my* goddeſs—to thy law
Myſelf I dedicate—*hence* ſlaviſh awe

 A6662 Which

Which bends to faſhion, and obeys the rules,
Impos'd at firſt, and ſince obſerv'd by fools.
Hence thoſe vile tricks which mar fair NATURE's hue,
And bring the ſober matron forth to view,
With all that artificial tawdry glare,
Which virtue ſcorns, and none but ſtrumpets wear.
Sick of thoſe pomps, thoſe vanities, that waſte
Of toil, which critics now miſtake for *taſte*,
Of falſe refinements ſick, and labour'd eaſe,
Which Art, too thinly veil'd, forbids to pleaſe,
By Nature's charms (inglorious truth!) ſubdued,
However plain her dreſs, and 'haviour rude,
To *northern* climes my happier courſe I ſteer,
Climes where the Goddeſs reigns throughout the year,
Where, undiſturb'd by ART's *rebellious* plan,
She rules the *loyal Laird*, and *faithful Clan*.

To that rare ſoil, where virtues cluſt'ring grow,
What mighty bleſſings doth not ENGLAND owe?
What *waggon-loads* of courage, wealth and ſenſe,
Doth each revolving day import from thence?
To us ſhe gives, diſintereſted friend,
Faith without fraud, and STUARTS without end.

When

When we proſperity's rich trappings wear,
Comes not her gen'rous ſons and take a ſhare?
And if, by ſome diſaſtrous turn of fate,
Change ſhould enſue, and ruin ſeize the ſtate,
Shall we not find, ſafe in that hallow'd ground,
Such refuge as the HOLY MARTYR found?

Nor leſs our debt in SCIENCE, tho' denied
By the weak ſlaves of prejudice and pride.
Thence came the RAMSAYS, names of worthy note,
Of whom one paints, as well as t'other wrote;
Thence, HOME, diſbanded from the ſons of pray'r
For loving plays, tho' no *dull* DEAN was there;
Thence iſſued forth, at great MACPHERSON's call,
That *old*, *new*, *Epic Paſtoral*, FINGAL;
Thence, MALLOCH, friend alike of *Church* and *State*,
Of CHRIST and LIBERTY, by grateful Fate
Rais'd to rewards, which, in a *pious* reign,
All *darling Infidels* ſhould ſeek in vain;
Thence ſimple bards, by ſimple prudence taught,
To this *wiſe* town by ſimple patrons brought,
In ſimple manner utter ſimple lays,
And take, with ſimple penſions, ſimple praiſe.

Waft me ſome muſe to TWEED's inſpiring ſtream,
Where all the little loves and graces dream,
Where ſlowly winding the dull waters creep,
And ſeem themſelves to own the power of ſleep,
Where on the ſurface Lead, like feathers, ſwims,
There let me bathe my yet unhallow'd limbs,
As once a SYRIAN bath'd in JORDAN's flood,
Waſh off my native ſtains, correct that blood
Which mutinies at call of *Engliſh* pride,
And, deaf to prudence, rolls a *patriot* tide.

From ſolemn thought which overhangs the brow
Of patriot care, when things are—God knows how;
From nice trim points, where HONOUR, ſlave to rule,
In compliment to folly, plays the fool;
From thoſe gay ſcenes, where mirth exalts his pow'r,
And eaſy Humour wings the laughing hour;
From thoſe ſoft better moments, when deſire
Beats high, and all the world of man's on fire,
When mutual ardours of the melting fair
More than repay us for whole years of care,
At *Friendſhip's* ſummons will my WILKES retreat,
And ſee, *once ſeen before*, that *antient* ſeat,

That

That *ancient* ſeat, where majeſty diſplay'd
Her enſigns, *long before the world was made!*

Mean narrow maxims, which enſlave mankind,
Ne'er from its bias warp thy ſettled mind.
Not dup'd by party, nor opinion's ſlave,
Thoſe faculties which bounteous Nature gave,
Thy honeſt ſpirit into practice brings,
Nor courts the ſmile, nor dreads the frown of Kings.
Let *rude licentious* Engliſhmen comply
With tumult's voice, and curſe they know not why;
Unwilling to condemn, thy ſoul diſdains,
To wear vile faction's arbitrary chains,
And ſtrictly weighs, in apprehenſion clear,
Things as they are, and not as they appear.
With the Good Humour tempers lively Wit,
Enthron'd with Judgment, Candour loves to ſit,
And Nature gave thee, open to diſtreſs,
A heart to pity, and a hand to bleſs.

Oft have I heard thee mourn the wretched lot
Of the poor, mean, deſpis'd, inſulted *Scot*,
Who, might calm reaſon credit idle tales,
By rancour forg'd where prejudice prevails,

Or ſtarves at home, or practiſes, thro' fear
Of ſtarving, arts which damn all conſcience here.
When *Scriblers*, to the charge by int'reſt led,
The fierce *North-Briton* foaming at their head,
Pour forth invectives, deaf to candour's call,
And injur'd by one alien, rail at all;
On *Northern Piſgah* when they take their ſtand,
To mark the weakneſs of that *Holy Land*,
With needleſs truths their libels to adorn,
And hang a nation up to public ſcorn,
Thy gen'rous ſoul condemns the frantic rage,
And hates the faithful, but ill-natur'd, page.

The *Scots* are poor, cries ſurly Engliſh pride;
True is the charge, nor by themſelves denied.
Are they not then in ſtricteſt reaſon clear,
Who wiſely come to mend their fortunes here?
If by low ſupple arts ſucceſsful grown,
They ſapp'd our vigour to increaſe their own,
If, mean in want, and inſolent in pow'r,
They only fawn'd more ſurely to devour,
Rous'd by ſuch wrongs ſhould REASON take alarms—
And e'en the MUSE for public ſafety arm;

But

But if they own ingenuous virtue's ſway,
And follow were true honour points the way,
If they revere the hand by which they're fed,
And bleſs the donors for their daily bread,
Or by vaſt debts of higher import bound,
Are always humble, always grateful found,
If they, directed by PAUL's holy pen,
Become diſcreetly all things to all men,
That all men may become all things to them,
Envy may hate, but juſtice can't condemn.
" Into our places, ſtates, and beds they creep:"
They've ſenſe to get, what we want ſenſe to keep.

Once, be the hour accurs'd, accurs'd the place,
I ventur'd to blaſpheme the choſen race.
Into thoſe traps, which men, *call'd* PATRIOTS, laid,
By ſpecious arts unwarily betray'd,
Madly I leagu'd againſt that ſacred earth,
Vile parricide! which gave a parent birth.
But ſhall I meanly error's path purſue,
When heavenly TRUTH preſents her friendly clue,
~~Once~~ plung'd in ill, ſhall I go farther in?
To make the oath, was raſh; to keep it, ſin.

Backward

Backward I tread the paths I trod before,
And calm reflection hates what paſſion ſwore.
Converted, (bleſſed are the ſouls which know
Thoſe pleaſures which from true converſion flow,
Whether to reaſon, who now rules my breaſt,
Or to pure faith, like LYTTLETON and WEST)
Paſt crimes to expiate, be my preſent aim
To raiſe new trophies to the SCOTTISH name,
To make (what can the proudeſt Muſe do more?)
E'en faction's ſons her brighter worth adore,
To make her glories, ſtamp'd with honeſt rhimes,
In fulleſt tide roll down to lateſt times.

" Preſumptuous wretch! and ſhall a *Muſe* like thine,
" An *Engliſh Muſe*, the meaneſt of the nine,
" Attempt a theme like this? Can her weak ſtrain
" Expect indulgence from the mighty THANE?
" Should he from toils of government retire,
" And for a moment fan the poet's fire,
" Should he, of ſciences the moral friend,
" Each *curious*, each *important* ſearch ſuſpend,
" Leave *unaſſiſted* HILL of herbs to tell,
" And *all the wonders of a Cockle-ſhell*,

" Having

" Having the Lord's good grace before his eyes,
" Would not *the* HOME ſtep forth, and gain the prize?
" Or if this wreath of honour might adorn
" The humble brows of one in *England* born,
" Preſumptuous ſtill thy daring muſt appear;
" Vain all thy tow'ring hopes, whilſt I am here."

Thus ſpake a *form*, by ſilken ſmile, and tone
Dull and unvaried, for the LAUREAT known,
FOLLY's chief friend, DECORUM's eldeſt ſon,
In ev'ry party found, and yet of none.
This *airy ſubſtance*, this *ſubſtantial ſhade*,
Abaſh'd I heard, and with reſpect obey'd.

From themes too lofty for a bard ſo mean,
Diſcretion beckons to an humbler ſcene,
The reſtleſs fever of ambition laid,
Calm I retire, and ſeek the ſylvan ſhade.
Now be the *Muſe* diſrob'd of all her pride,
Be all the glare of verſe by *Truth* ſupplied,
And if plain nature pours a ſimple ſtrain,
Which BUTE may praiſe, and OSSIAN not diſdain,
OSSIAN, *ſublimeſt*, *ſimpleſt* Bard of all,
Whom *Engliſh Infidels*, MACPHERSON *call*,

Then

Then round my head ſhall honour's enſigns wave,
And penſions mark me for a willing ſlave.

Two Boys, whoſe birth beyond all queſtion ſprings
From great and glorious, tho' forgotten, kings,
Shepherds of *Scottiſh* lineage, born and bred
On the ſame bleak and barren mountain's head,
By niggard nature doom'd on the ſame rocks
To ſpin out life, and ſtarve themſelves and flocks,
Freſh as the morning, which, enrob'd in miſt,
The mountains top with uſual dullneſs kiſs'd,
JOCKEY and SAWNEY to their labours roſe;
Soon clad I ween, where nature needs no cloaths,
Where, from their youth enur'd to winter-ſkies,
Dreſs and her vain refinements they deſpiſe.

JOCKEY, whoſe manly high-bon'd checks to crown
With freckles ſpotted flam'd the golden down,
With mikle art, could on the bagpipes play,
E'en from the riſing to the ſetting day;

SAWNEY

SAWNEY as long without remorſe could bawl
HOME's madrigals, and ditties from FINGAL.
Oft at his ſtrains, all natural tho' rude,
The *Highland Laſs* forgot her want of food,
And, whilſt ſhe *ſcratch'd* her lover into reſt,
Sunk pleas'd, tho' hungry, on her SAWNEY's breaſt.

Far as the eye could reach, no tree was ſeen,
Earth, clad in ruſſet, ſcorn'd the lively green.
The plague of Locuſts they ſecure defy,
For in three hours a graſhopper muſt die.
No living thing, whate'er its food, feaſts there,
But the Cameleon, who can feaſt on air.
No birds, except as birds of paſſage flew,
No bee was known to hum, no dove to coo.
No ſtreams as amber ſmooth, as amber clear,
Were ſeen to glide, or heard to warble here.
Rebellion's ſpring, which thro' the country ran,
Furniſh'd, with bitter draughts, the ſteady clan.
No flow'rs embalm'd the air, but one white roſe,
Which, on the tenth of June, by inſtinct blows,
By inſtinct blows at morn, and, when the ſhades
Of drizly eve prevail, by inſtinct fades.

One

One, and but one poor ſolitary cave,
Too ſparing of her favours, nature gave;
That one alone (hard tax on *Scottiſh* pride!)
Shelter at once for man and beaſt ſupplied.
Their ſnares *without* entangling briers ſpread,
And thiſtles, arm'd againſt th' invader's head,
Stood in cloſe ranks all entrance to oppoſe,
Thiſtles now held more precious than the roſe.
All creatures which, on nature's earlieſt plan,
Were form'd to loath, and to be loath'd by man,
Which ow'd their birth to naſtineſs and ſpite,
Deadly to touch, and hateful to the ſight,
Creatures, which when admitted in the ark,
Their Saviour ſhun'd, and rankled in the dark,
Found place *within*, marking her noiſome road
With poiſon's trail, *here* crawl'd the bloated Toad;
There webs were ſpread of more than common ſize,
And half-ſtarv'd ſpiders prey'd on half-ſtarv'd flies;
In queſt of food, Efts ſtrove in vain to crawl;
Slugs, pinch'd with hunger, ſmear'd the ſlimy wall;
The cave around with hiſſing ſerpents rung;
On the damp roof unhealthy vapour hung;
And FAMINE, *by her children always known*,
As proud as poor, *here* fix'd her *native* throne.

Here

Here, for the ſullen ſky was overcaſt,
And ſummer ſhrunk beneath a wint'ry blaſt,
A native blaſt, which, arm'd with hail and rain,
Beat unrelenting on the naked ſwain,
The Boys for ſhelter made; behind, the ſheep,
Of which thoſe ſhepherds ev'ry day *take keep*,
Sickly crept on, and with complainings rude,
On nature ſeem'd to call, and bleat for food.

JOCKEY.

Sith to this cave, by tempeſt, we're confin'd,
And within *ken* our flocks, under the wind,
Safe from the pelting of this perilous ſtorm,
Are laid *emong* yon thiſtles, dry and warm,
What, Sawney, if by ſhepherd's art we try
To mock the rigour of this cruel ſky?
What if we tune ſome merry *roundelay?*
Well doſt thou ſing, nor ill doth Jockey play.

SAWNEY.

Ah, Jockey, ill adviſeſt thou, *I wis*,
To think of ſongs at ſuch a time as this.

Sooner ſhall herbage crown theſe barren rocks,
Sooner ſhall fleeces cloath theſe ragged flocks,
Sooner ſhall want ſeize ſhepherds of the ſouth,
And we forget to live from hand to mouth,
Than Sawney, out of ſeaſon, ſhall impart
The ſongs of gladneſs with an aching heart.

JOCKEY.

Still have I known thee for a ſilly ſwain;
Of things paſt help, what boots it to complain?
Nothing but mirth can conquer fortune's ſpite;
No ſky is heavy, if the heart be light:
Patience is ſorrow's ſalve; what can't be cur'd,
So Donald right *areeds*, muſt be endur'd.

SAWNEY.

Full ſilly ſwain, *I wot*, is JOCKEY now;
How did'ſt thou bear thy MAGGY's falſhood, how,
When with a foreign loon ſhe ſtole away,
Did'ſt thou forſwear thy pipe and ſhepherd's lay?
Where was thy boaſted wiſdom then, when I
Applied thoſe proverbs, which you now apply?

JOCKEY.

JOCKEY.

O ſho was *bonny!* all the Highlands round
Was there a rival to my MAGGY found!
More precious (tho' that precious is to all)
Than the rare med'cine, which we Brimſtone call,
Or that choice plant, ſo grateful to the noſe,
Which, in I know not what far country, grows,
Was MAGGY unto me; dear do I rue,
A laſs ſo fair ſhould ever prove untrue.

SAWNEY.

Whether with pipe or ſong to charm the ear,
Thro' all the land did JAMIE find a peer?
Curs'd be that year by ev'ry honeſt Scot,
And in the ſhepherd's calendar forgot,
That fatal year, when JAMIE, hapleſs ſwain,
In evil hour forſook the peaceful plain;
JAMIE, when our young Laird diſcreetly fled,
Was ſeiz'd and hang'd till he was dead, dead, dead.

JOCKEY.

Full ſorely may we all lament that day:
For all were loſers in the deadly fray.
Five brothers had I, on the Scottiſh plains,
Well doſt thou know were none more hopeful ſwains;
Five brothers there I loſt, in manhood's pride,
Two in the field, and three on gibbets died;
Ah! ſilly ſwains, to follow war's alarms,
Ah! what hath ſhepherd's life to do with arms!

SAWNEY.

Mention it not—there ſaw I ſtrangers clad,
In all the honours of our raviſh'd *Plaid*,
Saw the FERRARA too, our nation's pride,
Unwilling grace the aukward victor's ſide.
Their fell our choiceſt youth, and from that day
Mote never Sawney tune the merry lay;
Bleſs'd thoſe which fell! curs'd thoſe which ſtill ſurvive,
To mourn *fifteen* renew'd in *forty-five*.

Thus

Thus plain'd the Boys, when, from her throne of turf,
With boils emboſs'd, and overgrown with ſcurf,
Vile humours, which, in life's corrupted well,
Mix'd at the birth, not abſtinence could quell,
Pale FAMINE rear'd the head; her eager eyes,
Where hunger e'en to madneſs ſeem'd to riſe,
Speaking aloud her throes and pangs of heart,
Strain'd to get looſe, and from their orbs to ſtart;
Her hallow cheeks were each a deep-ſunk cell,
Where wretchedneſs and horror lov'd to dwell;
With double rows of uſeleſs teeth ſupplied,
Her mouth, from ear to ear, extended wide,
Which, when for want of food her entrails pin'd,
She op'd, and curſing ſwallow'd nought but wind;
All ſhrivell'd was her ſkin, and here and there,
Making their way by force, her bones lay bare:
Such filthy ſight to hide from human view,
O'er her foul limbs a tatter'd Plaid ſhe threw.

Ceaſe, cried the Goddeſs, ceaſe, deſpairing ſwains,
And from a parent hear what Jove ordains!

Pent in this barren corner of the iſle,
Where partial fortune never deign'd to ſmile;

Like nature's baſtards, reaping for our ſhare
What was rejected by the lawful heir;
Unknown amongſt the nations of the earth,
Or only known to raiſe contempt and mirth;
Long free, becauſe the race of Roman braves
Thought it not worth their while to make us ſlaves;
Then into bondage by that nation brought,
Whoſe ruin we for ages vainly ſought;
Whom ſtill with unſlack'd hate we view, and ſtill,
The pow'r of miſchief loſt, retain the will;
Conſider'd as the refuſe of mankind,
A maſs till the laſt moment left behind,
Which frugal nature doubted, as it lay,
Whether to ſtamp with life, or throw away;
Which, form'd in haſte, was planted in this nook,
But never enter'd in Creation's book;
Branded as traitors, who for love of gold,
Would ſell their God, as once their King they ſold;
Long have we borne this mighty weight of ill,
Theſe vile injurious taunts; and bear them ſtill,
But times of happier note are now at hand,
And the full promiſe of a better land;
There, like the *Sons of Iſrael*, having trod,
For the fix'd term of years ordain'd by God,

A barren

A barren deſart, we ſhall ſeize rich plains,
Where milk with honey flows, and plenty reigns.
With ſome few natives join'd, ſome *pliant* few,
Who worſhip int'reſt, and our track purſue,
There ſhall we, tho' the wretched people grieve,
Ravage at large, nor aſk the owners leave.

For us, the earth ſhall bring forth her increaſe;
For us, the flocks ſhall wear a golden fleece;
Fat Beeves ſhall yield us dainties not our own,
And the grape bleed a nectar yet unknown;
For our Advantage ſhall their harveſts grow,
And *Scotſmen* reap, what they diſdain'd to ſow;
For us, the ſun ſhall climb the eaſtern hill;
For us, the rain ſhall fall, the dew diſtil;
When to our wiſhes NATURE cannot riſe,
ART ſhall be taſk'd to grant us freſh ſupplies.
His brawney arm ſhall drudging LABOUR ſtrain,
And for our pleaſure ſuffer daily pain;
TRADE ſhall for us exert her utmoſt pow'rs,
Her's all the toil, and all the profit, our's;
For us, the Oak ſhall from his native ſteep
Deſcend, and fearleſs travel thro' the deep;

The ſail of COMMERCE for our uſe unfurl'd,
Shall waft the treaſures of each diſtant world;
For us, ſublimer heights ſhall ſcience reach,
For us, their Stateſmen plot, their Churchmen preach;
Their nobleſt limbs of counſel we'll diſjoint,
And, mocking, new ones of our own appoint;
Devouring WAR, impriſon'd in the north,
Shall, at our call, in horrid pomp break forth,
And when, his chariot wheels with thunder hung,
Fell Diſcord braying with her brazen tongue;
Death in the van, with Anger, Hate, and Fear,
And Deſolation ſtalking in the rear,
Revenge, by Juſtice guided, in his train,
He drives impetuous o'er the trembling plain,
Shall, at our bidding, quit his lawful prey,
And to meek, gentle, gen'rous Peace give way.

Think not, my ſons, that this ſo bleſs'd eſtate
Stands at a diſtance on the roll of fate;
Already big with hopes of future ſway,
E'en from this cave I ſcent my deſtin'd prey.
Think not, that this dominion o'er a race,
Whoſe former deeds ſhall time's laſt annals grace,

In

In the rough face of peril muſt be fought,
And with the lives of thouſands dearly bought;
No—fool'd by cunning, by that happy art
Which laughs to ſcorn the blund'ring hero's heart,
Into the ſnare ſhall our kind neighbours fall
With open eyes, and fondly give us all.

When ROME, to prop her ſinking empire, bore
Their choiceſt levies to a foreign ſhore,
What if we ſeiz'd, like a deſtroying flood,
Their widow'd plains, and fill'd the realm with blood,
Gave an unbounded looſe to manly rage,
And, ſcorning mercy, ſpar'd nor ſex nor age;
When, for our intereſt too mighty grown,
Monarchs of warlike bent poſſeſs'd the throne,
What if we ſtrove diviſions to foment,
And ſpread the flames of civil diſcontent,
Aſſiſted thoſe who 'gainſt their king made head,
And gave the traitors refuge when they fled;
When reſtleſs GLORY bad her ſons advance,
And pitch'd her ſtandard in the fields of France,
What if, diſdaining oaths, an empty ſound,
By which our nation never ſhall be bound,

Bravely

Bravely we taught unmuzzled war to roam
Thro' the weak land, and brought cheap laurels home;
When the bold traitors leagu'd for the defence
Of Law, Religion, Liberty and Senſe,
When they againſt their lawful Monarch roſe,
And dar'd the Lord's Anointed to oppoſe,
What if we ſtill rever'd the baniſh'd race,
And ſtrove the Royal Vagrants to replace,
With fierce rebellions ſhook th' unſettled ſtate,
And greatly dar'd, tho' croſs'd by partial fate;
Theſe facts, which might, were wiſdom held the ſway,
Awake the very ſtones to bar our way,
There ſhall be nothing, nor one trace remain
In the dull region of an Engliſh brain.
Bleſs'd with that *Faith*, which mountains can remove,
Firſt they ſhall *Dupes*, next *Saints*, laſt *Martyrs* prove.

Already is this game of fate begun
Under the ſanction of my Darling Son,
That Son, of nature royal as his name,
Is deſtin'd to redeem our race from ſhame,
His boundleſs pow'r, beyond example great,
Shall make the rough way ſmooth, the crooked ſtraight,

Shall

Shall for our eaſe the raging floods reſtrain,
And ſink the mountain level to the plain.
DISCORD, whom in a cavern under ground
With maſſy fetters their late Patriot bound,
Where her own fleſh the furious Hag might tear,
And vent her curſes to the vacant air,
Where, that ſhe never might be heard of more,
He planted LOYALTY to guard the door,
For better purpoſe ſhall Our Chief releaſe,
Diſguiſe her for a time, and call her PEACE.

Lur'd by that name, fine engine of deceit,
Shall the weak ENGLISH help themſelves to cheat,
To gain our love, with honours ſhall they grace
The old adherents of the STUART race,
Who pointed out, no matter by what name,
TORIES or JACOBITES, are ſtill the ſame;
To ſooth our rage, the temporiſing brood
Shall break the ties of truth and gratitude,
Againſt their Saviour venom'd falſhoods frame,
And brand with calumny their WILLIAM's name;
To win our grace, (rare argument of wit)
To our untainted faith ſhall they commit

Our

(Our faith which, in extremeſt perils tried,
Diſdain'd, and ſtill diſdains, to change her ſide,)
That ſacred Majeſty they all approve,
Who moſt enjoys, and beſt deſerves their Love.

A N

AN

EPISTLE

TO

WILLIAM HOGARTH.

AN

EPISTLE

TO

WILLIAM HOGARTH.

AMONGST the ſons of men how few are known
Who dare be juſt to merit not their own!
Superior virtue and ſuperior ſenſe
To knaves and fools will always give offence;
Nay, men of real worth can ſcarcely bear,
So nice is Jealouſy, a rival there.

Be wicked as thou wilt, do all that's baſe,
Proclaim thyſelf the monſter of thy race;
Let Vice and Folly thy black Soul divide,
Be proud with meanneſs, and be mean with pride;
Deaf to the voice of Faith and Honour, ſtill
From ſide to ſide, yet be of none at all;
Spurn all thoſe charities, thoſe ſacred ties,
Which Nature in her bounty, good as wiſe,
To work our ſafety, and enſure her plan,
Contriv'd to bind, and rivet man to man;
Lift againſt Virtue Pow'r's oppreſſive rod,
Betray thy Country, and deny thy God;
And, in one gen'ral comprehenſive line,
To group, which volumes ſcarcely could define,
Whate'er of Sin and Dullneſs can be ſaid,
Join to a F———'s heart a D———'s head.
Yet may'ſt thou paſs unnotic'd in the throng,
And, free from Envy, ſafely ſneak along.
The rigid Saint, by whom no mercy's ſhewn
To Saints whoſe lives are better than his own,
Shall ſpare thy crimes; and WIT, who never once
Forgave a Brother, ſhall forgive a Dunce.

But ſhould thy ſoul, form'd in ſome luckleſs hour,
Vile Int'reſt ſcorn, nor madly graſp at Pow'r;
Should Love of Fame, in ev'ry noble mind
A brave diſeaſe, with love of Virtue join'd,
Spur thee to deeds of pith, where Courage, tried
In Reaſon's court, is amply juſtified;
Or fond of knowledge, and averſe to ſtrife,
Should'ſt Thou prefer the calmer walk of life;
Should'ſt Thou, by pale and ſickly STUDY led,
Purſue coy Science to the Fountain head;
Virtue thy guide, and Public Good thy end,
Should ev'ry thought to our improvement tend,
To curb the paſſions, to enlarge the mind,
Purge the ſick weal, and humanize mankind:
Rage in her eye, and Malice in her breaſt,
Redoubled Horror grinning on her creſt,
Fiercer each ſnake, and ſharper ev'ry dart,
Quick from her cell ſhall madd'ning ENVY ſtart.
Then ſhalt Thou find, but find alas! too late,
How vain is worth! how ſhort is Glory's date!
Then ſhalt Thou find, whilſt Friends with Foes conſpire
To give more proof than virtue would deſire,
Thy danger chiefly lies in acting well;
No crime's ſo great as daring to excel.

Whilſt SATIRE thus, diſdaining mean controul,
Urg'd the free dictates of an honeſt ſoul,
CANDOUR, who, with the charity of *Paul*,
Still thinks the beſt, whene'er ſhe thinks at all,
With the ſweet milk of human kindneſs bleſs'd,
The furious ardour of my zeal repreſs'd:

Can'ſt Thou, with more than uſual warmth, ſhe cry'd,
Thy malice to indulge, and feed thy pride,
Can'ſt Thou, ſevere by Nature as Thou art,
With all that wond'rous rancour in thy heart,
Delight to torture Truth ten thouſand ways,
To ſpin detraction forth from themes of praiſe,
To make VICE fit, for purpoſes of ſtrife,
And draw the Hag much larger than the life,
To make the good ſeem bad, the bad ſeem worſe,
And repreſent our Nature as our curſe?

Doth not humanity condemn that zeal
Which tends to aggravate and not to heal?
Doth not diſcretion warn thee of diſgrace,
And danger grinning ſtare thee in the face:
Loud as the Drum, which ſpreading terror round
From emptineſs acquires the pow'r of ſound?

Dot

Doth not the voice of NORTON ſtrike thy ear,
And the pale MANSFIELD chill thy ſoul with fear?
Doſt Thou, fond man, believe thyſelf ſecure,
Becauſe Thou'rt honeſt, and becauſe Thou'rt poor?
Do'ſt Thou on Law and Liberty depend?
Turn, turn thy eyes, and view thy injur'd friend.
Art Thou beyond the ruffian gripe of Pow'r?
When WILKES, *prejudg'd*, is ſentenc'd to the Tow'r?
Do'ſt Thou by Privilege exemption claim,
When Privilege is little more than name?
Or to Prerogative (that glorious ground
On which State-ſcoundrels oft have ſafety found)
Do'ſt thou pretend, and there a ſanction find,
Unpuniſh'd, thus to Libel human kind?

When Poverty, the Poet's conſtant crime,
Compell'd thee, all unfit, to trade in rime,
Had not Romantic notions turn'd thy head,
Had'ſt Thou not valued Honour more than bread,
Had Int'reſt, pliant Int'reſt, been thy guide,
And had not Prudence been debauch'd by Pride,
In flatt'ry's ſtream Thou would'ſt have dipp'd thy pen,
Applied to great, and not to honeſt men,

Nor ſhould Conviction have ſeduc'd thy heart
To take the weaker tho' the better part.

What but rank Folly, for thy curſe decreed,
Could into SATIRE's barren path miſlead,
When, open to thy view, before thee lay
Soul-ſoothing PANEGYRIC's flow'ry way?
There might the muſe have ſaunter'd at her eaſe,
And, pleaſing others, learn'd herſelf to pleaſe,
Lords ſhould have liſten'd to the ſugar'd treat,
And *Ladies*, ſimp'ring, own'd it vaſtly ſweet;
Rogues, in thy prudent verſe with virtue grac'd,
Fools, mark'd by thee as prodigies of Taſte,
Muſt have forbid, pouring preferments down,
Such Wit, ſuch Truth as thine to quit the gown.
Thy ſacred Brethren too (for they no leſs
Than Laymen, bring their off'rings to Succeſs)
Had hail'd Thee good if great, and paid the vow
Sincere as that they pay to God, whilſt Thou
In *Lacon* hadſt whiſper'd to a ſleeping croud,
As dull as R——, and half as proud.

PEACE, CANDOUR—wiſely had'ſt thou ſaid, and well,
Could Int'reſt in this breaſt one moment dwell,

Could

Could ſhe, with proſpect of ſucceſs, oppoſe
The firm reſolves which from Conviction roſe.
I cannot truckle to a Fool of State,
Nor take a favour from the man I hate.
Free leave have others by ſuch means to ſhine;
I ſcorn their practice, they may laugh at mine.

But in this charge, forgetful of thyſelf,
Thou haſt aſſum'd the maxims of that Elf,
Whom God in wrath for man's diſhonour fram'd,
CUNNING in Heav'n, amongſt us PRUDENCE nam'd,
That *ſervile* PRUDENCE which I leave to thoſe
Who dare not be my Friends, can't be my Foes.

Had I, with cruel and oppreſſive rimes,
Purſued, and turn'd misfortunes into crimes;
Had I, when Virtue gaſping lay and low,
Join'd tyrant Vice, and added woe to woe;
Had I made Modeſty in bluſhes ſpeak,
And drawn the tear down Beauty's ſacred cheek;
Had I (damn'd then) in thought debas'd by lays,
To wound that Sex which Honour bids me praiſe;
Had I, from vengeance by baſe views betray'd,
In endleſs night ſunk injur'd AYLIEF's ſhade;

Had I (which Satiriſts of mighty name,
Renown'd in rime, rever'd for *moral* fame,
Have done before, whom Juſtice ſhall purſue
In future verſe) brought forth to public view
A noble Friend, and made his foibles known,
Becauſe his worth was greater than my own;
Had I ſpar'd thoſe (ſo *Prudence* had decreed)
Whom, God ſo help me at my greateſt need,
I ne'er will ſpare, thoſe vipers to their King,
Who ſmooth their looks, and flatter whilſt they ſting;
Or had I not taught patriot zeal to boaſt
Of Thoſe, who flatter leaſt, but love him moſt;
Had I thus ſinn'd, my ſtubborn ſoul ſhould bend
At CANDOUR'S voice, and take, as from a friend,
The deep rebuke; Myſelf ſhould be the firſt
To hate myſelf, and ſtamp my Muſe accurs'd.

But ſhall my arm—forbid it manly Pride,
Forbid it Reaſon, warring on my ſide—
For vengeance lifted high, the ſtroke forbear,
And hang ſuſpended in the deſart air,
Or to my trembling ſide unnerv'd ſink down,
Palſied, forſooth, by CANDOUR'S half-made frown?

When

When Juſtice bids me on, ſhall I delay
Becauſe inſipid CANDOUR bars my way?
When ſhe, of all alike the puling friend,
Would diſappoint my Satire's nobleſt end,
When ſhe to villains would a ſanction give,
And ſhelter thoſe who are not fit to live,
When ſhe would ſcreen the guilty from a bluſh,
And bids me ſpare whom Reaſon bids me cruſh,
All leagues with CANDOUR proudly I reſign;
She cannot be for Honour's turn, nor mine.

Yet come, cold monitor, half foe, half friend,
Whom Vice can't fear, whom Virtue can't commend,
Come CANDOUR, by thy dull indiff'rence known,
Thou equal-blooded judge, Thou lukewarm drone,
Who, faſhion'd without feelings, doſt expect,
We call that Virtue which we know Defect;
Come, and obſerve the nature of our crimes,
The groſs and rank complexion of the times,
Obſerve it well, and then review my plan;
Praiſe if you will, or cenſure if you can.

Whilſt Vice preſumptuous lords it as in ſport,
And Piety is only known at Court;

Whilſt wretched LIBERTY expiring lies
Beneath the fatal burthen of EXCISE;
Whilſt nobles act, without one touch of ſhame,
What men of humble rank would bluſh to name;
Whilſt Honour's plac'd in higheſt point of view,
Worſhipp'd by thoſe, who Juſtice never knew;
Whilſt Bubbles of Diſtinction waſte in play
The hours of reſt, and blunder thro' the day,
With dice and cards opprobrious vigils keep,
Then turn to ruin empires in their ſleep;
Whilſt Fathers, by relentleſs paſſion led,
Doom worthy injur'd ſons to beg their bread,
Merely with ill-got, ill-ſav'd wealth to grace
An alien, abject, poor, proud, upſtart race;
Whilſt MARTIN flatters only to betray,
And WEBB gives up his dirty ſoul for pay;
Whilſt titles ſerve to huſh a villain's fears;
Whilſt Peers are Agents made, and Agents Peers,
Whilſt baſe betrayers are themſelves betray'd,
And makers ruin'd by the thing they made;
Whilſt C—, falſe to God and man, for gold,
Like the old traitor who a Saviour ſold,
To ſhame his Maſter, Friend, and Father gives;
Whilſt BUTE remains in pow'r, whilſt HOLLAND lives;

Can

Can Satire want a ſubject, where Diſdain,
By Virtue fir'd, may point her ſharpeſt ſtrain,
Where cloath'd with thunder, Truth may roll along,
And CANDOUR juſtify the rage of ſong?

Such things! ſuch Men before Thee! ſuch an Age!
Where Rancour, great as thine, may glut her rage,
And ſicken e'en to ſurfeit, where the pride
Of Satire, pouring down in fulleſt tide,
May ſpread wide vengeance round, yet all the while
Juſtice behold the ruin with a ſmile;
Whilſt I, thy foe miſdeem'd, cannot condemn,
Nor diſapprove that rage I wiſh to ſtem,
Wilt thou, degen'rate and corrupted, chuſe
To ſoil the credit of thy haughty Muſe?
With Fallacy, moſt infamous, to ſtain
Her Truth, and render all her anger vain?
When I beheld Thee incorrect, but bold,
A various comment on the Stage unfold;
When Play'rs on Play'rs before thy ſatire fell,
And poor Reviews conſpir'd thy wrath to ſwell;
When States and Stateſmen next became thy care,
And only kings were ſafe if thou waſt there;

Thy

Thy ev'ry Word I weigh'd in Judgment's ſcale,
And in thy ev'ry word found Truth prevail,
Why do'ſt Thou now to Falſhood meanly fly?
Not even CANDOUR can forgive a lye.

Bad as Men are, why ſhould thy frantic rimes
Traffick in Slander, and invent new crimes?
Crimes, which exiſting only in thy mind,
Weak Spleen brings forth to blacken all Mankind.
By pleaſing hopes we lure the human heart
To practiſe Virtue, and improve in art;
To thwart theſe ends (which, proud of honeſt Fame,
A noble Muſe would cheriſh and enflame)
Thy *Drudge* contrives, and in our full career
Sicklies our hopes with the pale hue of Fear;
Tells us that all our labours are in vain;
That what we ſeek, we never can obtain;
That, dead to Virtue, loſt to Nature's plan,
ENVY poſſeſſes the whole race of man;
That Worth is criminal, and Danger lies,
Danger extreme, in being good and wiſe.

'Tis a rank falſhood; ſearch the world around,
There cannot be ſo vile a monſter found,

Not

Not one ſo vile, on whom ſuſpicions fall
Of that groſs guilt, which you impute to all,
Approv'd by thoſe who diſobey her laws,
Virtue from Vice itſelf extorts applauſe.
Her very foes bear witneſs to her ſtate;
They will not love her, but they cannot hate.
Hate Virtue for herſelf, with ſpite purſue
Merit for Merit's ſake! might this be true,
I would renounce my Nature with diſdain,
And with the beaſts that periſh graze the plain;
Might this be true, had we ſo far fill'd up
The meaſure of our crimes, and from the cup
Of guilt ſo deeply drank, as not to find,
Thirſting for ſin, one drop, one dreg behind,
Quick ruin muſt involve this flaming ball,
And Providence in Juſtice cruſh us all.
None but the damn'd, and amongſt them the worſt,
Thoſe who for double guilt are doubly curs'd,
Can be ſo loſt; nor can the worſt of all
At once into ſuch deep damnation fall;
By painful ſlow degrees they reach this crime,
Which e'en in Hell muſt be a work of time,

Ceaſe

Ceaſe then thy guilty rage, thou wayward ſon,
With the foul gall of diſcontent o'er run,
Liſt to my voice—be honeſt, if you can,
Nor ſlander Nature in her fav'rite man.
But if thy ſpirit, reſolute in ill,
Once having err'd, perſiſts in error ſtill,
Go on at large, no longer worth my care,
And freely vent thoſe blaſphemies in air,
Which I would ſtamp as falſe, tho' on the tongue
Of Angels the injurious ſlander hung.

Dup'd by thy vanity (that cunning elf
Who ſnares the Coxcomb to deceive himſelf)
Or blinded by that rage, did'ſt Thou believe
That We too, coolly, would ourſelves deceive?
That We, as ſterling falſhood would admit,
Becauſe 'twas ſeaſon'd with ſome little wit?
When Fiction riſes pleaſing to the eye,
Men will believe, becauſe they love the lye;
But Truth herſelf, if clouded with a frown,
Muſt have ſome ſolemn proof to paſs her down.
Haſt Thou, maintaining that which muſt diſgrace
And bring into contempt the human race,

Haſt

Haſt Thou, or can'ſt Thou, in Truth's ſacred court,
To ſave thy credit, and thy cauſe ſupport,
Produce one proof, make out one real ground
On which ſo great, ſo groſs a charge to found?
Nay, doſt Thou know one man (let that appear,
From wilful falſhood I'll proclaim thee clear)
One man ſo loſt, to Nature ſo untrue,
From whom this gen'ral charge thy raſhneſs drew?
On this foundation ſhalt thou ſtand or fall—
Prove that in One, which you have charg'd on All.
Reaſon determines, and it muſt be done;
'Mongſt men, or paſt, or preſent, name me One.

HOGARTH—I take thee, CANDOUR, at thy word,
Accept thy proffer'd terms, and will be heard;
Thee have I heard with virulence declaim,
Nothing retain'd of Candour but the name;
By Thee have I been charg'd in angry ſtrains
With that mean falſhood which my ſoul diſdains—
HOGARTH ſtand forth—Nay hang not thus aloof—
Now, CANDOUR, now Thou ſhall receive ſuch proof,
Such damning proof, that henceforth Thou ſhalt fear
To tax my wrath, and own my conduct clear—

HOGARTH ſtand forth—I dare thee to be tried
In that great Court, where Conſcience muſt preſide;
At that moſt ſolemn bar hold up thy hand;
Think before whom, on what account you ſtand—
Speak, but conſider well—from firſt to laſt
Review thy life, weigh ev'ry action paſt—
Nay, you ſhall have no reaſon to complain—
Take longer time, and view them o'er again—
Canſt Thou remember from thy earlieſt youth,
And as thy God muſt judge Thee, ſpeak the truth,
A ſingle inſtance where, *Self* laid aſide,
And Juſtice taking place of fear and pride,
Thou with an equal eye did'ſt GENIUS view,
And give to Merit what was Merit's due?
Genius and Merit are a ſure offence,
And thy Soul ſickens at the name of Senſe.
Is any one ſo fooliſh to ſucceed,
On ENVY's altar he is doom'd to bleed?
HOGARTH, a guilty pleaſure in his eyes,
The place of Executioner ſupplies.
See how he glotes, enjoys the ſacred feaſt,
And proves himſelf by cruelty a prieſt.

Whilſt the weak Artiſt, to thy whims a ſlave,
Would bury all thoſe pow'rs which Nature gave,
Would ſuffer blank concealment to obſcure
Thoſe rays, thy Jealouſy could not endure;
To feed thy vanity would ruſt unknown,
And to ſecure thy credit blaſt his own,
In HOGARTH he was ſure to find a friend;
He could not fear, and therefore might commend.
But when his Spirit, rous'd by honeſt Shame,
Shook off that Lethargy, and ſoar'd to Fame,
When, with the pride of Man, reſolv'd and ſtrong,
He ſcorn'd thoſe fears which did his Honour wrong,
And, on himſelf determin'd to rely,
Brought forth his labours to the public eye,
No Friend in Thee, could ſuch a Rebel know;
He had deſert, and HOGARTH was his foe.

Souls of a tim'rous caſt, of petty name
In ENVY's court, not yet quite dead to ſhame,
May ſome Remorſe, ſome qualms of Conſcience feel,
And ſuffer Honour to abate their Zeal,
But the Man, truly and compleatly great,
Allows no rule of action but his hate;

Thro'

'Thro' ev'ry bar he bravely breaks his way,
Paſſion his Principle, and Parts his prey.
Mediums in Vice and Virtue ſpeak a mind
Within the pale of Temperance confin'd;
The daring Spirit ſcorns her narrow ſchemes,
And, good or bad, is always in extremes.

Man's practice duly weigh'd, thro' ev'ry age
On the ſame plan hath ENVY form'd her rage,
'Gainſt thoſe whom Fortune hath our rivals made
In way of Science, and in way of Trade,
Stung with mean Jealouſy ſhe arms her ſpite,
Firſt works, then views their ruin with delight.
Our HOGARTH here a grand improver ſhines,
And nobly on the gen'ral plan refines;
He like himſelf o'erleaps the ſervile bound;
Worth is his mark, wherever Worth is found.
Should Painters only his vaſt wrath ſuffice?
Genius in ev'ry walk is Lawful Prize.
'Tis a groſs inſult to his o'ergrown ſtate;
His love to merit is to feel his hate.

When WILKES, our Countryman; our common friend,
Aroſe, his King, his Country to defend,

Wher

When tools of pow'r he bar'd to public view,
And from their holes the ſneaking cowards drew,
When Rancour found it far beyond her reach
To ſoil his honour, and his truth impeach,
What could induce Thee, at a time and place,
Where manly Foes had bluſh'd to ſhew their face,
To make that effort, which muſt damn thy name,
And ſink Thee deep, deep in thy grave with ſhame?
Did Virtue move Thee! no, 'twas Pride, rank Pride,
And if Thou had'ſt not done it, Thou had'ſt dy'd.
MALICE (who, diſappointed of her end,
Whether to work the bane of Foe or Friend,
Preys on herſelf, and driven to the Stake,
Gives Virtue that revenge ſhe ſcorns to take)
Had kill'd Thee, tott'ring on life's utmoſt verge,
Had WILKES and LIBERTY eſcap'd thy ſcourge.

When that GREAT CHARTER, which our Fathers bought
With their beſt blood, was into queſtion brought;
When, big with ruin, o'er each Engliſh head
Vile Slavery hung ſuſpended by a thread;
When LIBERTY, all trembling and aghaſt,
Fear'd for the future, knowing what was paſt;

When ev'ry breaſt was chill'd with deep deſpair,
Till Reaſon pointed out that PRATT was there;
Lurking, moſt Ruffian-like, behind a ſcreen,
So plac'd all things to ſee, himſelf unſeen,
VIRTUE, with due contempt, ſaw HOGARTH ſtand,
The murd'rous pencil in his palſied hand.
What was the cauſe of Liberty to him,
Or what was Honour? let them ſink or ſwim,
So he may gratify, without controul,
The mean reſentments of his ſelfiſh ſoul.
Let Freedom periſh, if, to Freedom true,
In the ſame ruin WILKES may periſh too.

With all the ſymptoms of aſſur'd decay,
With age and ſickneſs pinch'd, and worn away,
Pale quiv'ring lips, lank cheeks, and fault'ring tongue,
The Spirits out of tune, the Nerves unſtrung,
Thy Body ſhrivell'd up, thy dim eyes ſunk
Within their ſockets deep, thy weak hams ſhrunk
The body's weight unable to ſuſtain,
The ſtream of life ſcarce trembling thro' the vein,
More than half-kill'd by honeſt truths, which fell,
Thro' thy own fault, from men who wiſh'd thee well,

Can'ſt thou, e'en thus, thy thoughts to vengeance give,
And, dead to all things elſe, to Malice live?
Hence, Dotard, to thy cloſet, ſhut thee in,
By deep repentance waſh away thy ſin,
From haunts of men to ſhame and ſorrow fly,
And, on the verge of death, learn how to die.

Vain exhortation! waſh the Ethiop white,
Diſcharge the leopard's ſpots, turn day to night,
Controul the courſe of Nature, bid the deep
Huſh at thy Pygmy voice her waves to ſleep,
Perform things paſſing ſtrange, yet own thy art
Too weak to work a change in ſuch a heart.
That ENVY, which was woven in the frame
At firſt, will to the laſt remain the ſame.
Reaſon may droop, may die, but Envy's rage
Improves by time, and gathers ſtrength from age.
Some, and not few, vain triflers with the pen,
Unread, unpractis'd in the ways of men,
Tell us that ENVY, who with giant ſtride
Stalks thro' the vale of life by Virtue's ſide,
Retreats when ſhe hath drawn her lateſt breath,
And calmly hears her praiſes after death.

To ſuch obſervers HOGARTH gives the lie;
Worth may be hears'd, but Envy cannot die;
Within the manſion of his gloomy breaſt,
A manſion ſuited well to ſuch a gueſt;
Immortal, unimpair'd ſhe rears her head,
And damns alike the living and the dead.

Oft have I known Thee, HOGARTH, weak and vain,
Thyſelf the idol of thy aukward ſtrain,
Thro' the dull meaſure of a ſummer's day,
In phraſe moſt vile, prate long long hours away,
Whilſt Friends with Friends, all gaping ſit, and gaze,
To hear a HOGARTH babble HOGARTH's praiſe.
But if athwart thee Interruption came,
And mention'd with reſpect ſome Ancient's name,
Some Ancient's name, who in the days of yore
The crown of Art with greateſt honour wore,
How have I ſeen thy coward cheek turn pale,
And blank confuſion ſeize thy mangled tale?
How hath thy Jealouſy to madneſs grown,
And deem'd his praiſe injurious to thy own?
Then without mercy did thy wrath make way,
And Arts and Artiſts all became thy prey;

Then

Then didſt Thou trample on eſtabliſh'd rules,
And proudly levell'd all the ancient ſchools,
Condemn'd thoſe works, with praiſe thro' ages grac'd,
Which you had never ſeen, or could not taſte.
" But would mankind have true Perfection ſhewn,
" It muſt be found in labours of my own.
" I dare to challenge in one ſingle piece,
" Th' united force of ITALY and GREECE."
Thy eager hand the curtain then undrew,
And brought the boaſted Maſter-piece to view.
Spare thy remarks—ſay not a ſingle word—
The Picture why ſeen, is the Painter heard?
Call not up Shame and Anger in our cheeks;
Without a Comment SIGISMUNDA ſpeaks.

Poor SIGISMUNDA! what a Fate is thine!
DRYDEN, the great High-Prieſt of all the Nine,
Reviv'd thy name, gave what a Muſe could give,
And in his Numbers bad thy Mem'ry live;
Gave thee thoſe ſoft ſenſations, which might move
And warm the coldeſt Anchorite to Love;
Gave thee that Virtue, which could curb deſire,
Refine and Conſecrate Love's headſtrong fire;

Gave thee thoſe griefs, which made the Stoic feel,
And call'd compaſſion forth from hearts of ſteel;
Gave thee that firmneſs, which our Sex may ſhame,
And make Man bow to Woman's juſter claim,
So that our tears, which from Compaſſion flow,
Seem to debaſe thy dignity of woe.
But O, how much unlike! how fall'n! how chang'd!
How much from Nature, and herſelf eſtrang'd!
How totally depriv'd of all the pow'rs
To ſhew her feelings, and awaken ours,
Doth SIGISMUNDA now devoted ſtand,
The helpleſs victim of a Dauber's hand!

But why, *my* HOGARTH, ſuch a progreſs made,
So rare a Pattern for the Sign-poſt trade,
In the full force, and whirlwind of thy pride,
Why was *Heroic* Painting laid aſide?
Why is it not reſum'd? thy Friends at Court,
Men all in place and pow'r, crave thy ſupport;
Be grateful then for once, and, thro' the field,
Of Politics, thy *Epic* Pencil wield,
Maintain the cauſe, which they, good lack! avow,
And would maintain too, but they know not how.

Thro'

Thro' ev'ry *Pannel* let thy Virtue tell
How BUTE prevail'd, How PITT and TEMPLE fell!
How ENGLAND's ſons (whom They conſpir'd to bleſs
Againſt our Will, with inſolent ſucceſs)
Approve their fall, and with addreſſes run,
How got, God knows, to hail the SCOTTISH Sun?
Point out our fame in war, when Vengeance, hurl'd
From the ſtrong arm of Juſtice, ſhook the world;
Thine, and thy Country's honour to encreaſe,
Point out the honours of ſucceeding Peace;
Our *Moderation*, Chriſtian-like, diſplay,
Shew, what we got, and what we gave away.
In Colours, dull and heavy as the tale,
Let a *State*-Chaos thro' the whole prevail.

But, of events regardleſs, whilſt the Muſe,
Perhaps with too much heat, her theme purſues;
Whilſt her quick Spirits rouze at FREEDOM's call,
And ev'ry drop of blood is turn'd to gall,
Whilſt a dear Country, and an injur'd Friend,
Urge my ſtrong anger to the bitt'reſt end,
Whilſt honeſt trophies to revenge are rais'd
Let not One real Virtue paſs unprais'd.

Juſtice with equal courſe bids Satire flow,
And loves the Virtue of her greateſt foe.

O! that I here could that rare Virtue mean,
Which ſcorns the rule of Envy, Pride and Spleen,
Which ſprings not from the labour'd Works of Art,
But hath its riſe from Nature in the heart,
Which in itſelf with happineſs is crown'd,
And ſpreads with joy the bleſſing all around!
But truth forbids, and in theſe ſimple lays,
Contented with a diff'rent kind of Praiſe,
Muſt HOGARTH ſtand; that Praiſe which GENIUS gives,
In Which to lateſt time the *Artiſt* lives,
But not the *Man*; which, rightly underſtood,
May make Us great, but cannot make us good.
That Praiſe be HOGARTH's; freely let him wear
The Wreath which GENIUS wove, and planted there.
Foe as I am, ſhould Envy tear it down,
Myſelf would labour to replace the Crown.

In walks of Humour, in that caſt of Style,
Which, probing to the quick, yet makes us ſmile;
In Comedy, his nat'ral road to fame,
Nor let me call it by a meaner name,

Where

Where a beginning, middle, and an end,
Are aptly joined; where parts on parts depend,
Each made for each, as bodies for their ſoul,
So as to form one true and perfect whole,
Where a plain Story to the eye is told,
Which we conceive the moment we behold,
HOGARTH unrivall'd ſtands, and ſhall engage
Unrivall'd praiſe to the moſt diſtant age.

How could'ſt Thou then to Shame perverſely run,
And tread that path which Nature bad Thee ſhun?
Why did ambition overleap her rules,
And thy vaſt parts become the Sport of Fools?
By diff'rent methods diff'rent Men excel,
But where is He who can do all things well?
Humour thy Province, for ſome monſtrous crime
Pride ſtruck Thee with the frenzy of *Sublime*.
But, when the work was finiſh'd, could thy mind
So partial be, and to herſelf ſo blind,
What with contempt All view'd, to view with awe,
Nor ſee thoſe faults which ev'ry Blockhead ſaw?
Bluſh, Thou vain Man, and if deſire of Fame,
Founded on real Art, thy thoughts inflame,

To quick deſtruction SIGISMUNDA give,
And let her mem'ry die, that thine may live.

But ſhould fond Candour, for her Mercy ſake,
With pity view, and pardon this miſtake;
Or ſhould Oblivion, to thy wiſh moſt kind,
Wipe off that ſtain, nor leave one trace behind;
Of ARTS *deſpis'd*, of ARTISTS by thy frown
Aw'd from juſt hopes, of *riſing Worth kept down*,
Of all thy meanneſs thro' this mortal race,
Can'ſt Thou the living memory eraſe?
Or ſhall not Vengeance follow to the grave,
And give back juſt that meaſure which You gave?
With ſo much merit, and ſo much ſucceſs,
With ſo much pow'r to curſe, ſo much to bleſs,
Would He have been Man's friend, inſtead of foe,
HOGARTH had been a little God below.
Why then, like ſavage Giants, fam'd of old,
Of whom in Scripture Story we are told,
Doſt Thou in cruelty that ſtrength employ,
Which Nature meant to ſave, not to deſtroy?
Why doſt Thou, all in horrid pomp array'd,
Sit grinning o'er the ruins Thou haſt made?

Moſt

Moſt rank Ill-nature muſt applaud thy art;
But even Candour muſt condemn thy heart.

For Me, who warm and zealous for my Friend,
In ſpite of railing thouſands, will commend,
And, no leſs warm zealous 'gainſt my foes,
Spite of commending thouſands, will oppoſe,
I dare thy worſt, with ſcorn behold thy rage,
But with an eye of Pity view thy Age;
Thy feeble Age, in which, as in a glaſs,
We ſee how Men to diſſolution paſs.
Thou *wretched Being*, whom, on Reaſon's plan,
So chang'd, ſo loſt, I cannot call a Man,
What could perſuade Thee, at this time of life,
To launch afreſh into the Sea of Strife?
Better for Thee, ſcarce crawling on the earth,
Almoſt as much a child as at thy birth,
To have reſign'd in peace thy parting breath,
And ſunk unnotic'd in the arms of Death.
Why would thy grey, grey hairs reſentment brave,
Thus to go down with ſorrow to the grave?
Now, by my Soul, it makes me bluſh to know
My Spirits could deſcend to ſuch a foe.

Whatever

Whatever cauſe the vengeance might provoke,
It ſeems rank Cowardice to give the ſtroke.

Sure 'tis a curſe which angry Fates impoſe,
To mortify man's arrogance, that thoſe
Who're faſhion'd of ſome better ſort of clay,
Much ſooner than the common herd decay,
What bitter pangs muſt humbled GENIUS feel,
In their laſt hours, to view a SWIFT and STEELE?
How muſt ill-boding horrors fill her breaſt
When She beholds Men, mark'd above the reſt
For qualities moſt dear, plung'd from that height,
And ſunk, deep ſunk, in ſecond Childhood's night?
Are Men, indeed, ſuch things, and are the beſt
More ſubject to this evil, than the reſt,
To drivel out whole years of Ideot Breath,
And ſit the Monuments of living Death?
O, galling circumſtance to human pride!
Abaſing Thought, but not to be denied!
With curious Art the Brain too finely wrought,
Preys on herſelf, and is deſtroy'd by Thought.
Conſtant Attention wears the active mind,
Blots out her pow'rs and leaves a blank behind.

But let not Youth, to inſolence allied,
In heat of blood, in full career of pride,
Poſſeſs'd of GENIUS, with unhallow'd rage,
Mock the infirmities of rev'rend age.
The greateſt GENIUS to this Fate may bow;
REYNOLDS, in time, may be like HOGARTH now.

THE

THE

GHOST.

In FOUR BOOKS.

[illegible]

THE

GHOST.

BOOK I.

WITH eager ſearch to dart the ſoul,
Curiouſly vain, from Pole to Pole,
And from the Planets wand'ring ſpheres
T'exhort the number of our years,
And whether all thoſe years ſhall flow
Sereneiy ſmooth, and free from woe,
Or rude Misfortune ſhall deform
Our life, with one continual ſtorm;

Or if the Scene ſhall motley be,
Alternate Joy and Miſery,
Is a deſire, which, more or leſs,
All Men muſt feel, tho' few confeſs.

Hence, ev'ry place and ev'ry age
Affords ſubſiſtence to the Sage,
Who, free from this world and its cares,
Holds an acquaintance with the Stars,
From whom he gains intelligence
Of things to come ſome ages hence,
Which unto friends, at eaſy rates,
He readily communicates.

At its firſt riſe, which all agree on,
This noble Science was CHALDEAN,
That ancient people, as they fed
Their flocks upon the mountain's head,
Gaz'd on the Stars, obſerv'd their motions,
And ſuck'd in Aſtrologic notions,
Which they ſo eagerly purſue,
As folks are apt whate'er is new,
That things below at random rove,
Whilſt they're conſulting things above;

And

And when they now ſo poor were grown,
That they'd no houſes of their own,
They made bold with their friends the Stars,
And prudently made uſe of theirs.

To EGYPT from CHALDEE it travell'd,
And Fate at MEMPHIS was unravell'd,
Th'exotic Science ſoon ſtruck root,
And flouriſh'd into high repute.
Each learned Prieſt, O ſtrange to tell!
Could circles make, and caſt a ſpell;
Could read and write, and taught the Nation
The holy art of Divination.
Nobles themſelves, for at that time
Knowledge in Nobles was no crime,
Could talk as learned as the Prieſt,
And propheſie as much at leaſt.
Hence all the fortune-telling Crew,
Whoſe crafty ſkill marrs Nature's hue,
Who, in vile tatters, with ſmirch'd face,
Run up and down from place to place,
To gratify their friends' deſires,
From BAMPFIELD CAREW, to MOLL SQUIRES,

Are rightly term'd EGYPTIANS all;
Whom we, miſtaking, GYPSIES call.

The GRECIAN Sages borrow'd this,
As they did other Sciences,
From fertile EGYPT, tho' the loan
They had not honeſty to own.
DODONA's Oaks, inſpir'd by JOVE,
A learned and prophetic Grove,
Turn'd vegetable Necromancers,
And to all comers gave their anſwers;
At DELPHOS, to APOLLO dear,
All men the voice of Fate might hear;
Each ſubtle Prieſt on three-legg'd ſtool,
To take in wiſe men, play'd the fool.
A Myſtery, ſo made for gain,
E'en now in faſhion muſt remain.
Enthuſiaſts never will let drop
What brings ſuch buſineſs to their ſhop,
And that Great Saint, we WHITFIELD call,
Keeps up the HUMBUG SPIRITUAL.

Among the ROMANS, not a Bird,
Without a Prophecy, was heard;

Fortunes

Fortunes of Empires often hung
On the Magician Magpie's tongue,
And ev'ry Crow was to the State
A ſure interpreter of Fate.
Prophets, embodied in a COLLEGE,
(Time out of mind your ſeat of knowledge,
For Genius never fruit can bear
Unleſs it firſt is planted there,
And ſolid learning never falls
Without the verge of COLLEGE walls)
Infallible accounts would keep
When it was beſt to watch or ſleep,
To eat or drink, to go or ſtay,
And when to fight or run away,
When matters were for action ripe,
By looking at a *double tripe*;
When Emperors would live or die
They in an *Aſs's ſcull* could ſpy;
When Gen'rals would their ſtation keep,
Or turn their backs, *in hearts of ſheep.*
In matters, whether ſmall or great,
In private families or ſtate,
As amongſt us, the holy Seer
Officiouſly would interfere,

With pious arts and rev'rend ſkill
Would bend Lay Bigots to his will,
Would help or injure foes or friends,
Juſt as it ſerv'd his private ends.
Whether, in honeſt way of trade,
Traps for Virginity were laid,
Or if, to make their party great,
Deſigns were form'd againſt the State,
Regardleſs of the Common Weal,
By Int'reſt led, which they call zeal,
Into the ſcale was always thrown,
The will of Heav'n to back *their own.*

ENGLAND, a happy land we know,
Where Follies naturally grow,
Where without Culture they ariſe,
And tow'r above the common ſize;
ENGLAND, a fortune-telling hoſt,
As num'rous as the Stars, could boaſt,
MATRONS, who toſs the Cup, and ſee
The grounds of Fate in grounds of Tea,
Who vers'd in ev'ry modeſt lore,
Can a loſt Maidenhead reſtore,

Or, if their Pupils rather chuſe it,
Can ſhew the readieſt way to loſe it;
GYPSIES, who ev'ry ill can cure,
Except the ill of being poor,
Who charms 'gainſt Love and Agues ſell,
Who can in hen-rooſt ſet a ſpell,
Prepar'd by arts, to them beſt known,
To catch all feet except their own,
Who as to fortune can unlock it,
As eaſily as pick a pocket;
SCOTCHMEN who, in their Country's right,
Poſſeſs the gift of *ſecond-ſight*,
Who (when their barren heaths they quit,
Sure argument of *prudent* wit,
Which reputation to maintain,
They never venture back again)
By lyes prophetic heap up riches,
And boaſt the luxury of breeches.

Amongſt the reſt, in former years,
CAMPBELL, illuſtrious name, appears,
Great Hero of futurity,
Who *blind* could ev'ry thing *forſee*,

Who *dumb* could ev'ry thing *foretell*,
Who, Fate with equity to ſell,
Always dealt out the will of Heaven,
According to what price was given.

Of SCOTTISH race, in HIGHLANDS born,
Poſſeſs'd with native pride and ſcorn,
He hither came, by cuſtom led,
To curſe the hands which gave him bread.
With want of truth, and want of ſenſe,
Amply made up by impudence,
(A *ſuccedaneum*, which we find,
In common uſe with all mankind),
Careſs'd and favour'd too by thoſe,
Whoſe heart with Patriot feelings glows,
Who FOOLISHLY, where'er diſpers'd,
Still place their native Country firſt;
(For ENGLISHMEN alone have ſenſe,
To give a *ſtranger* preference,
Whilſt modeſt merit of their own,
Is left in poverty to groan)
CAMPBELL foretold, juſt what he wou'd,
And left the Stars to make it good;

On

On whom he had impreſs'd ſuch awe,
His dictates current paſs'd for Law;
Submiſſive all his Empire own'd;
No Star durſt ſmile, when CAMPBELL frown'd.

This Sage deceas'd, for all muſt die,
And CAMPBELL's no more ſafe than I,
No more than I can guard the heart,
When Death ſhall hurl the fatal dart,
Succeeded, ripe in art and years,
Another fav'rite of the ſpheres,
Another and *Another* came,
Of equal ſkill, and equal fame;
As white each wand, as black each gown,
As long each beard, as wiſe each frown,
In ev'ry thing ſo like, you'd ſwear,
CAMPBELL himſelf was ſitting there.
To *all* the happy Art was known,
To tell *our* fortunes, make *their own.*

Seated in Garret, for you know,
The nearer to the Stars we go,
The greater we eſteem his art,
Fools curious flock'd from ev'ry part.

The

The Rich, the Poor, the Maid, the Married,
And thoſe who could not walk, were carried.

The BUTLER, hanging down his head,
By *Chamber-Maid*, or *Cook-Maid* led,
Enquires, if from his friend the Moon,
He has advice of pilfer'd ſpoon.

The COURT-BRED WOMAN OF CONDITION,
(Who, to approve her diſpoſition
As much ſuperior, as her birth,
To thoſe compos'd of common earth,
With double ſpirit muſt engage
In ev'ry folly of the age)
The *Honourable* arts would buy,
To pack the Cards, and cog a Die.

The HERO (who for brawn and face
May claim right honourable place
Amongſt the chiefs of *Butcher-Row*,
Who might ſome thirty years ago,
If we may be allow'd to gueſs
At his employment by his dreſs,

Put

Put medicines off from cart or ſtage,
The grand Toscano of the age,
Or might about the countries go,
High Steward of a Puppet-ſhew,
Steward and Stewardſhip moſt meet,
For all know puppets never eat;
Who would be thought, (tho', ſave the mark,
That point is ſomething in the dark)
The man of Honour, one like thoſe
Renown'd in ſtory, who lov'd blows
Better than victuals, and would fight,
Merely for ſport, from morn to night;
Who treads like Mavors firm, whoſe tongue,
Is with the tripple thunder hung,
Who cries to fear—ſtand off—aloof—
And talks as he were cannon-proof,
Would be deem'd ready, when you liſt,
With ſword and piſtol, ſtick and fiſt,
Careleſs of points, balls, bruiſes, knocks,
At once to fence, fire, cudgel, box,
But at the ſame time bears about,
Within himſelf, ſome touch of doubt,
Of *prudent* doubt, which hints—that fame
Is nothing but an empty name;

That

That life is rightly underſtood
By all to be a real good;
That, even in a *Hero*'s heart,
Diſcretion is the better part;
That this ſame HONOUR may be won,
And yet no kind of danger run)
Like DRUGGER comes, that magic pow'rs
May aſcertain his *lucky* hours.
For at ſome hours the fickle dame,
Whom FORTUNE properly we name,
Who ne'er conſiders wrong or right,
When wanted moſt, plays leaſt in ſight,
And, like a modern *Court-bred* jilt,
Leaves her chief fav'rites in a tilt.
Some hours there are, when from the heart
Courage into ſome other part,
No matter wherefore, makes retreat,
And fear uſurps the vacant ſeat;
Whence *planet-ſtruck* we often find,
STUARTS and SACKVILLES of mankind.

Farther he'd know (and by his art,
A conjurer can that impart)

Whether politer it is reckon'd
To have or not to have a ſecond,
To drag the friends in, or alone
To make the danger all their own;
Whether repletion is not bad,
And fighters with full ſtomachs mad;
Whether before he ſeeks the plain,
It were not well to breathe a vein;
Whether a gentle ſalivation,
Conſiſtently with reputation,
Might not of precious uſe be found,
Not to prevent indeed a wound,
But to prevent the conſequence
Which oftentimes ariſes thence,
Thoſe fevers, which the patient urge on
To gates of death, by help of ſurgeon;
Whether a wind at eaſt or weſt
Is for green wounds accounted beſt;
Whether (was he to chuſe) his mouth
Should point towards the north or ſouth;
Whether more ſafely he might uſe,
On theſe occaſions, pumps or ſhoes;
Whether it better is to fight,
By *Sun ſhine*, or by *Candle-light*;

Or (leſt a *candle* ſhould appear
Too mean to ſhine in ſuch a ſphere,
For who could of a candle tell
To light a hero into hell,
And leſt the *Sun* ſhould partial riſe
To dazzle one or t'other's eyes,
Or one or t'other's brains to ſcorch)
Might not *Dame* LUNA hold a torch?

Theſe points with dignity diſcuſs'd,
And gravely fix'd, a taſk which muſt
Require no little time and pains,
To make our hearts friends with our brains,
The *Man of War* would next engage
The kind aſſiſtance of the ſage,
Some previous method to direct,
Which ſhould make theſe of none effect.

Could he not, from the myſtic ſchool
Of art, produce ſome ſacred rule,
By which a knowledge might be got,
Whether men valiant were, or not,
So he that challenges might write
Only to thoſe who would not fight?

Or

Or could he not, ſome way diſpenſe,
By help of which (without offence
To *Honour*, whoſe nice nature's ſuch,
She ſcarce endures the ſlighteſt touch)
When he for want of t'other rule
Miſtakes his man, and, like a fool,
With ſome vain fighting blade gets in,
He fairly may get out again?

Or, ſhould ſome Dæmon lay a ſcheme
To drive him to the laſt extreme,
So that he muſt confeſs his fears,
In mercy to his noſe and ears,
And like a prudent recreant knight,
Rather do any thing than fight,
Could he not ſome expedient buy
To keep his ſhame from public eye?
For well he held, and men review,
Nine in ten hold the maxim too,
That HONOUR's like a *Maiden-head*,
Which if in private brought to bed,
Is none the worſe, but walks the town,
Ne'er loſt, until the loſs be known.

The

The PARSON too (for now and then,
PARSONS are juſt like other men,
And here and there a *grave* DIVINE
Has paſſions ſuch as your's and mine)
Burning with *holy* luſt to know
When FATE Preferment will beſtow,
'Fraid of detection, not of ſin,
With circumſpection ſneaking in
To *Conj'rer*, as he does to *Whore*,
Thro' ſome bye Alley, or Back-door,
With the ſame caution *Orthodox*,
Conſults the *Stars*, and gets a *Pox*.

The CITIZEN, in fraud grown old,
Who knows no Deity but Gold,
Worn out, and gaſping now for breath,
A Med'cine wants to keep off Death;
Would know, if THAT he cannot have,
What Coins are current in the grave;
If, when the Stocks (which by *his* pow'r,
Would riſe or fall in half an hour,
For, tho' unthought of and unſeen,
He work'd the ſprings behind the ſcreen)

By

By *his* directions came about,
And roſe to *Par*, he ſhould fell out;
Whether he ſafely might, or no,
Replace it in the Funds *below*.

By all addreſs'd, believ'd, and paid,
Many purſu'd the thriving trade,
And, great in reputation grown,
Succeſſive held the MAGIC throne.
Favour'd by ev'ry darling paſſion,
The love of Novelty and Faſhion,
Ambition, Av'rice, Luſt, and Pride,
Riches pour'd in on ev'ry ſide.
But when the *prudent* Laws thought fit
To curb this inſolence of Wit;
When Senates wiſely had Provided,
Decreed, Enacted, and Decided,
That no ſuch vile and upſtart elves
Should have more knowledge than themſelves;
When Fines and penalties were laid,
To ſtop the progreſs of the trade,
And Stars no longer could diſpenſe,
With *honour*, farther influence,

And Wizards (which muſt be confeſt
Was of more force than all the reſt)
No certain way to tell had got,
Which were Informers, and which not;
Affrighted SAGES were, perforce,
Oblig'd to ſteer ſome other courſe.
By various ways, theſe *Sons of Chance*
Their Fortunes labour'd to advance,
Well knowing, by unerring rules,
KNAVES ſtarve not in the *Land of Fools.*

Some, with high Titles and Degrees,
Which wiſe Men borrow when they pleaſe,
Without or trouble or expence,
PHYSICIANS inſtantly commence,
And proudly boaſt an equal ſkill
With thoſe who claim the *right to kill.*

Others about the Countries roam,
(For not ONE thought of going *home)*
With piſtol and adopted leg
Prepar'd at once to rob or beg.

Some,

Some, the more ſubtle of their race,
(Who felt ſome touch of *Coward* Grace,
Who TYBURN to avoid had wit,
But never fear'd deſerving it)
Came to their *Brother* SMOLLET's aid,
And carried on the CRITIC trade.

Attach'd to Letters and the Muſe,
Some Verſes wrote, and *ſome* wrote News,
Thoſe each revolving Month are ſeen,
The Heroes of a *Magazine*;
Theſe, ev'ry morning, great appear,
In LEDGER, or in GAZETTEER;
Spreading the falſhoods of the day,
By turns for FADEN and for SAY;
Like Swiss, their force is always laid
On that ſide where they beſt are paid.
Hence mighty PRODIGIES ariſe,
And daily MONSTERS ſtrike our eyes;
Wonders, to propagate the trade,
More ſtrange than ever BAKER made,
Are hawk'd about from ſtreet to ſtreet,
And Fools believe, whilſt Liars eat.

Now armies in the air engage,
To fright a ſuperſtitious age;
Now Comets thro' the Æther range,
In Governments portending change;
Now rivers to the Ocean fly,
So quick they leave their channels dry;
Now monſtrous Wales, on LAMBETH ſhore,
Drink the THAMES dry, and thirſt for more;
And ev'ry now and then appears
An IRISH Savage numb'ring years,
More than thoſe happy Sages cou'd,
Who drew their breath before the flood.
Now, to the wonder of all people,
A *Church* is left without a *Steeple*;
A *Steeple* now is left in lurch,
And mourns departure of the *Church*,
Which, borne on wings of mighty wind,
Remov'd a furlong off we find.
Now, wrath on Cattle to diſcharge,
Hail ſtones as deadly fall, and large
As thoſe which were on EGYPT ſent,
At once their crime and puniſhment,
Or thoſe which, as the Propliet writes,
Fell on the necks of AMORITES,

Wher

When, ſtruck with wonder and amaze,
The *Sun* ſuſpended, ſtay'd to gaze,
And, from her duty longer kept,
In AJALON his *Siſter* ſlept.

But if ſuch things no more engage
The Taſte of a politer age,
To help them out in time of need
Another TOFTS muſt *Rabbits* breed.
Each pregnant Female trembling hears,
And, overcome with ſpleen and fears,
Conſults her faithful glaſs no more,
But madly bounding o'er the floor,
Feels hairs all o'er her body grow,
By FANCY turn'd into a *Doe*.

Now to promote their private ends,
NATURE her uſual courſe ſuſpends,
And varies from the ſtated plan
Obſerv'd e'er ſince the World began.
Bodies, (which fooliſhly we thought,
By Cuſtom's ſervile maxims taught,
Needed a regular ſupply,
And without nouriſhment muſt die)

With craving appetites, and ſenſe
Of Hunger eaſily diſpenſe,
And, pliant to *their* wond'rous ſkill,
Are taught, like *watches*, to ſtand ſtill
Uninjur'd, for a month or more;
Then go on as they did before.
The Novel takes, the Tale ſucceeds,
Amply ſupplies its author's needs,
And BETTY CANNING is at leaſt,
With GASCOYNE's help, a ſix months feaſt.

Whilſt in contempt of all our pains,
The Tyrant SUPERSTITION reigns
Imperious in the heart of Man,
And warps his thoughts from Nature's plan;
Whilſt fond CREDULITY, who ne'er
The weight of wholſome doubts could bear,
To Reaſon and Herſelf unjuſt,
Takes all things blindly up on truſt;
Whilſt CURIOSITY, whole rage
No Mercy ſhews to Sex or Age,
Muſt be indulg'd at the expence,
Of *Judgment*, *Truth*, and *Common Senſe*;

Impoſture,

Impoſtures cannot but prevail,
And when *old Miracles* grow ſtale,
JUGGLERS will ſtill the art purſue,
And entertain the world with *New*.

For THEM, obedient to their will,
And trembling at their mighty ſkill,
Sad SPIRITS, ſummon'd from the tomb,
Glide glaring ghaſtly thro' the gloom,
In all the uſual Pomp of ſtorms,
In horrid cuſtomary forms,
A Wolf, a Bear, a Horſe, an Ape,
As Fear and Fancy give them ſhape,
Tormented with deſpair and pain,
They roar, they yell, and clank the chain.
FOLLY and GUILT (for GUILT, howe'er
The face of Courage it may wear,
Is ſtill a Coward at the heart)
At fear-created phantoms ſtart.
The PRIEST, that very word implies
That he's both innocent and wiſe,
Yet fears to travel in the dark,
Unleſs eſcorted by his CLERK.

But let not ev'ry Bungler deem
Too lightly of ſo deep a ſcheme:
For reputation of the *Art*,
Each GHOST muſt act a proper part,
Obſerve *Decorum*'s needful grace,
And keep the laws of *Time* and *Place*,
Muſt change, with happy variation,
His manners with his ſituation;
What in the Country might paſs down,
Would be impertinent in Town.
No SPIRIT of *diſcretion* HERE
Can think of breeding awe and fear,
'Twill ſerve the purpoſe more by half
To make the Congregation laugh.
We want no enſigns of ſurprize,
Locks ſtiff with gore, and ſawcer eyes,
Give *us* an entertaining *Sprite*,
Gentle, Familiar, and Polite,
One who appears in ſuch a form
As might an holy Hermit warm,
Or who on former ſchemes refines,
And only talks by ſounds and ſigns,
Who will not to the eye appear,
But pays her viſits to the ear,

And knocks ſo gently, 'twould not fright
A Lady in the darkeſt Night:
Such is *Our* FANNY, whoſe good will,
Which cannot in the Grave lie ſtill,
Brings her on Earth to entertain
Her friends and Lovers in COCK-LANE.

END OF THE FIRST BOOK.

THE

THE GHOST.

BOOK II.

A Sacred ſtandard Rule we find
By Poets held time out of mind,
To offer at Apollo's ſhrine,
And call on One, or All the Nine.

This Cuſtom, thro' a *Bigot* zeal,
Which Moderns of *fine Taſte* muſt feel,
For thoſe who wrote in days of yore,
Adopted ſtands like many more,

Tho'

Tho' ev'ry Cauſe, which then conſpir'd
To make it practis'd and admir'd,
Yielding to Time's deſtructive courſe,
For ages paſt hath loſt its force.

With *ancient* Bards, an INVOCATION
Was a true act of Adoration,
Of Worſhip an eſſential part,
And not a formal piece of Art,
Of paultry reading a Parade,
A dull ſolemnity in trade,
A pious Fever, taught to burn
An hour or two, to ſerve a turn.

They talk'd not of CASTALIAN SPRINGS,
By way of ſaying *pretty things*,
As *we* dreſs out our flimſey Rhimes;
'Twas the RELIGION of the *Times*,
And they believ'd that *holy* ſtream
With greater force made FANCY teem,
Reckon'd by all a true ſpecific
To make the barren brain prolific,
Thus ROMISH CHURCH (a ſcheme which ſeems
Not half ſo much excuſe as theirs)

Sing

Since Faith *implicitly* hath taught her,
Reveres the force of *Holy Water*.

The PAGAN SYSTEM, whether true
Or falſe, its ſtrength, like *Buildings*, drew
From many parts diſpos'd to bear
In one great Whole, their proper ſhare.
Each God of *eminent* degree,
To ſome vaſt *Beam* compar'd might be;
Each GODLING was a *Peg*, or rather
A *Cramp*, to keep the *Beams* together;
And Man as ſafely might pretend
From JOVE the *thunder-bolt* to rend,
As with an impious pride aſpire
To rob APOLLO of his *Lyre*.

With ſettled faith and pious awe,
Eſtabliſh'd by the voice of Law;
Then POETS to the MUSES came,
And from their Altars caught the flame.
GENIUS, with PHOEBUS for his guide,
The MUSE aſcending by his ſide,
With tow'ring pinions dar'd to ſoar,
Where eye could ſcarcely ſtrain before.

But why ſhould WE, who cannot feel
Theſe glowings of a *Pagan* zeal,
That wild *enthuſiaſtic* force,
By which, above her common courſe,
NATURE in *Exſtacy* up-borne,
Look'd down on earthly things with ſcorn;
Who have no more regard, 'tis known,
For *their* Religion than *our own*,
And feel not half ſo fierce a flame
At CLIO's as at FISHER's name;
Who know theſe boaſted *ſacred ſtreams*
Were mere romantic idle dreams,
That THAMES has waters clear as thoſe
Which on the top of PINDUS roſe,
And that the FANCY to refine,
Water's not half ſo good as Wine;
Who know, if Profit ſtrikes our eye,
Should we drink HELICON quite dry,
Th' whole fountain would not thither lead
So ſoon as one poor jug from TWEED;
Who, if to raiſe poetic fire,
The Pow'r of *Beauty* we require,
In any public place can view
More than the GRECIANS ever knew;

If

If *Wit* into the ſcale is thrown,
Can boaſt a LENNOX of our own;
Why ſhould *we* ſervile cuſtoms chuſe,
And court an *antiquated Muſe?*
No matter why—to aſk a *Reaſon*
In PEDANT BIGOTRY is Treaſon.

In the broad, beaten, turnpike-road
Of *hackney'd Panegyric Ode*,
No *Modern Poet* dares to ride
Without APOLLO by his ſide,
Nor in a *Sonnet* take the air,
Unleſs his *Lady Muſe* be there,
SHE, from ſome *Amaranthine* grove,
Where little Loves and Graces rove,
The Laurel to *my Lord* muſt bear,
Or Garlands make for *whores* to wear;
SHE, with ſoft *Elegiac* verſe,
Muſt grace ſome *mighty villain's* hearſe,
Or ſome *Infant*, doom'd by Fate
To wallow in a large eſtate,
Rhimes the Cradle muſt adorn,
And tell the World a *Fool* is born.

Since

Since then our CRITIC LORDS expect
No hardy Poet ſhould reject
Eſtabliſh'd maxims, or preſume
To place much better in their room,
By Nature fearful, I ſubmit
And in this dearth of Senſe and Wit,
With *nothing done*, and *little ſaid*,
(By wild excurſive FANCY led,
Into a ſecond Book thus far,
Like ſome unwary *Traveller*,
Whom varied ſcenes of wood and lawn,
With treacherous delight, have drawn;
Deluded from his purpos'd way,
Whom ev'ry ſtep leads more aſtray;
Who gazing round can no where ſpy,
Or houſe, or friendly cottage nigh,
And reſolution ſeems to lack
To venture forward or go back)
Invoke ſome GODDESS to deſcend,
And help me to my journey's end.
Tho' conſcious ARROW all the while,
Hears the petition with a ſmile,
Before the glaſs her charms unfolds,
And in *herſelf* MY *Muſe* beholds.

TRUTH

TRUTH, GODDESS of celeſtial birth
But little lov'd, or known on earth,
Whoſe pow'r but ſeldom rules the heart,
Whoſe name, with hypocritic art,
An errant ſtalking horſe is made,
A ſnug pretence to drive a trade,
An inſtrument convenient grown
To plant, more firmly, FALSHOOD'S throne,
As Rebels varniſh o'er their cauſe
With ſpecious colouring of Laws,
And *pious* Traitors draw the knife
In the KING'S *Name* againſt his *life*;
Whether (from *Cities* far away,
Where *Fraud* and *Falſhood* ſcorn thy ſway)
The faithful Nymph's and Shepherd's pride,
With LOVE and VIRTUE by thy ſide,
Your hours in harmleſs joys are ſpent
Amongſt the Children of CONTENT;
Or, fond of gaiety and ſport,
You tread the round of ENGLAND'S COURT,
Howe'er my LORD may frowning go,
And treat the *Stranger* as a *Foe*,
Sure to be found a welcome gueſt
In GEORGE'S and in CHARLOTTE'S breaſt;

If, in the giddy hours of Youth,
My conſtant ſoul adher'd to TRUTH;
If, from the Time I firſt wrote Man,
I ſtill purſu'd thy ſacred plan,
Tempted by Intereſt in vain
To wear mean Falſhood's golden chain;
If, for a ſeaſon drawn away,
Starting from Virtue's path aſtray,
All low diſguiſe I ſcorn'd to try,
And dar'd to ſin, but not to lye;
Hither, O hither, condeſcend,
ETERNAL TRUTH, thy ſteps to bend,
And favour *Him*, who ev'ry hour
Confeſſes and obeys thy pow'r!

But come not with that eaſy mien,
By which you won the *lively* DEAN,
Nor yet aſſume that Strumpet air,
Which RABELAIS taught Thee firſt to wear,
Nor yet that arch ambiguous face,
Which with CERVANTES gave thee grace,
But come in ſacred veſture clad,
Solemnly dull, and truly ſad!

Far

Far from thy ſeemly Matron train
Be Ideot MIRTH, and LAUGHTER vain!
For WIT and HUMOUR, which pretend
At once to pleaſe us and amend,
They are not for my preſent turn,
Let them remain in *France* with STERNE.

Of Nobleſt *City Parents* born,
Whom Wealth and Dignities adorn,
Who ſtill one conſtant tenor keep,
Not quite awake, nor quite aſleep,
With THEE, let formal DULLNESS come,
And deep ATTENTION, ever dumb,
Who on her lips her fingers lays,
Whilſt every circumſtance ſhe weighs,
Whoſe down-caſt Eye is often found
Bent without motion to the ground,
Or, to ſome outward thing confin'd,
Remits no image to the mind,
No pregnant mark of meaning bears,
But ſtupid without Viſion ſtares;
Thy ſteps let GRAVITY attend,
Wiſdom's and *Truth*'s unerring friend.

For *One* may ſee with half an eye,
That GRAVITY can never lye;
And his arch'd brow, pull'd o'er his eyes,
With ſolemn proof proclaims him *Wiſe*.

Free from all waggeries and ſports,
The produce of luxurious *Courts*,
Where Sloth and Luſt enervate Youth,
Come *Thou*, a down-right *City* TRUTH;
The CITY, which we ever find
A ſober pattern for Mankind,
Where *Man*, in EQUILIBRIO hung,
Is ſeldom Old, and never Young,
And from the Cradle to the Grave,
Not Virtue's friend, nor Vice's ſlave;
As *Dancers* on the *Wire* we ſpy,
Hanging between the Earth and Sky.

She comes—I ſee her from afar
Bending her courſe to *Temple Bar*:
All ſage and ſilent is her train,
Deportment grave, and garments plain,
Such as may ſuit a *Parſon*'s wear,
And fit the Head-piece of a *Mayor*.

By

By TRUTH inſpir'd, *our* BACON's force
Open'd the way to Learning's ſource;
BOYLE thro' the works of NATURE ran;
And NEWTON, ſomething more than Man,
Div'd into Nature's hidden ſprings,
Laid bare the principles of things,
Above the earth our ſpirits bore,
And gave us Worlds unknown before.
By TRUTH inſpir'd, when *Lauder*'s ſpight
O'er MILTON caſt the Veil of Night,
DOUGLAS aroſe, and thro' the maze
Of intricate and winding ways,
Came where the ſubtle Traitor lay,
And dragg'd him trembling to the day;
Whilſt HE (O ſhame to nobleſt parts,
Diſhonour to the Lib'ral Arts,
To traffic in ſo vile a ſcheme!)
Whilſt HE, *our Letter'd* POLYPHEME,
Who had *Confed'rate* forces join'd,
Like a baſe Coward, ſkulk'd behind.
By TRUTH inſpir'd, our *Critics* go
To track FINGAL in *Highland* ſnow,
To form their own and others *Creed*
From *Manuſcripts* they cannot read.

By TRUTH inſpir'd, we numbers ſee
Of each Profeſſion and Degree,
Gentle and Simple, Lord and Cit,
Wit without wealth, wealth without wit;
When PUNCH and SHERIDAN have done,
To FANNY's *Ghoſtly Lectures* run;
By TRUTH and FANNY now inſpir'd,
I feel my glowing boſom fir'd;
Deſire beats high in ev'ry vein
To ſing the SPIRIT of COCK-LANE;
To tell (juſt as the meaſure flows
In halting rhime, half verſe, half proſe)
With more than mortal arts endu'd,
How *She* united force withſtood,
And proudly gave a brave defiance
To *Wit* and *Dullneſs* in Alliance.

This *APPARITION* (with relation
To ancient modes of *Derivation*,
This we may properly ſo call,
Although it ne'er appears at all,
As by the way of *Innuendo*,
Lucus is made *à non lucendo*)

Superior

Superior to the vulgar mode,
Nobly diſdains that ſervile road,
Which Coward Ghoſts, as it appears,
Have walk'd in full five thouſand years,
And for reſtraint too mighty grown,
Strikes out a method of *her own*.

Others, may meanly ſtart away,
Aw'd by the Herald of the Day,
With faculties too weak to bear
The freſhneſs of the Morning air,
May vaniſh with the melting gloom,
And glide in ſilence to the tomb;
She dares the Sun's moſt piercing light,
And knocks by Day as well as Night.
Others, with mean and partial view,
Their viſits pay to *one* or *two*;
She, great in Reputation grown,
Keeps the beſt Company in Town.
Our active enterpriſing Ghoſt,
As large and ſplendid Routs can boaſt
As thoſe which, rais'd by PRIDE's command,
Block up the paſſage thro' the *Strand*.

Great adepts in the fighting trade,
Who ſerv'd their time on the *Parade*;
She Saints who, true to pleaſure's plan,
Talk about God, and luſt for man;
Wits, who believe nor God, nor Ghoſt,
And Fools, who worſhip ev'ry poſt;
Cowards, whoſe lips with war are hung;
Men truly brave, who hold their tongue;
Courtiers, who laugh they know not why,
And Cits, who for the ſame cauſe cry;
The canting Tabernacle Brother,
(For one Rogue ſtill ſuſpects another)
Ladies, who to a *Spirit* fly,
Rather than with their *Huſbands* lie;
Lords, who as chaſtly paſs their lives
With *other* Women as their *Wives*;
Proud of their intellects and cloaths.
Phyſicians, Lawyers, Parſons, Beaux,
And, truant from their deſks and ſhops,
Spruce Temple Clerks, and 'Prentice Fops,
To FANNY come; with the ſame view,
To find her falſe, or find her true.

Hark!

Hark! ſomething creeps about the houſe!
Is IT a *Spirit*, or a *Mouſe?*
HARK! ſomething *ſcratches* round the room!
A *Cat*, a *Rat*, a *ſtubb'd Birch-Broom.*
HARK! on the wainſcot now IT *knocks!*
If Thou'rt a *Ghoſt*, cried ORTHODOX,
With that affected *ſolemn* air
Which HYPOCRITES delight to wear,
And all thoſe *forms of* CONSEQUENCE
Which FOOLS adopt inſtead of *Senſe*,
If thou'rt a *Ghoſt*, who from the tomb
Stalk'ſt ſadly *ſilent* thro' this gloom,
In breach of NATURE's ſtated laws,
For *good*, or *bad*, or for *no* cauſe,
Give *now* NINE knocks; like PRIESTS of old,
NINE *we* a *ſacred Number* hold.

'Pſha, cried PROFOUND, (a man of parts,
Deep read in all the *curious* Arts,
Who to their hidden ſprings had trac'd
The force of NUMBERS, *rightly plac'd*)
As to the NUMBER, you are right,
As to the *form* miſtaken quite.

What's

What's NINE?—Your ADEPTS all agree,
The VIRTUE lies in *Three times Three.*

He ſaid, no need to ſay it twice,
For THRICE She *knock'd*, and THRICE, and THRICE.

The Crowd, confounded and amaz'd,
In ſilence at each other gaz'd.
From CÆLIA's hand the Snuff-box fell,
TINSEL, who ogled with the Belle,
To pick it up attempts in vain,
He ſtoops, but cannot riſe again.
Immane POMPOSO was not heard
T' import one crabbed foreign word.
Fear ſeizes Heroes, Fools, and Wits,
And PLAUSIBLE his pray'rs forgets.

At length, as People juſt awake,
Into wild diſſonance they break;
All talk'd at once, but not a word
Was underſtood, or plainly heard.
Such is the noiſe of chatt'ring Geeſe,
Slow ſailing on the Summer breeze;

Such is the language DISCORD ſpeaks
In *Welch women* o'er beds of *Leeks*;
Such the confus'd and horrid ſounds
Of *Iriſh* in Potatoe grounds.

But tir'd, for even C———'s tongue
Is not on iron hinges hung,
FEAR and CONFUSION found retreat,
REASON and ORDER take their ſeat.
The fact confirm'd beyond all doubt,
They now would find the cauſes out.
For this a ſacred rule we find
Among the niceſt of Mankind,
Which never might exception brook
From HOBBES e'en down to BOLINGBROKE,
To doubt of facts, however true,
Unleſs they know the cauſes too.

TRIFLE, of whom 'twas hard to tell
When he intended ill or well,
Who, to prevent all farther pother,
Probably meant nor one nor t'other,
Who to be ſilent always loth,
Would ſpeak on either ſide, or both,

Who

Who, led away by love of Fame,
If any new Idea came,
Whate'er it made for, always ſaid it,
Not with an eye to Truth, but Credit;
For ORATORS *profeſt*, 'tis known,
Talk not for *our* ſake, but their *own*;
Who always ſhew'd his talents beſt
When ſerious things were turn'd to jeſt,
And, under much impertinence,
Poſſeſs'd no common ſhare of ſenſe;
Who could deceive the flying hours,
With chat on Butterflies and Flow'rs;
Could talk of Powder, Patches, Paint,
With the ſame zeal as of a Saint;
Could prove a *Sibil* brighter far,
Than *Venus* or the *Morning Star*;
Whilſt ſomething ſtill ſo gay, ſo new,
The ſmile of approbation drew,
And Females ey'd the charming man,
Whilſt their hearts flutter'd with their Fan;
TRIFLE, who would by no means miſs
An opportunity like this,
Proceeding on his uſual plan,
Smil'd, ſtrok'd his chin, and thus began.

With

With *Sheers*, or *Sciſſors*, *Sword*, or *Knife*,
When the Fates cut the thread of life,
(For if we to the Grave are ſent,
No matter with what *inſtrument*)
The *Body* in ſome lonely ſpot,
On dung-hill vile, is laid to rot,
Or ſleeps among more *holy* dead,
With Pray'rs *irreverently* read;
The Soul is ſent, where Fate ordains,
To reap rewards, to ſuffer pains.

The VIRTUOUS to thoſe manſions go,
Where Pleaſures unembitter'd flow,
Where, *leading up* a jocund band,
VIGOUR and YOUTH *dance* hand in hand,
Whilſt ZEPHYR, with *harmonious* gales,
PIPES ſofteſt *Muſic* thro' the vales,
And SPRING and FLORA, gaily crown'd,
With *Velvet Carpets* ſpread the ground;
With *livelier bluſh* where Roſes bloom,
And ev'ry ſhrub *expires perfume*,
Where *chryſtal* ſtreams *mæandring glide*,
Where *warbling* flows the *amber tide*,

Where

Where other *Suns* dart brighter beams,
And LIGHT thro' *purer æther* ſtreams.

Far other ſeats, far diff'rent ſtate
The Sons of Wickedneſs await.
JUSTICE (not that *old Hag* I mean,
Who's nightly in the *Garden* ſeen,
Who lets no ſpark of *Mercy* riſe
For Crimes, *by which men loſe their eyes*;
Nor HER, who with an equal hand,
Weighs *Tea* and *Sugar* in the STRAND.
Nor HER who, by the World deem'd *wiſe*,
Deaf to the Widow's piercing cries,
Steel'd 'gainſt the ſtarving Orphan's tears,
On *Pawns* her baſe *Tribunal* rears;
But HER who, after Death preſides,
Whom ſacred TRUTH unerring guides,
Who, free from partial influence,
Nor ſinks, nor raiſes *Evidence*,
Before whom nothing's in the dark,
Who takes no *Bribe*, and keeps no *Clerk*)
JUSTICE with equal ſcale below,
In due proportion weighs out woe,

And always with ſuch lucky aim
Knows puniſhments ſo fit to frame,
That ſhe augments their grief and pain,
Leaving no reaſon to complain.

OLD MAIDS and RAKES are join'd together,
Coquettes and *Prudes*, like *April* weather.
Wit's forc'd to *Chum* with *Common Senſe*,
And *Luſt* is yok'd to *impotence*.
PROFESSORS (*Juſtice* ſo decreed)
Unpaid muſt conſtant *Lectures* read;
On Earth it often doth befal,
They're *paid*, and *never read at all*.
Parſons muſt practice what they teach,
And *B—ps* are compell'd to preach.

She, who on earth was nice and prim,
Of delicacy full, and whim,
Whoſe tender nature could not bear
The rudeneſs of the churliſh air,
Is doom'd to mortify her pride,
The change of weather to abide,
And ſells, whilſt tears with liquor mix,
Burnt Brandy on the Shore of STYX.

AVARO,

AVARO, by long uſe grown bold
In ev'ry ill which brings him gold,
Who his REDEEMER would pull down,
And ſell his GOD for Half a Crown,
Who, if ſome Blockhead ſhould be willing
To lend him on his Soul a Shilling,
A well-made bargain would eſteem it,
And have more ſenſe than to redeem it:
JUSTICE ſhall in thoſe ſhades confine,
To drudge for PLUTUS in the Mine,
All the Day long to toil and roar;
And curſing work the ſtubborn ore,
For Coxcombs *here*, who have no brains,
Without a Sixpence for his pains.
Thence, with each due return of Night,
COMPELL'D, the *tall*, *thin*, half-ſtarv'd SPA
Shall earth re-viſit, and ſurvey
The place where once his treaſure lay,
Shall view the *ſtall*, where *holy* PRIDE
With *letter'd* IGNORANCE allied,
Once hail'd him mighty and ador'd,
Deſcended to another Lord.
Then ſhall *He* ſcreaming pierce the air,
Hang his lank jaws, and ſcowl deſpair;

Then

Then ſhall *He* ban at Heaven's decrees,
And, howling, ſink to Hell for eaſe.

Thoſe, who on Earth thro' life have paſt,
With equal pace, from firſt to laſt,
Nor vex'd with paſſions, nor with ſpleen,
Inſipid, eaſy, and ſerene,
Whoſe heads were made too weak to bear
The weight of buſineſs, or of care,
Who without *Merit*, without *Crime*,
Contriv'd to while away their time,
Nor Good, nor Bad, nor Fools, nor Wits,
Mild JUSTICE with a ſmile, permits
Still to purſue their darling plan,
And find amuſement how they can.

The BEAU, in gaudieſt plumage dreſt
With lucky Fancy, o'er the reſt
Of AIR a curious mantle throws,
And chats among his Brother BEAUX;
Or, if the weather's fine and clear,
No ſign of rain or tempeſt near,
Encourag'd by the cloudleſs day,
Like *gilded Butterflies* at play,

So lively All, ſo gay, ſo briſk,
In air They *flutter*, *float*, and *friſk*.

The BELLE (what mortal doth not know,
BELLES after death admire a BEAU?)
With happy grace renews her art,
To trap the Coxcomb's wand'ring heart.
And after death, as whilſt they live,
A heart is *all* which BEAUX can give.

In ſome ſtill, ſolemn, ſacred ſhade,
Behold a group of AUTHORS laid,
News-paper WITS, and SONNETEERS,
Gentlemen BARDS, and *Rhiming* PEERS,
BIOGRAPHERS, whoſe wond'rous worth,
Is ſcarce remember'd now on earth,
Whom FIELDING's *humour* led aſtray,
And *plaintive* FOPS, debauch'd by GR.
All ſit together in a ring,
And laugh and prattle, write and ſing.

On his *own* works, with *laurel* crown'd,
Neatly and *elegantly bound*,

(For

(For this is *one* of many rules
With *writing Lords* and *laureat Fools*,
And which for ever muſt ſucceed
With *other Lords* who cannot *read*,
However deſtitute of wit,
To make their works for BOOK-CASE fit)
Acknowleg'd Maſter of thoſe ſeats,
CIBBER his *Birth-Day Odes* repeats.

With Triumph *now* poſſeſs that ſeat,
With Triumph *now* thy Odes repeat,
Unrivall'd Vigils proudly keep,
Whilſt ev'ry hearer's lull'd to ſleep;
But know, *Illuſtrious* BARD, when *Fate*,
Which ſtill purſues thy name with hate,
The *Regal Laurel* blaſts, which now
Blooms on the placid WHITEHEAD'S brow,
Low muſt deſcend thy Pride and Fame,
And CIBBER's be the ſecond Name.

Here TRIFLE cough'd (for *Coughing* ſtill
Bears witneſs of the *Speaker*'s ſkill,
A neceſſary piece of art,
Of *Rhet'ric* an eſſential part,

And *Adepts* in the Speaking trade
Keep a *Cough* by them *ready made*,
Which they ſucceſsfully diſpenſe
When at a loſs for *words* or *ſenſe)*
Here TRIFLE cough'd, here paus'd—but while
He ſtrove to recollect his *ſmile*,
That happy engine of his art,
Which triumph'd o'er the female heart,
CREDULITY, the Child of FOLLY,
Begot on *Cloyſter'd* MELANCHOLY,
Who heard, with grief, the florid Fool
Turn ſacred things to ridicule,
And ſaw him, led by WHIM away,
Still farther from the ſubject ſtray,
Juſt in the happy nick, aloud,
In ſhape of M—E, addreſs'd the Crowd.

Were we with Patience here to ſit,
Dupes to th' impertinence of Wit,
Till TRIFLE his harangue ſhould end,
A *Greenland* Night we might attend,
Whilſt HE, with fluency of ſpeech,
Would various *mighty nothings* teach,

(Here

(Here TRIFLE, ſternly looking down,
Gravely endeavour'd at a Frown,
But Nature unawares ſtept in,
And, mocking, turn'd it to a Grin)
And when, in FANCY's Chariot hurl'd,
We had been carried round the world,
Involv'd in error ſtill and doubt,
He'd leave us where we firſt ſet out.
Thus *Soldiers* (in whoſe exerciſe
Material uſe with Grandeur vies)
Lift up their legs with mighty pain,
Only to ſet them down again.

Believe ye not (yes, all I ſee
In ſound belief concur with me)
That PROVIDENCE, for worthy ends,
To us unknown, *this* SPIRIT ſends!
Tho' ſpeechleſs lay the trembling tongue,
Your *Faith* was on your features hung,
Your *Faith* I in your eyes could ſee,
When *all* were pale and ſtar'd like *me*,
But ſcruples to prevent, and root
Out ev'ry ſhadow of diſpute,

POMPOSO, PLAUSIBLE, and I,
With FANNY, have agreed to try
A deep concerted ſcheme—This night,
To fix, or to deſtroy HER quite.
If it be *True*, before we've done,
We'll make it glaring as the Sun;
If it be *falſe*, admit no doubt,
Ere Morning's dawn we'll find it out.
Into the vaulted womb of Death,
Where FANNY now, depriv'd of breath,
Lies feſt'ring, whilſt her troubled *Sprite*
Adds horror to the gloom of night,
Will *We* deſcend, and bring from thence,
Proofs of ſuch force to Common Senſe,
Vain *Triflers* ſhall no more deceive,
And ATHEISTS tremble, and believe.

He ſaid, and ceas'd; the Chamber rung
With due applauſe from ev'ry tongue,
The mingled ſound (now let me ſee,
Something by way of *Simile*)
Was it more like *Strymonian Cranes*,
Or *Winds*, *low murm'ring*, *when it rains*;

Or

Or *drowſey hum of cluſt'ring Bees*,
Or the *hoarſe roar of angry Seas?*
Or (ſtill to heighten and explain,
For elſe our *Simile* is vain)
Shall we declare it, like *all four*,
A *Scream*, a *Murmer*, *Hum*, and *Roar?*

Let FANCY now in awful ſtate
Preſent this *great* TRIUMVIRATE,
(A method which receiv'd we find
In *other* caſes by mankind)
Elected with a joint conſent,
All *Fools* in Town to *repreſent*.

The Clock ſtrikes Twelve—M—E ſtarts and ſwears,
In *Oaths* we know, as well as *Pray'rs*,
RELIGION lies, and a *Church* Brother
May uſe at will or one or t'other,
PLAUSIBLE from his Caſſock drew
A holy Manual, ſeeming new;
A Book it was of *private Pray'r*,
But not a pin the worſe for wear,
For, as we by the bye may ſay,
None but *ſmall* Saints in private pray.

RELIGION, faireſt Maid on earth,
As meek as good, who drew her birth
From that bleſt union, when in heaven
PLEASURE was Bride to VIRTUE given;
RELIGION, ever pleas'd to pray,
Poſſeſs'd the precious gift one day;
HYPOCRISY, of CUNNING born,
Crept in and ſtole it ere the morn.
WH—TE—D, that greateſt of all Saints,
Who always prays, and never faints,
Whom SHE to her *own Brother's* bore,
RAPINE and LUST, on SEVERN's ſhore,
Receiv'd it from the *ſquinting* Dame;
From *Him* to PLAUSIBLE it came,
Who, with unuſual care oppreſt,
Now trembling, pull'd it from his breaſt.
Doubts in his boding heart ariſe,
And fancied Spectres blaſt his eyes.
DEVOTION ſprings from abject *fear*,
And ſtamps his Pray'rs for *once* ſincere.

POMPOSO (inſolent and loud,
Vain idol of a *ſcribbling* crowd,

Whoſe very name inſpires an awe,
Whoſe ev'ry word is Senſe and Law,
For what his Greatneſs hath decreed,
Like Laws of PERSIA and of MEDE,
Sacred thro' all the realm of *Wit*,
Muſt never of Repeal admit;
Who, curſing flatt'ry, is the tool
Of ev'ry fawning, flatt'ring fool;
Who wit with jealous eye ſurveys,
And ſickens at another's praiſe;
Who, proudly ſeiz'd of *Learning*'s throne,
Now damns all Learning but his own;
Who ſcorns thoſe common wares to trade in,
Reas'ning, *Convincing*, and *Perſuading*,
But makes each Sentence current paſs
With *Puppy*, *Coxcomb*, *Scoundrel*, *Aſs*;
For 'tis with him a certain rule,
The Folly's prov'd when he calls Fool;
Who, to increaſe his native ſtrength,
Draws words ſix ſyllables in length,
With which, aſſiſted with a frown
By way of Club, he knocks us down;
Who 'bove the Vulgar dares to riſe,
And Senſe of *Decency* defies;

For

For this ſame *Decency* is made
Only for Bunglers in the trade,
And, like the *Cobweb* Laws, is ſtill
Broke thro' by *Great ones* when they will)—
POMPOSO, with *ſtrong ſenſe* ſupplied,
Supported, and confirm'd by *Pride*,
His Comrades' terrors to beguile,
Grinn'd horribly a ghaſtly ſmile:
Features ſo horrid, were it light,
Would put the Devil himſelf to flight.

Such were the *Three* in Name and Worth,
Whom ZEAL and JUDGMENT ſingled forth
To try the *Sprite* on REASON's plan,
Whether it was of *God* or *Man*.

Dark was the Night, it was that Hour
When TERROR reigns in fulleſt Pow'r,
When, as the Learn'd of old have ſaid,
The yawning Grave gives up her dead,
When MURDER, RAPINE by her ſide,
Stalks o'er the earth with *Giant* ſtride;
Our QUIXOTES (for that *Knight* of old
Was not in Truth by half ſo *bold*,

Tho' REASON at the ſame time cries,
Our QUIXOTES are not half ſo *wiſe*,
Since they, with other follies, boaſt
An Expedition 'gainſt a *Ghoſt*)
Thro' the dull deep ſurrounding gloom,
In cloſe array, tow'rds FANNY's tomb
Adventur'd forth—CAUTION before,
With heedful ſtep, the *lanthorn* bore,
Pointing at Graves; and in the Rear,
Trembling, and *talking loud*, went FEAR.
The Church-yard teem'd—th' unſettled ground,
As in an Ague, ſhook around;
While in ſome *dreary vault* confin'd,
Or riding on the *hollow Wind*,
HORROR, which turns the heart to ſtone,
In dreadful ſounds was heard to groan.
All ſtaring, wild, and out of breath,
At length they reach the place of death.

A VAULT *it* was, long time apply'd
To hold the laſt remains of *Pride*:
No *Beggar* there, of humble race,
And humble fortunes, finds a place,

To

To reſt in *Pomp* as well as *Eaſe*
The only way's to pay the *Fees*.
FOOLS, ROGUES, and WHORES, if *Rich* and *Great*,
Proud e'en in death, HERE *rot* in *State*.
No Thieves diſrobe the *well-dreſt* Dead,
No Plumbers ſteal the *ſacred* lead;
Quiet and ſafe the Bodies lie,
No SEXTONS *ſell*, no SURGEONS *buy*.

Thrice each the pond'rous key apply'd,
And *thrice* to turn it vainly try'd,
Till taught by *Prudence* to unite,
And ſtraining with collected might,
The ſtubborn wards reſiſt no more,
But open flies the *growling* door.

Three paces back they fell amaz'd,
Like *Statues* ſtood, like *Madmen* gaz'd;
The frighted blood forſakes the face,
And ſeeks the heart with quicker pace;
The throbbing heart its fears declares,
And upright ſtand the briſtled hairs;
The head in wild diſtraction ſwims;
Cold ſweats bedew the trembling limbs;

NATURE

NATURE, whilſt Fears her boſom chill,
Suſpends her Pow'rs, and LIFE ſtands ſtill.

Thus had they ſtood till *now*, but SHAME
(An uſeful, tho' neglected Dame,
By Heav'n deſign'd the Friend of Man,
Tho' we degrade Her all we can,
And ſtrive, as our firſt proof of Wit,
Her Name and Nature to forget)
Came to their aid in happy hour,
And with a wand of mighty pow'r
Struck on their hearts; vain *Fears* ſubſide,
And baffled, leave the field to PRIDE.

Shall THEY, (forbid it *Fame*) ſhall THEY
The dictates of vile Fear obey?
Shall They, the *Idols* of the Town,
To *Bugbears Fancy form'd* bow down?
Shall they, who greateſt zeal expreſt,
And undertook for all the reſt,
Whoſe matchleſs Courage all admire,
Inglorious from the taſk retire?
How would the *Wicked Ones* rejoice,
And *Infidels* exalt their voice,

If

If M—E and PLAUSIBLE were found,
By *ſhadows* aw'd, to quit their ground?
How would *Fools* laugh, ſhould it appear
POMPOSO was the ſlave of Fear?
" Periſh the thought! tho' to our eyes
" In all its terrors *Hell* ſhould riſe,
" Tho' thouſand Ghoſts, in dread array,
" With glaring eye-balls, croſs our way,
" Tho' CAUTION, trembling, ſtands aloof,
" Still we will on, and dare the proof,"
They ſaid; and without farther halt,
Dauntleſs march'd onward to the VAULT.

What mortal men, whoe'er drew breath,
Shall break into the Houſe of DEATH,
With foot *unhallow'd*, and from thence
The Myſt'ries of that ſtate diſpenſe,
Unleſs they, with due rites, prepare
Their weaker ſenſe ſuch ſights to bear,
And gain permiſſion from the *State*,
On Earth their journal to relate?
POETS themſelves, without a crime,
Cannot attempt it e'en in *Rhime*,

But always, on ſuch grand occaſion,
Prepare a *ſolemn Invocation*,
A *Poſy* for grim PLUTO weave,
And in ſmooth numbers aſk his leave,
But why this Caution? why prepare
Rites, needleſs now? for *thrice* in air
The SPIRIT of the NIGHT hath *ſneez'd*,
And *thrice* hath clap'd his wings well-pleas'd.

DESCEND then TRUTH, and guard thy ſide,
My *Muſe*, my *Patroneſs*, and *Guide!*
Let Others at Invention aim,
And ſeek by falſities for fame;
Our Story wants not, at this time,
Flounces and *Furbuloes* in Rhime:
Relate plain facts; be brief and bold;
And let the POETS, fam'd of *old*,
Seek, whilſt our artleſs tale we tell,
In vain to find a PARALLEL:
SILENT ALL THREE WENT IN, ABOUT
ALL THREE TURN'D SILENT, and CAME OUT.

END OF THE SECOND BOOK.

THE

GHOST.

BOOK III.

IT WAS THE HOUR, when *Huſwife Morn*,
With *Pearl* and *Linen* hangs each thorn;
When happy Bards, who can regale
Their Muſe with country air and ale,
Ramble afield, to Brooks and Bow'rs,
To pick up *Sentiments* and *Flow'rs*;
When Dogs and Squires from kennel fly,
And Hogs and Farmers quit their ſty;

When *my Lord* riſes to the Chace,
And brawney Chaplain takes his place.

Theſe Images, or bad or good,
If they are rightly underſtood,
Sagacious Readers muſt allow,
Proclaim us in the Country now.
For Obſervations moſtly riſe
From Objects juſt before our eyes,
And ev'ry Lord in Critic Wit
Can tell you where the piece was writ,
Can point out, as he goes along,
(And who ſhall dare to ſay he's wrong?)
Whether the Warmth (for Bards we know,
At preſent, never more than glow)
Was in the Town or Country caught,
By the peculiar turn of thought.

It was the Hour—tho' Critics frown,
We now declare ourſelves in Town,
Nor will a moment's pauſe allow
For finding when we came, or how.
The Man, who deals in humble Proſe,
Tied down by rule and method, goes,

But

But they who court the vig'rous Muſe,
Their carriage have a right to chuſe.
Free as the Air, and unconfin'd,
Swift as the motions of the Mind,
The POET darts from place to place,
And inſtant bounds o'er Time and Space,
Nature (whilſt blended fire and ſkill
Inflame our paſſions to his will)
Smiles at her violated Laws,
And crowns his daring with applauſe.

Should there be ſtill ſome rigid few,
Who keep *propriety* in view,
Whoſe heads turn round, and cannot bear
This whirling paſſage thro' the Air,
Free leave have ſuch at home to ſit,
And write a *Regimen* for Wit;
To clip our pinions let them try,
Not having heart themſelves to fly.

IT WAS THE HOUR, when Devotees
Breathe *pious curſes* on their knees,
When they with pray'rs the day begin
To ſanctify a Night of Sin;

When Rogues of Modeſty, who roam
Under the veil of Night, ſneak home,
That free from all reſtraint and awe,
Juſt to the windward of the Law,
Leſs modeſt Rogues their tricks may play,
And plunder in the face of day.

But hold—whilſt thus we play the fool,
In bold contempt of ev'ry rule,
Things of no conſequence expreſſing,
Deſcribing now, and now *digreſſing*,
To the diſcredit of our ſkill,
The main concern is ſtanding ſtill.

In *Plays* indeed, when ſtorms of rage
Tempeſtuous in the Soul engage,
Or when the Spirits, weak and low,
Are ſunk in deep diſtreſs and woe,
With ſtrict Propriety we hear
DESCRIPTION ſtealing on the ear,
And put off feeling half an hour,
To *thatch a cot*, or *paint a flow'r*;
But in theſe *ſerious* works, deſign'd
To mend the morals of Mankind,

We

We muſt forever be diſgrac'd
With all the nicer ſons of Taſte,
If once, the Shadow to purſue,
We let the Subſtance out of view.
Our means muſt uniformly tend
In due proportion to their end,
And every paſſage aptly join
To bring about the *one* deſign.
Our Friends themſelves cannot admit
This rambling, wild digreſſive Wit,
No—not thoſe very Friends, who found
Their Credit on the ſelf-ſame ground.

Peace, my good grumbling Sir—for once,
Sunk in the ſolemn, formal Dunce,
This Coxcomb ſhall your fears beguile——
We will be dull—that you may ſmile.

Come METHOD, come in all thy pride,
DULLNESS and WHITEHEAD by thy ſide,
DULLNESS and METHOD ſtill are one,
And WHITEHEAD is their darling Son.
Not He whoſe pen, above controul,
Struck terror to the guilty Soul,

Made Folly tremble thro' her ſtate,
And Villains bluſh at being Great,
Whilſt he himſelf, with ſteady face,
Diſdaining Modeſty and Grace,
Could blunder on thro' thick and thin
Thro' ev'ry mean and ſervile ſin,
Yet ſwear by PHILIP and by PAUL,
He nobly ſcorn'd to bluſh at all.
But HE, who in the Laureat Chair,
By Grace, not Merit planted there,
In aukward pomp is ſeen to ſit,
And by his *Patent* proves his Wit;
For favours of the Great, we know,
Can Wit as well as rank beſtow,
And they who, without one pretenſion,
Can get for Fools a place or penſion,
Muſt able be ſuppos'd of courſe
(If reaſon is allow'd due force)
To give ſuch qualities and grace,
As may equip them for the place.

But HE—who meaſures, as he goes,
A mongrel kind of tinkling proſe,

And

And is too frugal to diſpenſe,
At once both Poetry and Senſe,
Who, from amidſt his *ſlumb'ring* guards,
Deals out a Charge to *Subject Bards*,
Where Couplets after Couplets creep
Propitious to the reign of ſleep,
Yet ev'ry word imprints an awe,
And all his dictates paſs for law
With BEAUX, who ſimper all around,
And BELLES, who die in ev'ry ſound,
For in all things of this relation,
Men moſtly judge from *ſituation*;
Nor in a thouſand find we one,
Who really weighs what's ſaid or done.
They deal out Cenſure, or give Credit,
Merely for him who did or ſaid it.

But HE—who, *happily ſerene*,
Means nothing, yet would ſeem to mean;
Who rules and cautions can diſpenſe
With all that humble inſolence,
Which Impudence in vain would teach,
And none but modeſt men can reach;

Who adds to SENTIMENTS the grace
Of always being out of place,
And *drawls* out MORALS with an air
A Gentleman would bluſh to wear;
Who, on the *chaſteſt*, *ſimpleſt* plan,
As *Chaſte*, as *ſimple* as the Man,
Without or *Character*, or *Plot*,
NATURE unknown, and ART forgot,
Can, with much racking of the brains,
And years conſum'd in letter'd pains,
A heap of words together lay,
And, ſmirking, call the thing a Play;
Who Champion ſwore in Virtue's cauſe,
'Gainſt Vice his *tiny bodkin* draws,
But to no part of *Prudence* ſtranger,
Firſt blunts the point for fear of danger.
So Nurſes, as Caution works,
When children firſt uſe knives and forks,
For fear of miſchief, it is known,
To their fingers, or their own,
To take the edge off wiſely chuſe,
Tho' the ſame ſtroke takes off the uſe.

Thee,

Thee, WHITEHEAD, Thee I now invoke,
Sworn foe to Satyr's gen'rous ſtroke,
[illegible]ich makes unwilling Conſcience feel,
[illegible]ounds, but only wounds to heal,
[illegible]tur'd, eaſy Creature, mild,
[illegible]o as a new-born Child,
[illegible]ould never once admit
[illegible]rigour to thy Wit,
[illegible], if Conſcience ſhould comply,
Its kind aſſiſtance would deny,
And lend thee neither force, nor art,
To drive it onward to the heart.
O may thy ſacred power controul
Each fiercer working of my ſoul,
Damp every ſpark of genuine fire,
And languors, like thine own, inſpire;
Trite be each Thought, and ev'ry Line
As *Moral*, and as *Dull* as THINE.

Pois'd in mid-air——(it matters not
To aſcertain the very ſpot,
Nor yet to give you a relation,
How it eluded *Gravitation*——)

Hung

Hung a *Watch-Tow'r*—by VULCAN plann'd
With ſuch rare ſkill, by JOVE's Command,
That ev'ry word, which whiſper'd here
Scarce vibrates to the neighbour ear,
On the ſtill boſom of the Air
Is borne, and heard diſtinctly there,
The Palace of an ancient Dame,
Whom Men as well as Gods call FAME.

A *prattling Goſſip*, on whoſe tongue
Proof of perpetual motion hung,
Whoſe lungs in ſtrength all lungs ſurpaſs,
Like her own Trumpet made of braſs,
Who with an hundred pair of eyes
The vain attacks of ſleep defies;
Who with an hundred pair of wings
News from the fartheſt quarters brings,
Sees, hears, and tells, untold before,
All that ſhe knows, and ten times more.

Not all the Virtues which we find
Concenter'd in a HUNTER's mind,
Can make her ſpare the ranc'rous tale,
If in one point ſhe chance to fail;

Or

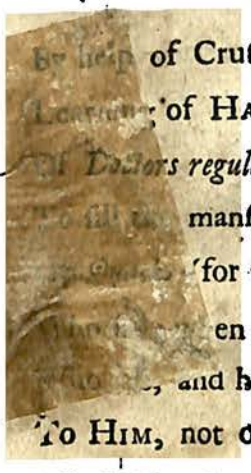
Or if, once in a thouſand years,
A perfect Character appears,
[illegible] as of late with joy and pride
[illegible] poſſeſs'd, ere ARROW died;
[illegible] Envy muſt allow,
[illegible] joys in H—— now;
[illegible] aims at all alike,
[illegible] e'en like theirs will ſtrike,
And make faults, in the way of trade,
When ſhe can't find them ready made.

All things ſhe takes in, ſmall and great,
Talks of a *Toy-ſhop* and a *State*,
Of *Wits* and *Fools*, of *Saints* and *Kings*,
Of *Garters*, *Stars*, and *Leading-Strings*,
Of *Old Lords fumbling for a Clap*,
And *young Ones full of Pray'r and Pap*,
Of *Courts*, of *Morals*, and *Tye-Wigs*,
Of *Bears*, and *Serjeants* dancing jigs,
Of *Grave Profeſſors* at the *Bar*
Learning to *thrum* on the *Guittar*,
Whilſt Laws are *ſlubber'd* o'er in haſte,
And *Judgment* ſacrific'd to TASTE;

Of

Of *Whited Sepulchres*, *Lawn Sleeves*,
And GOD's *houſe* made a *den of thieves*;
Of *Fun'ral pomps*, where Clamours hung,
And fix'd diſgrace on ev'ry tongue,
Whilſt SENSE and ORDER bluſh'd to ſee
Nobles without HUMANITY;
Of *Coronations*, where each heart,
With honeſt raptures, bore a part;
Of *City Feaſts*, where ELEGANCE
Was proud her Colours to advance,
And GLUTTONY, uncommon caſe,
Could only get the ſecond place;
Of *New rais'd* Pillars in the State,
Who muſt be good as being great;
Of *Shoulders*, on which HONOURS ſit
Almoſt as clumſily as *Wit*;
Of *doughty Knights*, whom *titles* pleaſe,
But not the payment of the *Fees*;
Of *Lectures*, whither ev'ry Fool
In *ſecond childhood* goes to ſchool;
Of *Grey Beards* deaf to Reaſon's call,
From *Inn of Court*, or *City Hall*,
Whom youthful Appetites enſlave,
With one Foot fairly in the grave,

By



by help of Crutch, a needful Brother,
[illegible] of HART to dance with t'other;
Of *Doctors regularly bred*
[illegible] manſions of the dead;
[illegible] for Quacks they muſt be ſtill
[illegible] en FORMS require to kill)
[illegible], and health, and vigour give
To HIM, not one would wiſh to live;
Of *Artiſts* who, with nobleſt view,
Diſintereſted plans purſue,
For trembling worth the ladder raiſe,
And mark out the aſcent to praiſe;
Of *Arts* and *Sciences*, where meet
Sublime, *Profound* and *all compleat*,
A SET (whom at ſome fitter time
The MUSE ſhall *conſecrate* in *Rhime*)
Who humble ARTISTS to out-do
A far more *lib'ral* plan purſue,
And let their *well-judg'd* PREMIUMS fall
On thoſe who have no worth at all;
Of *Sign Poſt Exhibitions*, rais'd
For laughter more than to be prais'd
(Tho' by the way we cannot ſee
Why *Praiſe* and *Laughter* mayn't agree)

Where

Where *genuine* HUMOUR runs to waſte,
And juſtly chides our want of Taſte,
Cenſur'd, like other things, tho' good,
Becauſe they are not underſtood.

To higher ſubjects now SHE ſoars
And talks of *Politics* and *Whores*
(If to your nice and chaſter ears
That Term *indelicate* appears,
SCRIPTURE *politely* ſhall refine,
And melt It into *Concubine)*
In the ſame breath ſpread BOURBON'S *league*
And publiſhes the *Grand Intrigue*,
In BRUSSELS or *our own* GAZETTE,
Makes armies fight which never met,
And circulates the Pox or Plague
To LONDON, by the way of HAGUE,
For all the lies which their appear,
Stamp'd with *Authority* come here;
Borrows as freely from the gabble
Of ſome rude leader of a rabble,
Or from the *quaint* harangues of thoſe
Who lead a Nation by the Noſe,

As from thoſe *ſtorms* which, void of Art,
Burſt from our *honeſt* PATRIOT's heart,
When ELOQUENCE and VIRTUE (late
[illegible] to live in mutual hate)
[illegible] each other's Friendſhip grown,
[illegible]v'ry ſentence for their own,
And with an equal joy recites
Parade Amours, and *half-pay Fights*,
Perform'd by *Heroes* of *fair Weather*,
Merely by dint of *Lace* and *Feather*,
As thoſe rare acts which HONOUR taught
Our daring Sons where GRANBY fought,
Or thoſe which, with ſuperior ſkill,
—— atchiev'd by *ſtanding ſtill*.

This HAG (the curious if they pleaſe
May ſearch from earlieſt Times to theſe,
And POETS they will always ſee,
With *Gods* and *Goddeſſes* make free,
Treating them all, except the MUSE,
As ſcarcely fit to wipe their ſhoes)
Who had beheld, from firſt to laſt
How our TRIUMVIRATE had paſs'd

Night's

Night's dreadful interval, and heard,
With ſtrict attention, ev'ry word,
Soon as ſhe ſaw return of light,
On ſounding pinions took her flight.

Swift thro' the regions of the ſky
Above the reach of human eye,
Onward ſhe drove the furious blaſt,
And rapid as a whirlwind paſt
O'er *Countries*, once the ſeats of *Taſte*,
By Time and Ignorance laid waſte;
O'er lands, where former ages ſaw
Reaſon and *Truth* the only Law,
Where *Arts and Arms*, and *Public Love*
In gen'rous emulation ſtrove,
Where *Kings* were proud of *legal* ſway,
And Subjects *happy* to obey,
Tho' now in ſlav'ry ſunk, and broke
To *Superſtition*'s galling yoke,
Of *Arts*, of *Arms*, no more they tell,
Or *Freedom*, which with *Science* fell.
By Tyrants aw'd, who never find
The paſſage to their people's mind,

To whom the joy was never known
Of planting in the heart their throne,
Far from all proſpect of relief,
Their hours in fruitleſs pray'rs and grief,
For loſs of bleſſings *they* employ,
Which WE *unthankfully* enjoy.

Now is the time (had we the will)
T'amaze the Reader with our ſkill,
To pour out ſuch a flood of knowledge
As might ſuffice for a whole College,
Whilſt with a true Poetic force
We trac'd the Goddeſs in her courſe,
Sweetly deſcribing, in our flight,
Each *Common* and *Uncommon* Sight,
Making our journal gay and pleaſant,
With things long paſt, and things now preſen

Rivers—once NYMPHS—(a *Tranſformation*
Is mighty pretty in Relation)
From *great Authorities* we know
Will matter for a *Tale* beſtow.
To make the Obſervation clear
We give our Friends an inſtance here.

The DAY (that never is forgot)
Was *very fine*, but *very hot*;
The NYMPH (another gen'ral rule)
Enflam'd with heat, laid down to cool;
Her *Hair* (we no exceptions find)
Wav'd careleſs floating in the wind;
Her *heaving breaſts*, like *Summer ſeas*,
Seem'd am'rous of the *playful breeze*;
Should *fond* DESCRIPTION tune our lays
In *choiceſt* accents to her praiſe,
DESCRIPTION we at laſt ſhould find,
Baffled and weak, would halt behind.
NATURE had form'd her to inſpire
In ev'ry boſom ſoft deſire,
Paſſions to raiſe ſhe could not feel,
Wounds to inflict ſhe would not heal.
A GOD (his name is no great matter,
Perhaps a JOVE, perhaps a SATYR)
Raging with *Luſt*, a GODLIKE flame,
By chance, *as uſual*, thither came:
With gloting eyes the Fair one view'd,
Deſir'd her firſt, and then purſu'd;
She (for what other can ſhe do?)
Muſt fly—or how can He purſue?

The,

The *Muſe* (ſo Cuſtom hath decreed)
Now proves her Spirit by her ſpeed,
Nor muſt one *limping* line diſgrace
The life and vigour of the Race.
SHE RUNS, AND HE RUNS, 'till at length,
Quite deſtitute of Breath and ſtrength,
To *Heav'n* (for there we *all* apply
For help, when there's no other nigh)
She offers up her *Virgin* Pray'r,
(Can *Virgins* pray unpitied there?)
And when the God thinks He has caught her,
Slips thro' his hands, and runs to water,
Becomes a *Stream*, in which the POET,
If he has any Wit, may ſhew it.

A *City* once for Pow'r renown'd,
Now levell'd even to the ground,
Beyond all doubt is a direction
To introduce ſome *fine* reflection.

Ah, woeful me! Ah, woeful Man!
Ah! woeful All, do all we can!
Who can on earthly things depend
From one to t'other moment's end?

HONOUR, WIT, GENIUS, WEALTH, and GLORY,
Good lack! good lack! are tranſitory,
Nothing is ſure and ſtable found,
The very *Earth* itſelf turns round.
Monarchs, nay MINISTERS muſt die,
Muſt *rot*, muſt *ſtink*—*Ah*, *me! ah*, *why!*
Cities themſelves in Time decay,
If *Cities* thus—*Ah*, *well-a-day!*
If *Brick* and *Mortar* have an end,
On what can *Fleſh* and *Blood* depend!
Ah woeful me! Ah woeful Man!
Ah woeful All, *do All we can!*

ENGLAND (for that's at laſt the Scene,
Tho' Worlds on Worlds ſhould riſe between,
Whither we muſt our courſe purſue)
ENGLAND ſhould call into review
Times long ſince paſt indeed, but not
By ENGLISHMEN to be forgot,
Tho' ENGLAND, *once* ſo dear to Fame,
Sinks in GREAT BRITAIN's *dearer name.*

Here could we mention *Chiefs of old*,
In plain and rugged honour bold,

To

To Virtue kind, to Vice ſevere,
Strangers to Bribery and Fear,
Who kept no wretched *Clans* in awe,
Who never broke or *warp'd* the Law;
Patriots, whom, in her *better* days,
Old Rome might have been proud to raiſe,
Who ſteady to their Country's claim,
Boldly ſtood up in *Freedom*'s name,
E'en to the teeth of *Tyrant Pride*,
And, when they could no more, THEY DIED.

There *(ſtriking contraſt)* might we place
A ſervile, mean, degen'rate race,
Hirelings, who valued nought but gold,
By the beſt Bidder bought and ſold,
Truants from Honour's ſacred Laws,
Betrayers of their Country's cauſe,
The Dupes of Party, Tools of Pow'r,
Slaves to the *Minion of an Hour*,
Lacquies, who watch'd a *Favourite*'s nod,
And took a *Puppet* for their *God*.

Sincere and honeſt in our Rhimes,
How might we praiſe theſe *happier* times!

How might the Muſe exalt her lays,
And wanton in a Monarch's praiſe!
Tell of a Prince in ENGLAND born,
Whoſe Virtues ENGLAND's crown adorn,
In Youth a pattern unto age,
So Chaſte, ſo Pious, and ſo Sage,
Who true to all thoſe ſacred bands,
Which private happineſs demands,
Yet never lets them riſe above
The ſtronger ties of Public Love.

With conſcious Pride ſee ENGLAND ſtand,
Our *holy Charter* in her hand,
She waves it round, and o'er the Iſle
See *Liberty* and *Courage* ſmile.
No more ſhe mourns her treaſures hurl'd
In *Subſidies* to all the world;
No more by foreign threats diſmay'd,
No more deceiv'd with foreign aid,
She deals out Sums to *petty* States,
Whom *Honour* ſcorns, and Reaſon hates,
But, wiſer by Experience grown,
Finds ſafety in herſelf alone.

Whilſt

Whilſt thus, ſhe cries, my children, ſtand,
An honeſt, valiant, *native* band,
A train'd MILITIA, brave and free,
True to their KING, and true to ME,
No *foreign* Hirelings ſhall be known,
Nor need we Hirelings of *our own.*
Under a juſt and pious reign
The Stateſman's ſophiſtry is vain,
Vain is each vile corrupt pretence,
Theſe are my *natural* defence,
Their Faith I know, and they ſhall prove
The Bulwark of the KING they Love.

Theſe, and a thouſand things beſide,
Did we conſult a Poet's Pride,
Some gay, ſome ſerious, might be ſaid,
But ten to one they'd not be read,
Or were they by ſome curious few,
Not even thoſe would think them true.
For, from the time that JUBAL firſt
Sweet ditties to the harp rehears'd,
Poets have always been ſuſpected,
Of having Truth in Rhime neglected,

That *Bard* except, who, from his Youth
Equally fam'd for *Faith* and *Truth*,
By Prudence taught, in *courtly chime*
To *Courtly ears*, brought *Truth in Rhime*.

But tho' to Poets we allow,
No matter when acquir'd or how,
From Truth unbounded deviation,
Which cuſtom calls *Imagination*,
Yet can't they be ſuppos'd to lye
One half ſo faſt as FAME can fly.
Therefore (to ſolve this *Gordian* knot,
A point we almoſt had forgot)
To courteous Readers be it known,
That fond of verſe and falſhood grown,
Whilſt we in ſweet digreſſion ſung,
FAME check'd her flight, and held her tongue,
And now purſues with double force,
And double ſpeed her deſtin'd courſe,
Nor ſtops, till She the place arrives
Where GENIUS ſtarves, and DULLNESS thrives,
Where Riches Virtue are eſteem'd,
And craft is trueſt Wiſdom deem'd,

Where COMMERCE proudly rears her throne
In State to other Lands unknown,
Where to be cheated, and to cheat,
Strangers from ev'ry quarter meet;
Where CHRISTIANS, JEWS, and TURKS ſhake hands,
United in *Commercial* bands,
All of one *Faith*, and that, to own
No God but INTEREST alone.

When Gods and Goddeſſes come down
To look about them here in Town,
(For Change of Air is underſtood,
By Sons of Phyſic to be good,
In due proportions now and then
For theſe ſame Gods as well as Men)
By Cuſtom rul'd, and not a Poet
So very dull, but he muſt know it,
In order to remain *incog.*
They always travel in a fog.
For if we Majeſty expoſe
To vulgar eyes, too cheap it grows,
The force is loſt, and free from awe,
We ſpy and cenſure ev'ry flaw.

But well preſerv'd from public view,
It always breaks forth freſh and new,
Fierce as the Sun in all his pride,
It ſhines, and not a ſpot's deſcried.

Was Jove to lay his thunder by,
And with his brethren of the ſky,
Deſcend to earth, and friſk about,
Like chatt'ring N***, from rout to rout,
He would be found, with all his hoſt,
A nine days Wonder at the moſt.
Would we in trim our Honours wear,
We muſt preſerve them from the air,
What is familiar, Men neglect,
However worthy of reſpect.
Did they not find a certain friend
In *Novelty* to recommend,
(Such we by ſad experience find
The wretched folly of mankind)
Venus might unattractive ſhine,
And H*** fix no eyes but *mine*.

But Fame, who never car'd a jot
Whether ſhe was admir'd or not,

And

And never bluſh'd to ſhew her face
At any time in any place,
In her own ſhape, without diſguiſe,
And viſible to mortal eyes,
On CHANGE, exact at ſeven o'clock,
Alighted on the *Weather-Cock*,
Which, planted there time out of mind,
To note the changes of the wind,
Might no improper emblem be
Of her own mutability.

Thrice did *She* ſound her TRUMP (the ſame
Which from the firſt belong'd to FAME,
An *old ill-favour'd* Inſtrument
With which the Goddeſs was content,
Tho' under a *politer* race
Bag pipes might well ſupply its place)
And thrice awaken'd by the ſound,
A gen'ral din prevail'd around,
CONFUSION thro' the City paſt,
And FEAR beſtrode the dreadful blaſt.

Thoſe *fragrant Currents*, which we meet
Diſtilling ſoft thro' ev'ry ſtreet,

Affrighted

Affrighted from the uſual courſe,
Ran *murm'ring* upwards to their ſource;
Statues wept tears of blood, as faſt
As when a CÆSAR breath'd his laſt;
Horſes, which always us'd to go,
A *foot-pace* in my *Lord Mayor*'s *Show*,
Impetuous from their Stable broke,
And ALDERMEN and OXEN ſpoke.

Halls felt the force, *Tow'rs* ſhook around,
And *Steeples* nodded to the ground,
ST. PAUL himſelf (ſtrange ſight!) was ſeen
To bow as humbly as the *Dean*.
The *Manſion-Houſe*, for ever plac'd
A monument of *City Taſte*,
Trembl'd, and ſeem'd aloud to groan
Thro' all that hideous weight of ſtone.

To ſtill the ſound, or ſtop her ears,
Remove the cauſe or ſenſe of fears,
PHYSIC, in *College* ſeated high,
Would any thing but *Med'cine* try.
No more in PEWT'RERS-HALL was heard
The proper force of ev'ry word,

Thoſe

Thoſe ſeats were deſolate become,
A hapleſs ELOCUTION dumb.
FORM, *City-born*, and *City-bred*,
By ſtrict *Decorum* ever led,
Who threeſcore years had known the grace
Of *one*, *dull*, *ſtiff*, *unvaried* pace;
TERROR prevailing over PRIDE,
Was ſeen to take a larger ſtride;
Worn to the bone, and cloath'd in rags,
See AV'RICE cloſer hug his bags;
With her own weight unwieldy grown,
See CREDIT totter on her Throne;
VIRTUE alone, had She been there,
The mighty ſound, unmov'd, could bear.

Up from the gorgeous bed, where Fate
Dooms annual Fools to ſleep in ſtate,
To ſleep ſo ſound that not one gleam
Of Fancy can provoke a dream,
Great DULLMAN ſtarted at the ſound,
Gap'd, rubb'd his eyes, and ſtar'd around.
Much did he wiſh to know, much fear
Whence ſounds ſo horrid ſtruck his ear,

So much unlike thoſe peaceful notes,
That equal harmony which floats
On the dull wing of City air,
Grave prelude to a feaſt or fair;
Much did he inly ruminate
Concerning the decrees of Fate,
Revolving, tho' to little end,
What this ſame trumpet might portend.

Could the FRENCH—no—that could not be
Under BUTE's *active* miniſtry,
Too watchful to be ſo deceiv'd,
Have ſtolen hither unperceiv'd,
To NEWFOUNDLAND indeed we know,
Fleets of war unobſerv'd may go,
Or, if obſerv'd, may be ſuppos'd,
At intervals when Reaſon doz'd,
No other point in view to bear
But Pleaſure, Health, and Change of Air.
But Reaſon ne'er could ſleep ſo ſound
To let an enemy be found
In our Land's heart, ere it was known
They had departed from their own.

Or could his *Succeſſor* (Ambition
Is ever haunted with ſuſpicion)
His daring *Succeſſor elect*,
All Cuſtoms, rules, and forms reject,
And aim, regardleſs of the crime,
To ſeize the chair before his time;

Or (deeming this the lucky hour,
Seeing his *Countrymen* in pow'r,
Thoſe Countrymen, who, from the firſt,
In tumults and *Rebellion* nurs'd,
Howe'er they wear the maſk of art,
Still love a STUART *in their heart*)
Could SCOTTISH CHARLES ——

Conjecture thus;

That mental IGNIS FATUUS,
Led his poor brains a weary dance
From FRANCE to ENGLAND, hence to FRANCE,
'Till INFORMATION (in the ſhape
Of Chaplain learn'd, good SIR CRAPE,
A lazy, lounging, pamper'd Prieſt,
Well known at ev'ry City feaſt,

For

For he was ſeen much oft'ner there
Than in the Houſe of God at Pray'r;
Who always ready in his place,
Ne'er let God's creatures wait for grace,
Tho', as the beſt Hiſtorians write,
Leſs fam'd for Faith than Appetite,
His diſpoſition to reveal,
The Grace was ſhort, and long the meal;
Who always would exceſs admit,
If *Haunch* or *Turtle* came with it,
And ne'er engag'd in the defence
Of ſelf-denying Abſtinence,
When he could fortunately meet
With any thing he lik'd to eat;
Who knew that Wine, on Scripture plan,
Was made to chear the heart of Man,
Knew too, by long experience taught,
That Chearfulneſs was kill'd by thought,
And from thoſe premiſes collected,
(Which few perhaps would have ſuſpected)
That none, who with due ſhare of ſenſe
Obſerv'd the ways of Providence,
Could with ſafe Conſcience leave off drinking,
'Till they had loſt the pow'r of thinking;

With

With eyes half-clos'd came *waddling* in,
And, having ſtrok'd his double *chin*,
(That *Chin*, whoſe credit to maintain
Againſt the Scoffs of the profane,
Had coſt him more than ever State
Paid for a *poor Electorate*,
Which after all the coſt and rout,
It had been better much without)
Briefly (for *Breakfaſt*, you muſt know,
Was waiting all the while below)
Related, bowing to the ground,
The cauſe of that uncommon ſound,
Related too, that at the door,
POMPOSO, PLAUSIBLE, and M—E,
Begg'd that FAME might not be allow'd,
Their ſhame to publiſh to the crowd;
That ſome new laws he would provide,
(If Old could not be miſapplied,
With as much eaſe and ſafety there,
As they are miſapplied *elſewhere*)
By which it might be conſtrued treaſon
In Man to exerciſe his reaſon,
Which might *ingeniouſly* deviſe
One puniſhment for Truth and Lies,

And fairly prove, when they had done,
That Truth and Falſhood were but one;
Which JURIES muſt indeed retain,
But their effect ſhould render vain,
Making all real pow'r to reſt
In *one corrupted rotten breaſt*,
By whoſe *falſe gloſs* the very Bible
Might be interpreted a *Libel*.

M****, (who, his Reverence to ſave,
Pleaded the Fool to ſcreen the Knave,
Tho' all, who witneſſed on his part,
Swore for his *head* againſt his *heart*)
Had taken down, from firſt to laſt,
A juſt account of all that paſt;
But, ſince the gracious will of *Fate*,
Who mark'd the child for wealth and ſtate
E'en in the Cradle, had decreed,
The *mighty* DULLMAN ne'er ſhould read,
That office of *diſgrace* to bear
The *ſmooth-lip'd* PLAUSIBLE was there.
From H***** e'en to CLERKENWELL
Who knows not *ſmooth-lip'd* PLAUSIBLE?

A Preacher deem'd of greateſt note,
For Preaching that which others wrote.

Had DULLMAN now (and Fools we ſee
'Iom want Curioſity)
(but the *mourning ſhade*,
Of GASCOIGNE haſt'ned to his aid,
And in his hand, what could he more?
Triumphant CANNING's Picture bore)
That *our three Heroes* ſhould advance
And read their *Comical Romance*,
How rich a feaſt, what royal fare
We for our Readers might prepare!
So rich, and yet ſo ſafe a feaſt,
That no *one foreign blatant* beaſt,
Within the purlieus of the *Law*,
Should dare thereon to lay his paw,
And, *growling*, cry, with ſurly tone,
Keep off——*this feaſt is all my own.*

Bending to earth the downcaſt eye,
Or planting it againſt the ſky,
As *One* immers'd in deepeſt Thought,
Or with ſome holy Viſion caught,

His Hands, to aid the traitor's art,
Devoutly folded o'er his heart.
Here M****, in fraud well ſkill'd, ſhou[ld]
All Saint, with ſolemn ſtep and ſlow.
O that RELIGION's ſacred name,
Meant to inſpire the pureſt flame,
A Proſtitute ſhould ever be
To that *Arch fiend* HYPOCRISY,
Where we find ev'ry other vice
Crown'd with *damn'd ſneaking Cowardice!*
Bold Sin reclaim'd is often ſeen;
Laſt hope that Man, who dares be mean.

There, full of *fleſh*, and full of *Grace*,
With that *fine round unmeaning face*,
Which NATURE gives to ſons of earth,
Whom ſhe deſigns for eaſe and mirth;
Should the *prim* PLAUSIBLE be ſeen,
Obſerve his ſtiff affected mien;
'Gainſt NATURE, arm'd by GRAVITY,
His Features too in buckle ſee;
See with what Sanctity he reads,
With what Devotion tells his beads!

Now

Now Prophet, ſhew me, by thine art,
What's the Religion of his heart;
Shew *there*, if Truth thou can'ſt unfold,
Religion center'd all in Gold,
Shew *Him*, nor fear Correction's rod,
So to *Friendſhip*, as to GOD.

Horrid, *unweildly*, *without Form*,
Savage, as OCEAN in a Storm,
Of ſize prodigious, in the rear,
That Poſt of Honour, ſhould appear
POMPOSO; *Fame* around ſhould tell
How he a ſlave to int'reſt fell,
How, for *Integrity* renown'd,
Which Bookſellers have often found;
He for *Subſcribers* baits his hook,
And takes their caſh—but where's the Book?
No matter where—*Wiſe* Fear, we know,
Forbids the robbing of a Foe;
But what, to ſerve our private ends,
Forbids the cheating of our friends?
No Man alive, who would not ſwear
All's *ſafe*, and therefore *honeſt* there.

For, ſpite of all the learned ſay,
If we to Truth attention pay,
The word *Diſhoneſty* is meant
For nothing elſe but *Puniſhment*.
Fame too ſhould tell, nor heed the threat
Of Rogues, who Brother Rogues abet,
Nor tremble at the terrors hung
Aloft, *to make her hold her tongue*,
How to all Principles untrue,
Not fix'd to *old* Friends, nor to *New*,
He damns the *Penſion* which he takes,
And loves the STUART he forſakes.
NATURE (who juſtly regular
Is very ſeldom known to err,
But now and then in *ſportive mood*,
As ſome *rude* wits have underſtood,
Or *through much work requir'd in haſte*,
Is with a random ſtroke diſgrac'd)
POMPOSO form'd on *doubtful* plan,
Not quite a *Beaſt*, nor quite a *Man*,
Like—*God knows what*—for never yet
Could the moſt ſubtle human Wit
Find out a Monſter, which might be
The Shadow of a *Simile*.

THESE

THESE THREE, THESE GREAT, THESE MIGHTY
Nor can the *Poet*'s Truth agree, [THREE,
Howe'er Report hath done him wrong,
And warp'd the purpoſe of his ſong,
Amongſt the refuſe of their Race,
The Sons of Infamy to place,
That open, gen'rous, manly mind,
Which we with joy in ALDRICH find.
THESE THREE, who now are *faintly* ſhewn,
Juſt ſketch'd, and ſcarcely to be known,
If DULLMAN their Requeſt had heard,
In ſtronger Colours had appear'd,
And Friends, tho' partial, at firſt view,
Shudd'ring, had own'd the picture true.

But had their Journal been diſplay'd,
And the whole proceſs open laid,
What a vaſt unexhauſted field
For Mirth, muſt ſuch a Journal yield!
In her own anger ſtrongly charm'd,
'Gainſt hope, 'gainſt Fear by Conſcience arm'd,
Then had bold SATIRE made her way,
Knights, *Lords*, and *Dukes*, her deſtin'd prey.

But Prudence, ever ſacred name
To thoſe who feel not VIRTUE's flame,
Or only feel it at the beſt
As the dull dupe of *Intereſt*,
Whiſper'd aloud (for this we find
A Cuſtom current with Mankind,
So loud to Whiſper, that each word
May all around be plainly heard,
And Prudence ſure would never miſs
A Cuſtom ſo contriv'd as this
Her Candour to ſecure; yet aim,
Sure Death againſt another's fame)
Knights, *Lords*, and *Dukes*——mad wretch, forbear,
Dangers unthought of ambuſh there;
Confine thy rage to weaker ſlaves,
Laugh at *ſmall Fools*, and laſh *ſmall Knaves*,
But never, *helpleſs*, *mean*, and *poor*,
Ruſh on, where Laws cannot ſecure,
Nor think thyſelf, miſtaken Youth,
Secure in Principles of *Truth*;
Truth! why, ſhall ev'ry wretch of Letters
Dare to ſpeak *Truth* againſt his *Betters!*
Let *ragged* VIRTUE ſtand aloof,
Nor mutter accents of reproof;

Let

Let *ragged* WIT a Mute become,
When Wealth and Pow'r would have her dumb.
For who the Devil doth not know,
That Titles and Eſtates beſtow
An ample ſtock, where'er they fall,
Of Graces which we mental call?
Beggars, in ev'ry age and nation,
Are Rogues and Fools by Situation;
The Rich and Great are underſtood
To be of Courſe both wiſe and good.
Conſult then Int'reſt more than Pride,
Diſcreetly take the ſtronger ſide,
Deſert in Time the ſimple few,
Who *Virtue*'s barren path purſue,
Adopt my maxims——follow Me——
To BAAL bow the prudent knee;
Deny thy God, betray thy Friend,
At BAAL's altars hourly bend,
So ſhalt Thou rich and great be ſeen;
To be Great *now*, You muſt be mean.

Hence, *Tempter*, to ſome weaker Soul,
Which Fear and Intereſt controul;

Vainly

Vainly thy precepts are addreſs'd,
Where VIRTUE ſteels the ſteady breaſt.
Through Meanneſs wade to boaſted power,
Through Guilt repeated ev'ry hour;
What is thy Gain, when all is done,
What mighty laurels haſt Thou won?
Dull Crowds, to whom the heart's unknown,
Praiſe Thee for Virtues not thine own;
But will, at once Man's ſcourge and friend,
Impartial CONSCIENCE to commend?
From her Reproaches can'ſt thou fly?
Can'ſt Thou with worlds her ſilence buy?
Believe it not--her ſtings ſhall find
A Paſſage to thy *Coward* Mind.
There ſhall ſhe fix her ſharpeſt dart,
There ſhew Thee truly, *as Thou art*,
Unknown to thoſe, by whom Thou'rt priz'd;
Known to thyſelf to be deſpis'd.

The Man, who weds the ſacred MUSE,
Diſdains all mercenary views,
And He, who VIRTUE's throne would rear,
Laughs at the Phantoms rais'd by Fear.

Tho'

Tho' *Folly*, rob'd in Purple, ſhines,
Tho' *Vice* exhauſts *Peruvian* mines,
Yet ſhall they tremble, and turn pale,
When SATIRE wields her mighty Flail;
Or ſhould They, of rebuke afraid,
With MELCOMBE ſeek Hell's deepeſt ſhade,
SATIRE, ſtill mindful of her Aim,
Shall bring the Cowards back to Shame.

Hated by many, lov'd by few,
Above each little private view,
Honeſt, tho' poor, (and who ſhall dare
To diſappoint my boaſting there?)
Hardy and reſolute, tho' weak,
The dictates of my heart to ſpeak,
Willing I bend at SATIRE's Throne;
What Pow'r I have, be all her own.

Nor ſhall yon *Lawyer*'s ſpecious art,
Conſcious of a corrupted heart,
Create imaginary Fear
To damp us in our bold Career.
Why ſhould we Fear; and what? the Laws?
They all are arm'd in VIRTUE's cauſe.

And

And aiming at the ſelf-ſame end,
SATIRE is always VIRTUE's Friend,
Nor ſhall that Muſe, whoſe honeſt rage,
In a corrupt degen'rate age,
(When, dead to ev'ry nicer ſenſe,
Deep ſunk in Vice and Indolence,
The SPIRIT of old ROME was broke
Beneath the *Tyrant Fidler*'s yoke)
Baniſh'd the Roſe from Nero's cheek;
Under a BRUNSWICK fear to ſpeak.

Drawn by *Conceit* from REASON's plan,
How vain is that *poor Creature*, MAN!
How pleas'd is ev'ry paultry elf
To prate about that thing himſelf!
After my Promiſe made in Rhime,
And meant in earneſt at that time,
To jog, according to the Mode,
In one dull pace, in one dull road,
What but that Curſe of Heart and Head
To this *digreſſion* could have led,
Where plung'd, in vain I look about,
And can't ſtay in, nor well get out.

Could

Could I, whilſt *Humour* held the Quill,
Could I *digreſs* with half that ſkill,
Could I with half that ſkill return,
Which we ſo much admire in STERNE,
Where each *Digreſſion*, ſeeming vain,
And only fit to entertain,
Is found, on better recollection,
To have a juſt and nice Connection,
To help the whole with wond'rous art,
Whence it ſeems idly to depart;
Then ſhould our readers ne'er accuſe
Theſe wild excurſions of the Muſe,
Ne'er backward turn dull Pages o'er
To recollect what went before;
Deeply impreſs'd, and ever new,
Each Image paſt ſhould ſtart to view,
And We to DULLMAN now come in,
As if we ne'er had abſent been.

Have you not ſeen, when danger's near,
The coward cheek turn *white* with fear?
Have you not ſeen, when danger's fled,
The ſelf-ſame cheek with joy turn *red?*

Theſe are *low* ſymptoms which we find
Fit only for a vulgar mind,
Where honeſt features, void of art,
Betray the feelings of the heart;
Our DULLMAN with a face was bleſs'd
Where no one paſſion was expreſs'd,
His eye, in a *fine ſtupor* caught,
Imply'd a plenteous lack of thought:
Nor was one line that whole face ſeen in,
Which could be juſtly charg'd with meaning.

To AVARICE by *birth* ally'd,
Debauch'd by *Marriage* into *Pride*,
In age grown fond of youthful ſports,
Of Pomps, of Vanities, and Courts,
And by ſucceſs too mighty made,
To love his Country or his Trade,
Stiff in opinion (no rare caſe
With Blockheads in, or out of Place)
Too weak, and inſolent of Soul,
To ſuffer Reaſon's juſt controul,
But bending, of his own accord,
To that *trim tranſient toy*, MY LORD;

The dupe of Scots (a fatal race,
Whom God in *wrath* contriv'd to place,
To ſcourge our crimes, and gall our pride,
A conſtant thorn in England's ſide,
Whom firſt, our greatneſs to oppoſe,
He in his vengeance mark'd for *foes*;
Then, more to ſerve his wrathful ends,
And *more to curſe us*, mark'd for *Friends*)
Deep in the ſtate, if we give credit
To *Him*, for no one elſe e'er ſaid it,
Sworn friend of great Ones not a few,
Tho' he their Titles only knew,
And thoſe (which envious of his breeding
Book-worms have charg'd to want of reading)
Merely to ſhew himſelf polite
He never would pronounce aright;
An *Orator* with whom a hoſt
Of thoſe which Rome and Athens boaſt,
In all their Pride might not contend,
Who, with no Pow'rs to recommend,
Whilſt Jackey Hume, and Billy Whitehead,
And Dickey Glover ſat delighted,
Could ſpeak whole days in Nature's ſpite,
Juſt as thoſe *able Verſe-men* write,

Great

Great DULLMAN from his bed aroſe—
Thrice did he ſpit—thrice wip'd his noſe—
Thrice ſtrove to ſmile—thrice ſtrove to frown—
And thrice look'd up—and thrice look'd down—
Then Silence broke—CRAPE, who am I?
CRAPE bow'd, and ſmil'd an arch reply,
Am I not CRAPE? I am, you know,
Above all thoſe who are below.
Have I not knowledge? and for *Wit*,
Money will always purchaſe it,
Nor, if it needful ſhould be found,
Will I grudge ten, or twenty Pound,
For which the whole ſtock may be bought
Of *ſcoundrel wits* not worth a Groat.
But leſt I ſhould proceed too far,
I'll feel my Friend *the Miniſter*,
(Great Men, CRAPE, muſt not be neglected)
How he in this point is affected,
For, as I ſtand a magiſtrate,
To ſerve him firſt, and next the State,
Perhaps he may not think it fit
To let *his* magiſtrates have wit.

Boaſt

Boaſt I not, at this very hour,
Thoſe large effects which troop with pow'r?
Am I not mighty in the land?
Do not I ſit, whilſt others ſtand?
Am I not with rich garments grac'd,
In ſeat of honour always plac'd?
And do not *Cits* of chief degree,
Tho' proud to others, bend to me?

Have I not, as a JUSTICE ought,
The laws ſuch wholſome rigour taught,
That *Fornication*, in diſgrace,
Is now afraid to ſhew her face,
And not one Whore theſe walls approaches
Unleſs they ride in our own coaches?
And ſhall *this* FAME, an *old poor* Strumpet,
Without our Licence ſound her Trumpet,
And, envious of our City's quiet,
In broad Day-light blow up a Riot?
If inſolence like this we bear,
Where is our State? our office where?
Farewell all honours of our reign,
Farewell the *Neck ennobling* CHAIN,

Freedom's *known* badge o'er all the globe,
Farewell the *ſolemn-ſpreading* ROBE,
Farewell the SWORD,—*farewell* the MACE,
Farewell all TITLE, POMP, and PLACE.
Remov'd from Men of high degree,
(A loſs to *them*, CRAPE, not to *Me*)
Baniſh'd to CHIPPENHAM, or to FROME,
DULLMAN once more ſhall ply the Loom.

CRAPE, lifting up his hands and eyes,
DULLMAN—the *Loom*—at CHIPPENHAM—cries,
If there be Pow'rs which greatneſs love,
Which *rule below*, but *dwell above*,
Thoſe Pow'rs united all ſhall join
To contradict the raſh deſign.

Sooner ſhall ſtubborn WILL lay down
His oppoſition with his *Gown*,
Sooner ſhall TEMPLE leave the road
Which leads to VIRTUE's *mean* abode.
Sooner ſhall SCOTS this Country quit,
And ENGLAND's Foes be Friends to PITT,
Than DULLMAN, from his grandeur thrown,
Shall wander out-caſt, and unknown.

Sure

Sure as that *Cane* (a *Cane* there ſtood
Near to a *Table*, made of *Wood*,
Of *dry fine* Wood a table made,
By ſome rare artiſt in the trade,
Who had enjoy'd immortal praiſe
If he had liv'd in HOMER's days.)
Sure as that *Cane*, which once was ſeen
In pride of life all freſh and green,
The banks of INDUS to adorn;
Then, of its leafy honours ſhorn,
According to exacteſt rule,
Was faſhion'd by the workman's tool,
And which at preſent we behold
Curiouſly poliſh'd, crown'd with *gold*,
With gold *well-wrought*; ſure as that *Cane*,
Shall never on its native plain
Strike root afreſh; ſhall never more
Flouriſh in Tawny INDIA's ſhore,
So ſure ſhall DULLMAN and his race
To lateſt times this ſtation grace.

DULLMAN, who all this while had kept
His eye-lids clos'd as if He ſlept,

Now looking ſteadfaſtly on CRAPE,
As at ſome God in human ſhape—
CRAPE, I proteſt, you ſeem to me
To have diſcharg'd a Prophecy;
Yes—from the firſt it doth appear
Planted by FATE, the DULLMANS *here*
Have always held a quiet reign,
And *here* ſhall to the laſt remain.

CRAPE, they're all wrong about this *Ghoſt*—
Quite on the wrong ſide of the Poſt—
Blockheads to take *it* in their head
To be a meſſage from the dead,
For that by *Miſſion* they deſign,
A word not half ſo good as mine:
CRAPE—*here* it is—ſtart not one doubt—
A *Plot*—a *Plot*—I've found it out.

O God!—cries CRAPE,—how bleſt the nation,
Where one Son boaſts ſuch penetration!

CRAPE, I've not time to tell you now
When I diſcover'd this, or *how*;

To

To STENTOR go—if he's not there,
His place let *Bully* NORTON bear—
Our Citizens to Council call—
Let *All* meet—'tis the cauſe of *All.*
Let the three Witneſſes attend
With *Allegations* to befriend,
To ſwear juſt ſo much, and no more,
As We inſtruct them in before.

Stay—CRAPE—come back—what, don't you ſee
Th' effects of this diſcovery?
DULLMAN all care and toil endures—
The Profit, CRAPE, will all be *Yours.*
A *Mitre* (for, this arduous taſk
Perform'd, they'll grant whate'er I aſk)
A *Mitre* (and perhaps the beſt)
Shall thro' my Intereſt make thee bleſt)
And at this time, when *gracious* FATE
Dooms to the *Scot* the reigns of State,
Who is more fit (and for your uſe
We could ſome inſtances produce)
Of ENGLAND's *Church* to be the *Head,*
Than You, a *Preſbyterian* bred?

But when thus mighty you are made,
Unlike the Brethren of thy trade,
Be grateful, CRAPE, and let Me not,
Like *Old* NEWCASTLE, be forgot.

But an Affair, CRAPE, of this ſize
Will aſk from Conduct vaſt ſupplies;
It muſt not; as the Vulgar ſay,
Be done in *Hugger Mugger* way.
Traitors indeed (and that's diſcreet)
Who hatch the Plot, in private meet;
They ſhould in Public go, no doubt,
Whoſe buſineſs is to find it out.

To-morrow—if the day appear
Likely to turn out fair and clear—
Proclaim a *Grand Proceſſionade*—
Be all the City Pomp diſplay'd,
Let the *Train-bands*—CRAPE ſhook his head—
They heard the Trumpet and were fled—
Well—cries the Knight—if that's the caſe,
My Servants ſhall ſupply their place—
My Servants—*mine alone*—no more
Than what *my* Servants did before—

Doſt

Doſt not remember, CRAPE, that day,
When, DULLMAN's grandeur to diſplay,
As all too ſimple, and too low,
Our City Friends were thruſt below,
Whilſt, as more worthy of our Love,
Courtiers were entertain'd above?
Tell me, who waited then? and how?
My Servants—*mine*—and why not now?
In haſte then, CRAPE, to STENTOR go—
But ſend up HART, who waits below,
With him, 'till You return again
(Reach me my *Spectacles* and *Cane*)
I'll make a proof how I advance in
My new accompliſhment of *dancing*.

Not quite ſo faſt as Lightning flies,
Wing'd with *red* anger, thro' the ſkies;
Not quite ſo faſt as, ſent by JOVE
IRIS deſcends on wings of Love;
Not quite ſo faſt as TERROR rides
When He the chafing winds beſtrides;
CRAPE Hobbled—but his mind was good—
Cou'd he go faſter then He cou'd?

Near to that *Tow'r*, which, as we're told,
The mighty JULIUS rais'd of old,
Where to the block by Juſtice led,
The *Rebel* SCOT hath often bled,
Where Arms are kept ſo clean, ſo bright,
'Twere Sin they ſhould be ſoil'd in fight,
Where Brutes of *foreign* race are ſhewn
By Brutes much greater of *our own*,
Faſt by the crouded *Thames*, is found
An ample ſquare of ſacred ground,
Where artleſs *Eloquence* preſides,
And *Nature* ev'ry ſentence guides.

Here *Female Parliaments* debate
About Religion, Trade, and State,
Here ev'ry NAIAD's Patriot ſoul,
Diſdaining *Foreign* baſe controul,
Deſpiſing *French*, deſpiſing *Erſe*,
Pours forth the *plain Old Engliſh* Curſe,
And bears aloft, with terrors hung,
The Honours of the *Vulgar Tongue*.

Here STENTOR, always heard with awe,
In thund'ring accents deals out Law.

Twelve

Twelve Furlongs off each dreadful word
Was plainly and diſtinctly heard,
And ev'ry neighbour hill around
Return'd and ſwell'd the mighty ſound.
The loudeſt Virgin of the ſtream,
Compar'd with *him*, would ſilent ſeem;
THAMES (who, enrag'd to find his courſe
Oppos'd, rolls down with double force,
Againſt the Bridge indignant roars,
And laſhes the reſounding ſhores)
Compar'd with *him*, at loweſt Tide,
In ſofteſt whiſpers ſeems to glide.

Hither directed by the noiſe,
Swell'd with the hope of future joys,
Thro' too much zeal and haſte made lame,
The *Rev'rend* ſlave of DULLMAN came.

STENTOR—with ſuch a ſerious air,
With ſuch a face of *ſolemn* care,
As might import him to contain
A Nation's welfare in his brain—
STENTOR—cries CRAPE—I'm hither ſent
On buſineſs of moſt high intent,

Great

Great DULLMAN's orders to convey;
DULLMAN commands, and I obey.
Big with thoſe throes which Patriots feel,
And lab'ring for the common weal,
Some ſecret which forbids him reſt,
Tumbles and *Toſſes* in his breaſt,
Tumbles and *Toſſes* to get free;
And thus the Chief commands by Me.

To-morrow,—if the Day appear
Likely to turn out fair and clear—
Proclaim a *Grand Proceſſionade*—
Be all the City Pomp diſplay'd—
Our Citizens to Council call—
Let *All* meet—'tis the Cauſe of *All*.

END OF THE THIRD BOOK.

THE GHOST.

BOOK IV.

COXCOMBS, who vainly make pretence
To ſomething of exalted ſenſe
'Bove other men, and *gravely wiſe*,
Affect thoſe pleaſures to deſpiſe,
Which, merely to the eye confin'd,
Bring no improvement to the mind,
Rail at all pomp; They would not go
For millions to a *Puppet-Show*,

Nor

Nor can forgive the mighty crime
Of countenancing *Pantomime*;
No, not at COVENT-GARDEN, where,
Without a head for play or play'r,
Or, could a head be found moſt fit,
Without one play'r to ſecond it,
They muſt, obeying *Folly's* call,
Thrive by mere ſhew, or not at all.

With theſe *grave* Fops, who (bleſs their brains)
Moſt cruel to themſelves, take pains
For wretchedneſs, and would be thought
Much wiſer than a wiſe man ought
For his own happineſs to be,
Who, what they hear, and what they ſee,
And what they ſmell, and taſte, and feel,
Diſtruſt, till REASON ſets her ſeal,
And, by long trains of conſequences
Enſur'd, gives Sanction to the *Senſes*;
Who would not, Heav'n forbid it! waſte
One hour in what the World calls Taſte,
Nor fondly deign to laugh or cry
Unleſs they know ſome reaſon why;

With

With theſe *grave* Fops, whoſe ſyſtem ſeems
To give up Certainty for dreams,
The *Eye* of Man is underſtood
As for no other purpoſe good
Than as a door, thro' which of courſe
Their paſſage crouding objects force,
A downright Uſher, to admit
New-Comers to the Court of *Wit*.
(Good GRAVITY, forbear thy ſpleen
When I ſay *Wit*, I *Wiſdom* mean.)
Where (ſuch the practice of the Court,
Which legal Precedents ſupport)
Not one Idea is allow'd
To paſs unqueſtion'd in the crowd,
But e're It can obtain the grace
Of holding in the brain a place,
Before the Chief in Congregation
Muſt ſtand a *ſtrict Examination*.

Not ſuch as *Thoſe*, who PHYSIC twirl,
Full fraught with death, from ev'ry curl,
Who prove, with all becoming State,
Their voice to be the voice of Fate,

Prepar'd

Prepar'd with *Eſſence*, *Drop*, and *Pill*,
To be another WARD, or HILL,
Before they can obtain their Ends,
To ſign Death-warrants for their Friends,
And talents vaſt as their's employ,
Secundum Artem to deſtroy,
Muſt paſs (or Laws their rage reſtrain)
Before the Chiefs of *Warwick-Lane*.
Thrice happy *Lane*, where uncontroul'd,
In *Pow'r* and *Lethargy* grown old,
Moſt fit to take, in this bleſt Land,
The reins which fell from WYNDHAM's hand,
Her lawful throne great DULLNESS rears,
Still more herſelf as more in Years;
Where She (and who ſhall dare deny
Her right, when REEVES and CHAUNCY's by)
Calling to mind, in ancient time,
One GARTH who err'd in Wit and Rhime,
Ordains from henceforth to admit
None of the rebel Sons of Wit,
And makes it her peculiar care
That SCHOMBERG never ſhall be there.

Not

Not ſuch as *Thoſe*, whom FOLLY trains
To Letters, tho' unbleſs'd with brains,
Who deſtitute of pow'r and will
To learn, are kept to learning ſtill;
Whoſe heads, when other methods fail,
Receive inſtruction from the tail,
Becauſe their Sires, a common caſe
Which brings the Children to diſgrace,
Imagine it a certain rule,
They never could beget a Fool,
Muſt paſs, or muſt *compound for*, e're
The *Chaplain* full of beef and pray'r,
Will give his *reverend Permit*,
Announcing them for Orders fit,
So that the Prelate (what's a Name?
All Prelates now are much the ſame)
May with a conſcience ſafe and quiet,
With holy hands lay on that *Fiat*,
Which doth all faculties diſpenſe,
All Sanctity, all Faith, all Senſe,
Makes MADAN quite a Saint appear,
And makes an Oracle of CHEERE.

Not

Not ſuch as in that ſolemn ſeat,
Where the *nine Ladies* hold retreat,
The *Ladies nine*, who, as we're told,
Scorning thoſe haunts they lov'd of old,
The banks of Isis now prefer,
Nor will one hour from Oxford ſtir,
Are held for form; which Balaam's *Aſs*
As well as Balaam's ſelf might paſs,
And with his Maſter take degrees,
Could he contrive to pay the Fees.

Men of ſound parts, who, deeply read,
O'erload the Storehouſe of the head
With furniture they ne'er can uſe,
Cannot forgive our rambling Muſe
This wild excurſion; cannot ſee
Why *Phyſic* and *Divinity*,
To the ſurprize of all beholders,
Are lugg'd in by the head and ſhoulders;
Or how, in any point of view,
Oxford hath an thing to do;
But Men of nice and ſubtle Learning,
Remarkable for quick diſcerning,

Thro'

Thro' Spectacles of critic mould,
Without inſtruction, will behold
That We a Method here have got,
To ſhew What is, by What is not,
And that our drift (*Parentheſis*
For once apart) is briefly this.

Within the brain's moſt ſecret cells,
A certain *Lord Chief Juſtice* dwells
Of ſov'reign pow'r, whom One and All,
With common Voice, We REASON call;
Tho', for the purpoſes of Satire,
A name in Truth is no great Matter,
JEFFERIES or MANSFIELD, which You will,
It means a *Lord Chief Juſtice* ſtill.
Here, ſo our great Projectors ſay,
The Senſes all muſt homage pay,
Hither They all muſt tribute bring,
And proſtrate fall before their King.
Whatever unto them is brought,
Is carry'd on the wings of Thought
Before his throne, where, in full ſtate,
He on their merits holds debate,

Examines, Croſs-examines, Weighs
Their right to cenſure or to praiſe;
Nor doth his equal voice depend
On narrow Views of foe and friend,
Nor can or flattery or force
Divert him from his ſteady courſe;
The Channel of Enquiry's clear,
No *ſham Examination*'s here.

He, upright Juſticer, no doubt,
Ad libitum puts in and out,
Adjuſts and ſettles in a trice
What Virtue is, and What is Vice,
What is Perfection, what Defect,
What we muſt chuſe, and what reject;
He takes upon him to explain
What Pleaſure is, and what is Pain,
Whilſt We, obedient to the Whim,
And reſting all our faith on him,
True Members of the *Stoic* weal,
Muſt learn to think, and ceaſe to feel.

This glorious Syſtem form'd, for Man
To practiſe when and how he can,

If

If the five Senſes in alliance
To Reaſon hurl a proud defiance,
And, tho' oft conquer'd, yet unbroke,
Endeavour to throw off that yoke,
Which they a greater ſlav'ry hold,
Than Jewiſh Bondage was of old;
Or if They, ſomething touch'd with ſhame,
Allow him to retain the name
Of Royalty, and, as in Sport,
To hold a mimic formal Court;
Permitted, no uncommon thing,
To be a kind of Puppet King,
And ſuffer'd by the way of toy,
To hold a globe, but not employ;
Our *Syſtem-mongers*, ſtruck with fear,
Prognoſticate deſtruction near;
All things to Anarchy muſt run;
The little World of Man's undone.

Nay ſhould the *Eye*, that niceſt Senſe,
Neglect to ſend intelligence
Unto the Brain, diſtinct and clear,
Of all that paſſes in her ſphere,

Should She preſumptuous joy receive,
Without the Underſtanding's leave,
They deem it rank and daring Treaſon
Againſt the Monarchy of REASON,
Not thinking, tho' they're *wondrous* wiſe,
That few have *Reaſon*, moſt have *Eyes*;
So that the Pleaſures of the Mind
To a ſmall circle are confin'd,
Whilſt thoſe which to the Senſes fall,
Become the Property of All.
Beſides (and this is ſure a Caſe
Not much at preſent out of place)
Where NATURE Reaſon doth deny,
No Art can that defect ſupply,
But if (for it is our intent
Fairly to ſtate the argument)
A Man ſhould want an eye or two,
The Remedy is ſure, tho' new;
The Cure's at hand—no need of Fear—
For proof—behold the CHEVALIER—
As well prepar'd, beyond all doubt,
To put Eyes in, as put them out.

But, Argument apart, which tends
T' embitter foes, and ſeparate friends,
(Nor, turn'd apoſtate for the *Nine*,
Would I, tho' bred up a Divine,
And foe of courſe to Reaſon's weal,
Widen that breach I cannot heal)
By his own Senſe and Feelings taught,
In ſpeech as lib'ral as in thought,
Let ev'ry Man enjoy his whim;
What's He to Me, or I to him?
Might I, tho' never rob'd in *Ermine*,
A matter of this weight determine,
No Penalties ſhould ſettled be
To force men to Hypocriſy,
To make them ape an aukward zeal,
And, feeling not, pretend to feel.
I would not have, might ſentence reſt
Finally fix'd within my breaſt,
E'en ANNET cenſur'd and confin'd,
Becauſe we're of a diff'rent mind.

NATURE, who in her act moſt free,
Herſelf delights in Liberty,

Profuſe in Love, and, without bound,
Pours joy on ev'ry creature round;
Whom yet, was ev'ry bounty ſhed
In double Portions on our head,
We could not truly bounteous call,
If FREEDOM did not crown them all.

By Providence forbid to ſtray,
Brutes never can miſtake their way,
Determin'd ſtill, they plod along
By Inſtinct, neither right nor wrong;
But Man, had he the heart to uſe
His Freedom, hath a right to chuſe
Whether he acts or well, or ill,
Depends entirely on his will;
To her laſt work, her fav'rite Man,
Is giv'n on NATURE's better plan
A Privilege in pow'r to *err*,
Nor let this phraſe reſentment ſtir
Amongſt the grave ones, ſince indeed,
The little merit Man can plead
In doing well, dependeth ſtill
Upon his pow'r of doing ill.

Opinions ſhould be free as air;
No man, whate'er his rank, whate'er
His Qualities, a claim can found
That my Opinion muſt be bound,
And ſquare with his; ſuch ſlaviſh chains
From foes the lib'ral ſoul diſdains,
Nor can, tho' true to friendſhip, bend
To wear them even from a friend.
Let Thoſe, who rigid Judgment own,
Submiſſive bow at Judgment's throne,
And if They of no value hold
Pleaſure, till Pleaſure is grown cold,
Pall'd and inſipid, forc'd to wait
For Judgment's regular debate,
To give it warrant, let them find
Dull Subjects ſuited to their mind;
Their's be ſlow Wiſdom; Be *my* plan
To live as merry as I can,
Regardleſs as the faſhions go,
Whether there's Reaſon for't, or no;
Be my employment here on earth
To give a lib'ral ſcope to mirth,
Life's barren vale with flow'rs t'adorn,
And pluck a roſe from ev'ry thorn.

But if, by Error led aſtray,
I chance to wander from my way,
Let no blind guide obſerve, in ſpite,
I'm wrong, who cannot ſet me right.
That Doctor could I ne'er endure,
Who found diſeaſe, and not a cure,
Nor can I hold that man a friend,
Whoſe zeal a helping hand ſhall lend
To open happy Folly's eyes,
And, making wretched, make me wiſe;
For next, a Truth which can't admit
Reproof from Wiſdom or from Wit,
To *being* happy here below,
Is to *believe* that we are ſo.

Some few in *knowledge* find relief,
I place my comfort in *belief*.
Some for *Reality* may call,
FANCY to me is All in All.
Imagination, thro' the trick
Of Doctors, often makes us ſick;
And why, let any Sophiſt tell,
May it not likewiſe make us well?

This

This am I ſure, whate'er our view,
Whatever ſhadows we purſue,
For our purſuits, be what they will,
Are little more than ſhadows ſtill,
Too ſwift they fly, too ſwift and ſtrong,
For man to catch, or hold them long.
But Joys which in the FANCY live,
Each moment to each man may give.
True to himſelf, and true to eaſe,
He ſoftens Fate's ſevere decrees,
And (can a Mortal wiſh for more?)
Creates, and makes himſelf new o'er,
Mocks boaſted vain *Reality*,
And *Is*, whate'er he wants to Be.

Hail, FANCY—to thy pow'r I owe
Deliv'rance from the gripe of Woe,
To Thee I owe a mighty debt,
Which Gratitude ſhall ne'er forget,
Whilſt Mem'ry can her force employ,
A large encreaſe of ev'ry joy.
When at my doors, too ſtrongly barr'd,
Authority had plac'd a guard,

A *knaviſh* guard, ordain'd by Law
To keep *poor Honeſty* in awe;
Authority, ſevere and ſtern,
To intercept my wiſh'd return;
When Foes grew proud, and Friends grew cold,
And Laughter ſeiz'd each ſober ſoul;
When Candour ſtarted in amaze,
And, meaning cenſure, hinted praiſe;
When Prudence, lifting up her eyes
And hands, thank'd Heav'n, that ſhe was wiſe;
When All around Me, with an air
Of hopeleſs Sorrow, look'd Deſpair,
When They or ſaid, or ſeem'd to ſay,
There is but one, one only way
Better, and be advis'd by us,
Not be at all, than to be thus;
When Virtue ſhunn'd the ſhock, and Pride
Diſabled, lay by Virtue's ſide,
Too weak my ruffled ſoul to chear,
Which could not hope, yet would not fear;
Health in her motion, the wild grace
Of Pleaſure ſpeaking in her face,
Dull Regularity thrown by,
And Comfort beaming from her eye,

FANCY, in richeſt robes array'd,
Came ſmiling forth, and brought me aid,
Came ſmiling o'er that dreadful time,
And, more to bleſs me, came in *Rhime*.

Nor is her Pow'r to Me confin'd,
It ſpreads, It comprehends Mankind.

When (to the Spirit-ſtirring ſound
Of Trumpets breathing Courage round,
And Fifes, well mingled to reſtrain,
And bring that Courage down again,
Or to the melancholy knell
Of the dull, deep, and doleful bell,
Such as of late the good *Saint Bride*
Muffled, to mortify the pride
Of thoſe, who, ENGLAND quite forgot,
Paid their vile homage to the SCOT,
Where ASGILL held the foremoſt place,
Whilſt my Lord figur'd at a race)
Proceſſions ('tis not worth debate
Whether They are of Stage or State)
Move on, ſo very very ſlow,
'Tis doubtful if they move or no;

When

When the Performers all the while
Mechanically frown or ſmile,
Or, with a dull and ſtupid ſtare,
A vacancy of Senſe declare,
Or, with down-bending eye, ſeem to muſe
Into a Labyrinth of Thought,
Where Reaſon wanders ſtill in doubt,
And, once got in, cannot get out;
What cauſe ſufficient can we find
To ſatisfy a thinking mind,
Why, dup'd by ſuch vain farces, Man
Deſcends to act on ſuch a plan?
Why They, who hold themſelves divine,
Can in ſuch wretched follies join,
Strutting like Peacocks, or like Crows,
Themſelves and *Nature* to expoſe?
What Cauſe, but that (you'll underſtand
We have our Remedy at hand,
That if perchance we ſtart a doubt,
Ere it is fix'd, we wipe it out,
As Surgeons, when they lop a limb,
Whether for Profit, Fame, or Whim,
Or mere experiment to try,
Muſt always have a *Styptic* by)

FANCY ſteps in, and ſtamps that *real*,
Which, *ipſo facto*, is *Ideal*.

Can none remember, yes, I know,
All muſt remember that rare ſhow,
When to the Country SENSE went down,
And Fools came flocking up to Town,
When *Knights* (a work which all admit
To be for *Knighthood* much unfit)
Built booths for hire; when *Parſons* play'd,
In robes *Canonical* array'd,
And, Fiddling, join'd the *Smithfield* dance,
The price of Tickets to advance;
Or, unto Tapſters turn'd, dealt out,
Running from Booth to Booth about,
To ev'ry Scoundrel, by retail,
True pennyworths of Beef and Ale,
Then firſt prepar'd, by bringing beer in,
For preſent grand *Electioneering*;
When *Heralds*, running all about
To bring in Order, turn'd it Out;
When, by the *prudent Marſhal*'s care,
Leſt the rude populace ſhould ſtare,

And

And with unhallow'd eyes profane
Gay Puppets of Patrician ſtrain,
The whole Proceſſion, as in ſpite,
Unheard, unſeen, ſtole off by Night;
When our Lov'd Monarch, nothing loth,
Solemnly took that ſacred oath,
Whence mutual firm agreements ſpring
Betwixt the *Subject* and the *King*,
By which, in uſual manner crown'd,
His *Head*, his *Heart*, his *Hands* he bound,
Againſt *himſelf*, ſhould Paſſion ſtir
The leaſt Propenſity to err,
Againſt all *Slaves*, who might prepare
Or open force, or hidden ſnare,
That *glorious* CHARTER to maintain;
By which We ſerve, and He muſt reign;
Then FANCY, with unbounded ſway,
Revell'd ſole Miſtreſs of the day,
And wrought ſuch wonders, as might make
Egyptian Sorcerers forſake
Their baffled mockeries, and own
The Palm of *Magic* Her's alone.

A KNIGHT (who in the ſilken lap
Of lazy Peace, had liv'd on Pap,
Who never yet had dar'd to roam
'Bove ten or twenty miles from home,
Not even that, unleſs a *Guide*
Was plac'd to amble by his ſide,
And troops of Slaves were ſpread around
To keep his Honour ſafe and ſound,
Who could not ſuffer for his life
A Point to ſword, or Edge to knife,
And always fainted at the ſight
Of Blood, tho' 'twas not ſhed in fight,
Who diſinherited one Son
For firing off an *Elder* Gun,
And whipt another, ſix years old,
Becauſe the Boy, preſumptuous, bold
To Madneſs, likely to become
A very Swiſs, had beat a drum,
Tho' it appear'd an inſtrument
Moſt *peaceable* and *innocent*,
Having from firſt been in the hands
And ſervice of the *City Bands)*
Grac'd with thoſe enſigns, which were meant
To further Honour's dread intent,

The Minds of Warriors to inflame,
And ſpur them on to deeds of Fame,
With little Sword, large Spurs, high Feather,
Fearleſs of ev'ry thing but Weather,
(And all muſt own, who pay regard
To Charity, it had been hard
That in his very firſt *Campaign*
His *Honours* ſhould be ſoil'd with rain)
A Hero all at once became,
And ſeeing others much the ſame
In point of Valour as himſelf,
Who leave their Courage on a ſhelf
From Year to Year, till ſome ſuch rout
In proper ſeaſon calls it out)
Strutted, look'd big, and ſwagger'd more
Than ever Hero did before,
Look'd up, Look'd down, Look'd all around,
Like MAVORS, grimly ſmil'd and frown'd,
Seem'd Heav'n, and Earth, and Hell to call
To fight, that he might rout them all,
And perſonated Valour's ſtile
So long, Spectators to beguile,
That paſſing ſtrange, and wondrous true,
Himſelf at laſt believ'd it too,

Nor

Nor for a time could he diſcern,
Till Truth and Darkneſs took their turn,
So well did FANCY play her part,
That Coward ſtill was at the heart.

WHIFFLE (who knows not WHIFFLE's name,
By the impartial voice of fame
Recorded firſt thro' all this land,
In Vanity's illuſtrious band?)
Who, by all bounteous Nature meant
For offices of hardiment,
A modern HERCULES at leaſt,
To rid the world of each wild beaſt,
Of each wild beaſt which came in view,
Whether on four legs or on two,
Degenerate, delights to prove
His force on the *Parade* of Love,
Diſclaims the joys which camps afford,
And for the Diſtaff quits the ſword;
Who fond of women would appear
To public eye, and public ear,
But, when in private, let's them know
How little they can truſt to ſhow;

Who ſports a Woman, as of courſe,
Juſt as a Jockey ſhews a horſe,
And then returns her to the ſtable,
Or vainly plants her at his table,
Where he would rather VENUS find,
(So pall'd, and ſo deprav'd his mind)
Than, by ſome great occaſion led,
To ſeize Her panting in her bed,
Burning with more than mortal fires,
And melting in her own deſires;
Who, ripe in years, is yet a child,
Thro' faſhion, not thro' feeling wild;
Whate'er in others, who proceed
As Senſe and Nature have decreed,
From real paſſion flows, in him
Is mere effect of mode and whim;
Who Laughs, a very common way,
Becauſe he nothing has to ſay,
As your *choice* SPIRITS oaths diſpenſe
To fill up vacancies of Senſe;
Who, having ſome ſmall Senſe, defies it;
Or, uſing, always miſapplies it;
Who now and then brings ſomething forth,
Which ſeems indeed of Sterling Worth,

Something

Something, by ſudden Start and Fit,
Which at a diſtance looks like wit,
But, on Examination near,
To his confuſion will appear
By Truth's fair glaſs, to be at beſt
A Threadbare Jeſter's threadbare jeſt;
Who friſks and dances thro' the ſtreet,
Sings without voice, rides without ſeat,
Plays o'er his tricks, like Æsop's Aſs,
A *gratis* fool to all who paſs;
Who riots, tho' he loves not waſte,
Whores without luſt, drinks without taſte,
Acts without ſenſe, talks without thought,
Does every thing but what he ought,
Who, led by forms, without the pow'r
Of Vice, is Vicious, who one hour,
Proud without Pride, the next will be
Humble without Humility;
Whoſe Vanity we all diſcern,
The Spring on which his actions turn;
Whoſe aim in erring, is to err,
So that he may be ſingular,
And all his utmoſt wiſhes mean,
Is, tho' he's laugh'd at, to be ſeen,

Such (for when FLATT'RY's ſoothing ſtrain
Had robb'd the Muſe of her diſdain,
And found a method to perſuade
Her art, to ſoften ev'ry ſhade,
JUSTICE enrag'd, the pencil ſnatch'd
From her degen'rate hand, and ſcratch'd
Out ev'ry trace; then, quick as thought,
From life this ſtriking likeneſs caught)
In Mind, in Manners, and in Mien,
Such WHIFFLE came, and ſuch was ſeen
In the World's eye, but (ſtrange to tell!)
Miſled by FANCY's magic ſpell,
Deceiv'd, not dreaming of deceit,
Cheated, but happy in the cheat,
Was more than human in his own.
O bow, bow All at FANCY's throne,
Whoſe Pow'r could make ſo vile an Elf,
With Patience bear that thing, *himſelf*.

But, Miſtreſs of each art to pleaſe,
Creative FANCY, what are theſe,
Theſe Pageants of a trifler's Pen,
To what thy Pow'r effected then?

Familiar with the human mind,
As ſwift and ſubtle as the wind,
Which we all feel, yet no one knows
Or whence it comes, or where it goes,
FANCY at *once* in ev'ry part
Poſſeſs'd the Eye, the Head, the Heart,
And in a thouſand forms array'd,
A thouſand various gambols play'd.

Here, in a Face which well might aſk
The Priviledge to wear a maſk
In ſpite of Law, and Juſtice teach
For public good t'excuſe the breach,
Within the furrow of a wrinkle
'Twixt Eyes, which could not ſhine but twinkle,
Like Centinels i'th' ſtarry way,
Who wait for the return of day,
Almoſt burnt out, and ſeem to keep
Their watch, like Soldiers, in their ſleep,
Or like thoſe lamps which, by the pow'r
Of Law, muſt burn from hour to hour,
(Elſe they, without redemption, fall
Under the terrors of that Hall,

Which, once notorious for a *hop*,
Is now become *a Juſtice-ſhop*)
Which are ſo manag'd, to go out
Juſt when the time comes round about,
Which yet thro' emulation ſtrive
To keep their dying light alive,
And (not uncommon, as we find,
Amongſt the children of mankind)
As they grow weaker, would ſeem ſtronger,
And burn a little, little longer;
FANCY, betwixt ſuch eyes enſhrin'd,
No bruſh to daub, no mill to grind,
Thrice wav'd her wand around, whoſe force
Chang'd in an inſtant Nature's courſe,
And, hardly credible in Rhime,
Not only ſtopp'd, but call'd back Time.
The Face of ev'ry wrinkle clear'd,
Smooth as the floating ſtream appear'd,
Down the Neck ringlets ſpread their flame,
The Neck admiring whence they came;
On the Arch'd Brow the *Graces* play'd;
On the full Boſom *Cupid* laid;
Suns, from their proper orbits ſent,
Became for Eyes a ſupplement;

Teeth,

Teeth, white as ever Teeth were ſeen
Deliver'd from the hand of GREEN,
Started, in regular array,
Like Train-Bands on a grand Field-day,
Into the Gums, which would have fled;
But, wond'ring, turn'd from white to red,
Quite alter'd was the whole machine,
And Lady ——— ——— was fifteen.

Here She made lordly temples riſe
Before the pious DASHWOOD's eyes,
Temples which built aloft in air,
May ſerve for ſhow, if not for pray'r;
In ſolemn form Herſelf, before,
Array'd like *Faith*, the *Bible* bore.
There, over MELCOMB's feather'd head,
Who, quite a man of Gingerbread,
Savour'd in talk, in dreſs, and phyz,
More of another World than this,
To a *dwarf Muſe a Giant Page*,
The laſt grave Fop of the laſt Age,
In a ſuperb and feather'd hearſe,
Beſcutcheon'd and *betagg'd* with Verſe,

Which, to Beholders from afar,
Appear'd like a triumphal Car,
She rode, in a *caſt* Rainbow clad;
There, throwing off the *hallow'd plaid*,
Naked, as when (in thoſe drear Cells
Where, *Self-bleſs'd*, *Self-curs'd* MADNESS dwells)
PLEASURE, on whom, in *Laughter's* ſhape,
FRENZY had perfected a rape,
Firſt brought her forth, before her time,
Wild Witneſs of her ſhame and crime,
Driving before an Idol band
Of driv'ling STUARTS, hand in hand,
Some, who to curſe Mankind, had Wore
A Crown they ne'er muſt think of more,
Others, whoſe baby brows were grac'd
With Paper Crowns, and Toys of Paſte,
She Jigg'd, and playing on the Flute
Spread raptures o'er the ſoul of BUTE.

Big with vaſt hopes, ſome mighty plan,
Which wrought the buſy ſoul of man
To her full bent, the CIVIL LAW,
Fit *Code* to keep a world in awe,

Bound

Bound o'r his brows, fair to behold,
As *Jewiſh Frontlets* were of old,
The famous CHARTER of our land,
Defac'd, and mangled in his hand;
As one whom deepeſt thoughts employ,
But deepeſt thoughts of trueſt joy,
Serious and ſlow he ſtrode, he ſtalk'd,
Before him troops of Heroes walk'd,
Whom beſt He lov'd, of Heroes crown'd,
By TORIES guarded all around,
Dull ſolemn pleaſure in his face,
He ſaw the honours of his race,
He ſaw their lineal glories riſe,
And touch'd, or ſeem'd to touch the ſkies.
Not the moſt diſtant mark of fear,
No ſign of *axe*, or *ſcaffold* near,
Not one curs'd thought, to croſs his will,
Of ſuch a place as *Tower Hill*.

Curſe on this *Muſe*, a flippant Jade,
A Shrew, like ev'ry other Maid
Who turns the corner of nineteen,
Devour'd with peeviſhneſs and ſpleen.

Her

Her Tongue (for as, when bound for life,
The Huſband ſuffers for the Wife,
So if in any works of rhime
Perchance there blunders out a crime,
Poor Culprit Bards muſt always rue it,
Altho', 'tis plain the Muſes do it)
Sooner or later cannot fail
To ſend me headlong to a jail.
Whate'er my theme (our themes we chuſe
In modern days without a *Muſe*,
Juſt as a Father will provide
To join a Bridegroom and a Bride,
As if, tho' they muſt be the Play'rs,
The game was wholly *his*, not *theirs*)
Whate'er my theme, the *Muſe*, who ſtill
Owns no direction but her will,
Flies off, and, ere I could expect,
By ways oblique and indirect,
At once quite over head and ears,
In fatal *Politics* appears.
Time was, and, if I ought diſcern
Of fate, that Time ſhall ſoon return,
When *decent* and *demure* at leaſt,
As grave and dull as any Prieſt,

I could,

I could ſee *Vice* in robes array'd,
Could ſee the game of *Folly* play'd
Succeſsfully in Fortune's ſchool,
Without exclaiming rogue or fool;
Time was, when nothing loth or proud,
I lacquied, with the fawning crowd,
Scoundrels in Office, and would bow
To Cyphers great in place; but now
Upright I ſtand, as if wiſe Fate,
To compliment a ſhatter'd ſtate,
Had me, like ATLAS, hither ſent
To ſhoulder up the firmament,
And if I ſtoop'd, with gen'ral crack
The Heavens would tumble from my back;
Time was, when rank and ſituation
Secur'd the great Ones of the Nation
From all controul; *Satire* and *Law*
Kept only little Knaves in awe,
But now, *Decorum* loſt, I ſtand
Bemus'd, a Pencil in my hand,
And, dead to ev'ry ſenſe of ſhame,
Careleſs of Safety and of Fame,
The names of Scoundrels minute down,
And Libel more than half the Town.

How

How can a Stateſman be ſecure
In all his Villainies, if poor
And dirty Authors thus ſhall dare
To lay his rotten boſom bare?
Muſes ſhould paſs away their time,
In dreſſing out the Poet's rhime
With Bills and Ribbands, and array
Each line in harmleſs taſte, tho' gay.
When the hot burning Fit is on,
They ſhould regale their reſtleſs Son
With ſomething to allay his rage,
Some cool Caſtalian Beverage,
Or ſome ſuch draught (tho' *They*, 'tis plain,
Taking the Muſes name in vain,
Know nothing of their real court,
And only fable from report)
As makes a WHITEHEAD's *Ode* go down,
Or ſlakes the *Feverette* of *Brown*:
But who would in his Senſes think
Of Muſes giving gall to drink,
Or that their folly ſhould afford
To raving Poets Gun or Sword?
Poets were ne'er deſign'd by fate
To meddle with affairs of State,

Nor

Nor ſhould (if we may ſpeak our thought
Truely as men of Honour ought)
Sound Policy their rage admit,
To Launch the thunder bolts of Wit
About thoſe heads, which, when they're ſhot,
Can't tell if 'twas by Wit, or not.

Theſe things well known, what Devil in ſpite
Can have ſeduc'd me thus to write
Out of that road, which muſt have led
To riches, without heart or head,
Into that road, which, had I more
Than ever Poet had before,
Of Wit and Virtue, in diſgrace
Would keep me ſtill, and out of place,
Which, if ſome *Judge* (You'll underſtand
One famous, famous thro' the land
For *making* Law) ſhould ſtand my friend,
At laſt may in a Pill'ry end,
And all this, I my ſelf admit,
Without one cauſe to lead to it.——

For inſtance now—this book—the GHOST—
Methinks I hear ſome Critic Poſt

Remark

Remark moſt gravely—"The firſt word
Which we about the Ghoſt have heard."
Peace, my good Sir—not quite ſo faſt—
What is the firſt, may be the laſt,
Which is a point, all muſt agree,
Cannot depend on You or Me.
FANNY, no Ghoſt of common mould,
Is not by forms to be controul'd,
To keep her ſtate, and ſhew her ſkill,
She never comes but when ſhe will.
I wrote and wrote (perhaps you doubt,
And ſhrewdly, what I wrote about,
Believe me, much to my diſgrace,
I too am in the ſelf-ſame caſe)
But ſtill I wrote, till FANNY came
Impatient, nor could any ſhame
On me with equal juſtice fall,
If She had never come at all.
An Underling, I could not ſtir
Without the Cue thrown out by her,
Nor from the ſubject aid receive
Until She came, and gave me leave.
So that (Ye Sons of Erudition
Mark, this is but a ſuppoſition,

Nor

[illegible]would I to ſo wiſe a nation
[illegible]as a *Revelation)*
[illegible]ly turning o'er
[illegible] Ye read no more
Of FA[illegible]who, in Sea or Air,
May be departed God knows where,
Rail at jilt Fortune, but agree
No cenſure can be laid on me,
For ſure (the cauſe let MANSFIELD try)
FANNY is in the fault, not I.

But to return—and this I hold,
A ſecret worth its weight in gold.
To thoſe who write, as I write now,
Not to mind where they go, or how,
Thro' ditch, thro' bog, o'er hedge and ſtile,
Make it but worth the Reader's while,
And keep a paſſage fair and plain
Always to bring him back again.
Thro' dirt, who ſcruples to approach,
At pleaſure's call to take a coach;
But we ſhould think the man a clown
Who in the dirt ſhould ſet us down?

But to return—if WIT, who ne'er
The ſhackles of reſtraint could bear,
In wayward humour ſhould refuſe
Her timely ſuccour to the *Muſe*,
And to no rules and orders tied,
Roughly deny to be her guide,
She muſt renounce *Decorum*'s plan,
And get back when, and how ſhe can,
As *Parſons*, who, without pretext,
As ſoon as mention'd, quit their text,
And, to promote Sleep's genial pow'r,
Grope in the dark for *half* an *Hour*,
Give no more Reaſon (for we know
Reaſon is vulgar, mean, and low)
Why they come back (ſhould it befal
That ever they come back, at all)
Into the road, to end the rout,
Than they can give Why they went out.

But to return—this Book—the GHOST—
A mere amuſement at the moſt,
A trifle, fit to wear away
The horrors of a rainy day,

A ſlight

[illegible] ot ſilk, for ſummer wear,
[illegible] modern Stateſmen are,
[illegible] eſty permit
[illegible] nat I for once purloin the Wit
Of him, who, were we all to ſteal,
Is much too rich the theft to feel.
Yet in this Book, where Eaſe ſhould join
With Mirth to *ſugar* ev'ry line,
Where it ſhould all be mere *Chit Chat*,
Lively, Good humour'd, and *all that*.
Where *honeſt* SATIRE, in diſgrace,
Should not ſo much as ſhew her face,
The Shrew, o'erleaping all due bounds,
Breaks into Laughter's ſacred grounds,
And, in contempt, plays o'er her tricks
In *Science*, *Trade*, and *Politics*.

But why ſhould the diſtemper'd Scold
Attempt to blacken Men enroll'd
In Pow'r's dread book, whoſe mighty ſkill
Can twiſt an Empire to their will,
Whoſe Voice is Fate, and on their tongue
Law, *Liberty*, and *Life* are hung,

Whom on enquiry, Truth ſhall find,
With STUARTS *link'd*, time out of mind
Superior to their Country's Laws,
Defenders of a Tyrant's cauſe,
Men, who the ſame damn'd maxims hold
Darkly, which they avow'd of old,
Who, tho' by diff'rent means, purſue
The end which they had firſt in view,
And, force found vain, now play their part
With much leſs Honour, much more Art?
Why, at the Corners of the Streets,
To ev'ry Patriot drudge She meets,
Known or unknown, with furious cry
Should She wild clamours vent, or why,
The minds of *Groundlings* to inflame,
A DASHWOOD, BUTE, and WYNDHAM name?
Why, having not to our ſurprize
The fear of death before her Eyes,
Bearing, and that but now and then,
No other weapon but her pen,
Should She an argument afford
For blood, to Men who *wear a ſword*,
Men, who can nicely *trim* and *pare*
A point of HONOUR to a hair,

(HONOUR

(Honour—a Word of nice import,
[illegible]et in a Court,
W[illegible]rd quite in rapture feels:
Dangling, and rattling with his Seals—
Honour—a Word, which all the *Nine*
Would be much puzzled to define—
Honour—a Word which torture mocks
And might confound a thouſand Lockes—
Which (for I leave to wiſer heads,
Who fields of death prefer to beds
Of down, to find out, if they can
What Honour *is*, on their Wild plan)
Is *not*, to take it in their Way,
And this we ſure may dare to ſay
Without incurring an offence,
Courage, *Law*, *Honeſty*, or *Senſe*)
Men, who all Spirit, Life and Soul,
Neat Butchers of a *Button-hole*,
Having more ſkill, believe it true
That they muſt have more courage too,
Men, who without a place or name,
Their Fortunes ſpeechleſs as their fame,
Would by the Sword new Fortunes carve,
And rather die in fight than ſtarve?

At *Coronations*, a vaſt field
Which food of ev'ry kind might yield,
Of good ſound food, at once moſt fit
For purpoſes of health and wit,
Could not ambitious SATIRE reſt;
Content with what ſhe might digeſt;
Could ſhe not feaſt on things of courſe,
A *Champion*, or a Champion's *horſe*;
A Champion's *horſe*—no, better ſay,
Tho' better figur'd on that day—
A *horſe*, which might appear to us,
Who deal in rhime, a PEGASUS,
A *Rider*, who, when once got on,
Might paſs for a BELLEROPHON,
Dropt on a ſudden from the ſkies,
To catch and fix our wond'ring eyes,
To witch, with wand inſtead of whip,
The world with *noble* horſemanſhip,
To twiſt and twine, both Horſe and Man,
On ſuch a well-concerted plan,
That, *Centaur*-like, when all was done,
We ſcarce could think they were not one?
Could She not to our itching ears
Bring the new names of *new-coin'd* Peers,

Who

Who Walk'd, Nobility forgot,
With ſhoulders fitter for a knot,
Than robes of Honour, for whoſe ſake
Heralds in form were forc'd to make,
To make, becauſe they could not find,
Great Predeceſſors to their mind?
Could She not (tho' 'tis doubtful ſince
Whether He *Plumber* is, or *Prince*)
Tell of a ſimple Knight's advance
To be a doughty Peer of *France*,
Tell how he did a Dukedom gain,
And ROBINSON was AQUITAIN,
Tell how our City-Chiefs diſgrac'd,
Were at an empty table plac'd,
A groſs neglect, which, whilſt they live,
They can't forget, and won't forgive,
A groſs neglect of all thoſe rights
Which march with City Appetites,
Of all thoſe Canons, which we find
By *Gluttony*, time out of mind,
Eſtabliſh'd; which they ever hold,
Dearer than any thing but Gold?

Thanks to my Stars—I now ſee ſhore—
Of Courtiers, and of Courts no more—
Thus ſtumbling on my City Friends,
Blind Chance my guide, my purpoſe bends
In line direct, and ſhall purſue
The point which I had firſt in view,
Nor more ſhall with the reader ſport
Till I have ſeen him ſafe in port.
Huſh'd be each fear—no more I bear
Thro' the wide regions of the air
The Reader terrified, no more
Wild Ocean's horrid paths explore.
Be the plain track from henceforth mine—
Croſs-roads to ALLEN I reſign,
ALLEN, the honour of this nation,
ALLEN, himſelf a *Corporation*,
ALLEN, of late notorious grown
For writings none, or all his own,
ALLEN, the firſt of *letter'd* men,
Since the *good* Biſhop holds his pen,
And at his elbow takes his ſtand
To mend his head, and guide his hand.
But hold—once more *Digreſſion* hence—
Let us return to *Common-Senſe*,

The

The Car of PHOEBUS I diſcharge;
My Carriage now a LORD-MAYOR's *Barge*.

Suppoſe we now—we may ſuppoſe
In Verſe, what would be Sin in Proſe—
The Sky with darkneſs overſpread,
And ev'ry Star retir'd to bed,
The gew-gaw robes of Pomp and Pride
In ſome dark corner thrown aſide,
Great *Lords* and *Ladies* giving way
To what they ſeem to ſcorn by day,
The real feelings of the heart,
And Nature taking place of Art,
Deſire triumphant thro' the Night,
And *Beauty* panting with delight,
Chaſtity, Woman's faireſt crown,
Till the return of Morn laid down,
Then to be worn again as bright
As if not ſullied in the Night,
Dull *Ceremony*, buſineſs o'er,
Dreaming in form at COTTRELL's door,
Precaution trudging all about
To ſee the Candles ſafely out,

Bearing a mighty *Maſter Key*,
Habited like *Oeconomy*,
Stamping each lock with triple ſeals,
Mean AV'RICE creeping at her heels.

Suppoſe we too, like ſheep in Pen,
The *Mayor* and *Court of Aldermen*
Within their barge, which thro' the deep,
The Rowers more than half aſleep,
Mov'd ſlow, as over-charg'd with State;
THAMES groan'd beneath the mighty weight,
And felt that *bawble* heavier far
Than a whole fleet of men of war.
SLEEP o'er each well-known faithful head
With lib'ral hand his Poppies ſhed,
Each head, by DULLNESS rend'red fit
SLEEP and his Empire to admit.
Thro' the whole paſſage not a word;
Not one faint, weak, half ſound was heard;
SLEEP had prevail'd to overwhelm
The Steerſman nodding o'er the helm;
The Rower, without force or ſkill,
Left the dull Barge to drive at will;

The

The ſluggiſh Oars ſuſpended hung,
And even BEARDMORE held his *tongue.*
COMMERCE, regardful of a freight,
On which depended half her *State,*
Stepp'd to the helm, with ready hand
She ſafely clear'd that bank of Sand,
Where, ſtranded, our Weſt-Country Fleet
Delay, and Danger often meet;
Till NEPTUNE, anxious for the trade,
Comes in full tides, and brings them aid;
Next (for the Muſes can ſurvey
Objects by Night as well as day,
Nothing prevents their taking aim,
Darkneſs and Light to them the ſame)
They paſt that building, which of old
Queen-mothers was deſign'd to hold;
At preſent a mere *lodging-pen,*
A Palace turn'd into a den,
To Barracks turn'd, and Soldiers tread
Where *Dowagers* have laid their head;
Why ſhould we mention *Surrey-Street,*
Where ev'ry week grave Judges meet,
All fitted out with *hum* and *ha,*
In proper form to drawl out Law,

To

To ſee all cauſes duly tried
'Twixt Knaves who drive, and Fools who ride?
Why at the *Temple* ſhould we ſtay?
What of the *Temple* dare we ſay?
A dang'rous ground we tread on there,
And words perhaps may actions bear,
Where, as the Breth'ren of the ſeas
For *fares*, the Lawyers ply for fees.
What of that *Bridge*, moſt wiſely made
To ſerve the purpoſes of trade,
In the great Mart of all this Nation,
By ſtopping up the Navigation,
And to that Sand-bank adding weight,
Which is already much too great?—
What of that *Bridge*, which, void of Senſe,
But well ſupplied with impudence,
Engliſhmen, knowing not the *Guild*,
Thought they might have a claim to build,
Till PATERSON, as white as milk,
As ſmooth as oil, as ſoft as ſilk,
In ſolemn manner had decreed,
That on the other ſide the TWEED,
ART, born and bred, and fully grown,
Was with one MYLNE, a man unknown,

But

But grace, preferment, and renown
Deſerving, juſt arriv'd in town;
One MYLNE, an Artiſt perfect quite,
Both in his own, and country's right,
As fit to make a bridge, as He,
With glorious *Patavinity*,
To build inſcriptions, worthy found
To lie for ever under ground.

Much more, worth obſervation too,
Was this a ſeaſon to purſue
The theme, Our Muſe might tell in rhime;
The Will She hath, but not the time;
For, ſwift as ſhaft from Indian bow,
(And when a Goddeſs comes, we know,
Surpaſſing Nature acts prevail,
And boats want neither oar, nor ſail)
The Veſſel paſt, and reach'd the ſhore
So quick, that Thought was ſcarce before.

Suppoſe we now our *City-Court*
Safely deliver'd at the port,
And, of their State regardleſs quite,
Landed, like ſmuggled goods, by night;

The

The ſolemn Magiſtrate laid down,
The dignity of robe and gown
With ev'ry other enſign gone;
Suppoſe the woollen Night-Cap on:
The *Fleſh-bruſh* us'd with decent ſtate
To make the Spirits circulate,
(A form, which to the Senſes true,
The liq'riſh Chaplain uſes too,
Tho', ſomething to improve the plan,
He takes the Maid inſtead of Man)
Swath'd, and with flannel cover'd o'er
To ſhew the vigour of threeſcore,
The vigour of threeſcore and ten
Above the proof of younger men,
Suppoſe, the mighty DULLMAN led
Betwixt two ſlaves, and put to bed;
Suppoſe, the moment he lies down,
No miracle in this great town,
The Drone as faſt aſleep, as He
Muſt in the courſe of Nature be,
Who, truth for our foundation take,
When up, is never half awake.

There let him ſleep, whilſt we ſurvey
The preparations for the day,
That day, on which was to be ſhewn
Court-Pride by *City-Pride* outdone.

The jealous Mother ſends away,
As only fit for childiſh play,
That Daughter, who, to gall her pride,
Shoots up too forward by her ſide.

The *Wretch*, of God and man accurs'd,
Of all Hell's inſtruments the worſt,
Draws forth his *pawns*, and for the day
Struts in ſome Spendthrift's vain array;
Around his aukward doxy ſhine
The treaſures of GOLCONDA's mine,
Each Neighbour, with a jealous glare,
Beholds her folly publiſh'd there.

Garments, well-ſav'd (an anecdote
Which we can prove, or would not quote)
Garments well-ſav'd, which firſt were made,
When Taylors, to promote their Trade,

Againſt the *Pictis* in arms aroſe,
And drove them out, or made them cloaths;
Garments, immortal, without end,
Like Names, and Titles, which deſcend
Succeſſively from Sire to Son;
Garments, unleſs ſome work is done
Of Note, not ſuffer'd to appear
'Bove once at moſt in ev'ry year,
Were now, in ſolemn form, laid bare
To take the benefit of air,
And, ere they came to be employ'd
On this Solemnity, to void
That ſcent, which RUSSIA's leather gave,
From vile and impious Moth to ſave.

Each head was buſy, and each heart
In preparation bore a part.
Running together all about
The Servants put each other out,
Till the grave Maſter had decreed,
The more haſte, ever the worſt ſpeed;
Miſs, with her little eyes half-clos'd,
Over a ſmuggled toilet dos'd;

The *Waiting-Maid*, whom Story notes
A very *Scrub* in petticoats,
Hir'd for one Work, but doing all,
In ſlumbers lean'd againſt the wall;
Milliners, ſummon'd from afar,
Arriv'd in ſhoals at *Temple-bar*,
Strictly commanded to import
Cart-loads of *foppery* from Court;
With labour'd viſible deſign
ART ſtrove to be *ſuperbly* fine,
NATURE, more pleaſing, tho' more wild,
Taught otherwiſe her *darling* child,
And cried, with ſpirited diſdain,
Be H——— elegant and plain.

Lo! from the chambers of the Eaſt,
A welcome prelude to the feaſt,
In *ſaffron-colour'd* robe array'd,
High in a Car by VULCAN made,
Who work'd for JOVE himſelf, each Steed
High-mettled, of celeſtial breed,
Pawing and Pacing all the way,
AURORA brought the wiſh'd-for day.

And

And held her empire, till out-run
By that brave jolly groom the SUN.

The Trumpet—hark! it ſpeaks—It ſwells
The loud full harmony, It tells
The time at hand, when DULLMAN, led
By form, his Citizens muſt head,
And march thoſe troops, which at his call
Were now aſſembled, to *Guild-Hall*,
On matters of importance great
To *Court* and *City*, *Church* and *State*.

From end to end the ſound makes way,
All hear the Signal and obey,
But DULLMAN, who, his charge forgot,
By MORPHEUS fetter'd, heard it not;
Nor could, ſo ſound he ſlept and faſt,
Hear any Trumpet, but the laſt.

CRAPE, ever true and truſty known,
Stole from the Maid's bed to his own,
Then in the Spirituals of pride,
Planted himſelf at DULLMAN's ſide.

Thrice

Thrice did the ever-faithful Slave,
With voice which might have reach'd the grave,
And broke death's adamantine chain,
On DULLMAN call, but call'd in vain;
Thrice with an arm, which might have made
The THEBAN Boxer curſe his trade,
The drone he ſhook, who rear'd the head,
And *thrice* fell backward on his bed.
What could be done? where force hath fail'd,
Policy often hath prevail'd,
And what, an inference moſt plain,
Had been, CRAPE thought might be again.

Under his pillow (ſtill in mind
The Proverb kept, *faſt bind, faſt find*)
Each bleſſed night the keys were laid,
Which CRAPE to draw away aſſay'd.
What not the pow'r of voice or arm
Could do, this did, and broke the charm;
Quick ſtarted He with ſtupid ſtare,
For all his little Soul was there.

Behold him, taken up, rubb'd down,
In Elbow-Chair, and Morning-Gown;

Behold him, in his latter bloom,
Stripp'd, waſh'd, and ſprinkled with perfume;
Behold him bending with the weight
Of Robes, and trumpery of State;
Behold him (for the Maxim's true,
Whate'er we by another do,
We do ourſelves, and Chaplain paid,
Like ſlaves, in ev'ry other trade,
Had mutter'd over God knows what,
Something which he by heart had got)
Having, as uſual, ſaid his pray'rs,
Go *titter*, *totter*, to the ſtairs;
Behold him for deſcent prepare,
With one foot trembling in the air;
He *ſtarts*, he *pauſes* on the brink,
And, hard to credit, ſeems to *think*;
Thro' his whole train (the Chaplain gave
The proper cue to ev'ry ſlave)
At once, as with infection caught,
Each *ſtarted*, *paus'd*, and *aim'd* at thought;
He turns, and they turn; big with care,
He waddles to his Elbow-Chair,
Squats down, and, ſilent for a ſeaſon,
At laſt with CRAPE begins to reaſon;

But

But firſt of all he made a ſign
That ev'ry ſoul, but the *Divine*,
Should quit the room; in him, he knows,
He may all confidence repoſe.

CRAPE--tho' I'm yet not quite awake--
Before this awful ſtep I take,
On which my future all depends,
I ought to know my foes and friends.
By foes and friends, obſerve me ſtill,
I mean not thoſe who well, or ill
Perhaps may wiſh me, but thoſe who
Have't in their power to do it too.
Now if, attentive to the State,
In too much hurry to be great,
Or thro' much zeal, a motive, CRAPE,
Deſerving praiſe, into a ſcrape
I, like a Fool, am got, no doubt,
I, like a Wiſe Man, ſhould get out.
Not that, remark without replies,
I ſay that to get out is wiſe,
Or, by the very ſelf-ſame rule
That to get in was like a Fool;

The marrow of this argument
Muſt wholly reſt on the event,
And therefore, which is really hard,
Againſt events too I muſt guard.

Should things continue as they *ſtand*,
And BUTE prevail thro' all the land
Without a rival, by his aid,
My fortunes in a trice are made;
Nay, Honours on my zeal may ſmile,
And ſtamp me Earl of ſome great Iſle;
But, if a matter of much doubt,
The preſent Miniſter goes out,
Fain would I know on what pretext
I can ſtand fairly with the next?
For as my aim at ev'ry hour
Is to be well with thoſe in pow'r,
And my material point of view,
Whoever's in, to be in too,
I ſhould not, like a blockhead, chuſe
To gain *theſe* ſo as *thoſe* to loſe;
'Tis good in ev'ry caſe, You know,
To have two ſtrings unto our bow.

As one in wonder loſt, CRAPE view'd
His Lord, who thus his ſpeech purſued.

This, my good CRAPE, is my grand point,
And, as the times are out of joint,
The greater caution is requir'd
To bring about the point deſir'd.
What I would wiſh to bring about
Cannot admit a moment's doubt;
The matter in diſpute, You know,
Is what we call the *quomodo*.
That be thy taſk—The *Rev'rend* Slave,
Becoming in a moment grave,
Fixt to the ground and rooted ſtood,
Juſt like a man cut out of wood,
Such as we ſee (without the leaſt
Reflection glancing on the Prieſt)
One or more, planted up and down,
Almoſt in ev'ry Church in town;
He ſtood ſome minutes, then, like one
Who wiſh'd the matter might be done,
But could not do it, ſhook his head,
And thus the man of Sorrow ſaid:

Hard is this taſk, too hard I ſwear,
By much too hard for me to bear,
Beyond expreſſion hard my part,
Could mighty DULLMAN ſee my heart,
When He, alas! makes known a will,
Which CRAPE's not able to fulfil.
Was ever my obedience barr'd
By any trifling nice regard
To Senſe and Honour? could I reach
Thy meaning without help of ſpeech,
At the firſt motion of thy eye
Did not thy faithful creature fly?
Have I not ſaid, not what I ought,
But what by earthly Maſter taught?
Did I e'er weigh, thro' duty ſtrong,
In thy great biddings, right and wrong?
Did ever Int'reſt, to whom Thou
Can'ſt not with more devotion bow,
Warp my ſound faith, or will of mine
In contradiction run to thine?
Have I not, at thy table plac'd,
When buſineſs call'd aloud for haſte,
Torn myſelf thence, yet never heard
To utter one complaining word,

And had, till thy great work was done,
All appetites, as having none?
Hard is it, this great plan purſu'd
Of Voluntary ſervitude,
Purſued, without or ſhame or fear,
Thro' the great circle of the Year;
Now to receive, in this grand hour,
Commands which lie beyond my pow'r;
Commands which baffle all my ſkill,
And leave me nothing but my will:
Be that accepted; let my Lord
Indulgence to his ſlave afford;
This Taſk, for my poor ſtrength unfit,
Will yield to none but DULLMAN'S wit.

With ſuch groſs incenſe gratified,
And turning up the lip of pride,
Poor CRAPE—and ſhook his empty head—
Poor puzzled CRAPE, wiſe DULLMAN ſaid,
Of judgment weak, of ſenſe confin'd,
For things of lower note deſign'd,
For things within the vulgar reach,
To run *of* errands, and to preach,

Well haſt Thou judg'd, that heads like mine
Cannot want help from heads like thine;
Well haſt Thou judg'd thyſelf unmeet
Of ſuch high argument to treat;
'Twas but to try thee that I ſpoke,
And all I ſaid was but a joke.

Nor think a joke, CRAPE, a diſgrace
Or to my Perſon, or my place;
The wiſeſt of the Sons of Men
Have deign'd to uſe them now and then:
The only caution, do You ſee,
Demanded by our dignity,
From common uſe and men exempt,
Is that they may not breed contempt.
Great Uſe they have, when in the hands
Of One, like me, who underſtands,
Who underſtands the time and place,
The perſons, manner, and the grace,
Which Fools neglect; ſo that we find,
If all the requiſites are join'd,
From whence a perfect joke muſt ſpring,
A joke's a very ſerious thing.

But to our buſineſs—my deſign,
Which gave ſo rough a ſhock to thine,
To my Capacity is made
As ready as a fraud in trade,
Which, like Broad-Cloth, I can, with eaſe,
Cut out in any ſhape I pleaſe.

Some, in my circumſtance, ſome few,
Aye, and thoſe men of Genius too,
Good Men, who, without Love or Hate,
Whether they early riſe or late,
With names uncrack'd, and credit ſound,
Riſe worth a hundred thouſand pound,
By *threadbare* ways and means would try
To bear their point—ſo will not I.
New methods ſhall my wiſdom find
To ſuit theſe matters to my mind,
So that the Infidels at Court,
Who make our City Wits their ſport,
Shall hail the honours of my reign,
And own that DULLMAN bears a brain.

Some, in my place, to gain their ends,
Would give relations up, and friends;

Would

Would lend a wife, who they might ſwear
Safely, was none the worſe for wear;
Would ſee a Daughter, yet a maid,
Into a Stateſman's arms betray'd,
Nay, ſhould the Girl prove coy, nor know
What Daughters to a Father owe,
Sooner than ſchemes ſo nobly plann'd
Should fail, themſelves would lend a hand;
Would vote on one ſide, whilſt a brother,
Properly taught, would vote on t'other;
Would ev'ry petty band forget;
To public eye be with *one* ſet,
In private with a *ſecond* herd,
And be by Proxy with a *third*;
Would (like a *Queen*, of whom I read
The other day—her name is fled—
In a book (where, together bound,
WHITTINGTON and his CAT I found,
A tale moſt true, and free from art,
Which all LORD-MAYORS ſhould have by heart)
A *Queen* (O might thoſe days begin
Afreſh when Queens would learn to ſpin)
Who wrought, and wrought, but, for ſome plot,
The cauſe of which I've now forgot,

During

During the abſence of the Sun
Undid what She by day had done)
Whilſt they a double viſage wear,
What's ſworn by Day, by Night unſwear.

Such be their Arts, and ſuch perchance
May happily their ends advance:
From a new ſyſtem *mine* ſhall ſpring,
A LOCUM-TENENS is the thing.
That's your true Plan—to obligate
The preſent Miniſters of State,
My *Shadow* ſhall our Court approach,
And bear my pow'r, and have my *coach*,
My *fine State-Coach*, ſuperb to view,
A fine State-Coach, and paid for too;
To curry favour, and the grace
Obtain, of thoſe who're out of place,
In the mean time *I*—that's to ſay—
I proper, *I* myſelf—*here* ſtay.

But hold—perhaps unto the Nation,
Who hate the Scot's adminiſtration,
To lend my Coach may ſeem to be
Declaring for the Miniſtry,

For where the City-Coach is, there
Is the true eſſence of the MAYOR.
Therefore (for wiſe men are intent
Evils at diſtance to prevent,
Whilſt Fools the evils firſt endure,
And then are plagu'd to ſeek a cure)
No *Coach*—a *Horſe*—and free from fear
To make our *Deputy* appear,
Faſt on his back ſhall he be tied,
With two grooms marching by his ſide,
Then for a *Horſe*—thro' all the land,
To head our ſolemn City-band,
Can any one ſo fit be found,
As He, who in *Artill'ry-ground*,
Without a Rider, noble Sight,
Led on our braveſt troops to fight.

But firſt, CRAPE, for my Honour's ſake,
A tender point, enquiry make
About that *Horſe*, if the diſpute
Is ended, or is ſtill in ſuit.
For whilſt a cauſe (obſerve this plan
Of Juſtice) whether *Horſe* or *Man*

The parties be, remains in doubt,
Till 'tis determin'd out and out,
That Pow'r muſt tyranny appear,
Which ſhould, *Pre-judging*, interfere,
And weak faint Judges over-awe
To biaſs the free courſe of Law.

You have my will—now quickly run,
And take care that my will be done.
In public, CRAPE, You muſt appear,
Whilſt I in privacy ſit here;
Here ſhall great DULLMAN ſit alone,
Making this Elbow-Chair my throne,
And, You performing what I bid,
Do all, as if I nothing did.

CRAPE heard, and ſpeeded on his way;
With him to hear was to obey;
Not without trouble be aſſur'd,
A proper Proxy was procur'd
To ſerve ſuch infamous intent,
And ſuch a Lord to repreſent,
Nor could one have been found at all
On t'other ſide of *London-wall.*

The

The trumpet ſounds—ſolemn and ſlow
Behold the grand Proceſſion go,
All moving on, Cat after kind,
As if for motion ne'er deſign'd.

Conſtables, whom the Laws admit
To keep the Peace by breaking it;
Beadles, who hold the ſecond place
By virtue of a ſilver mace,
Which ev'ry *Saturday* is drawn,
For uſe of *Sunday*, out of pawn;
Treaſurers, who with empty key
Secure an empty Treaſury;
Churchwardens, who their courſe purſue
In the ſame ſtate, as to their pew
Churchwardens of *Saint Marg'ret* go,
Since PEIRSON taught them pride and ſhow,
Who in ſhort tranſient pomp appear,
Like Almanacks chang'd ev'ry year,
Behind whom, with unbroken locks,
CHARITY carries the *Poor's Box*,
Not knowing that with private keys
They ope and ſhut it when they pleaſe,

Overſeers,

Overſeers, who by frauds enſure
The heavy curſes of the poor;
Unclean came flocking, *Bulls* and *Bears*,
Like Beaſts into the ark, by pairs.

Portentous flaming in the van
Stalk'd the *Profeſſor* SHERIDAN;
A Man of *Wire*, a mere *Pantine*,
A downright *animal Machine*.
He knows alone in proper mode
How to take vengeance on an *Ode*,
And how to butcher AMMON's Son,
And poor *Jack Dryden* both in one.
On all occaſions next the Chair
He ſtands for ſervice of the MAYOR,
And to inſtruct him how to uſe,
His *A*'s and *B*'s, and *P*'s and *Q*'s.
O'er *Letters*, into tatters worn,
O'er *Syllables*, defac'd and torn,
O'er *Words* disjointed, and o'er *Senſe*,
Left deſtitute of all defence,
He ſtrides, and all the way he goes,
Wades, deep in blood, o'er *Criſs-Croſs-Rows*.

Before

Before him ev'ry *Conſonant*
In agonies is ſeen to pant;
Behind, in forms not to be known,
The Ghoſts of tortur'd *Vowels* groan:

Next HART and DUKE, well worthy grace
And City favour, came in place.
No Children can their toils engage,
Their toils are turn'd to Rev'rend Age,
When a *Court-Dame*, to grace his brows
Reſolv'd, is wed to City Spouſe,
Their aid with *Madam*'s aid muſt join
The aukward Dotard to refine,
And teach, whence trueſt glory flows,
Grave Sixty to turn out his toes.
Each bore in hand a Kit, and each
To ſhew how fit he was to teach
A *Cit*, an *Alderman*, a *Mayor*,
Led in a ſtring a *dancing Bear*.

Since the revival of *Fingal*,
Cuſtom, and Cuſtom's all in all,
Commands that we ſhould have regard,
On all high ſeaſons, to the *Bard*.

Great

Great acts like theſe, by vulgar tongue
Profan'd, ſhould not be ſaid, but ſung.
This place to fill, renown'd in fame,
The high and mighty LOCKMAN came,
And, ne'er forgot in DULLMAN's reign,
With proper order to maintain
The *Uniformity* of Pride,
Brought *Braſher* WHITEHEAD by his ſide.

On Horſe, who proudly paw'd the ground,
And caſt his fiery eyeballs round,
Snorting, and champing the rude bit,
As if, for warlike purpoſe fit,
His high and gen'rous blood diſdain'd
To be for ſports and paſtimes rein'd,
Great DYMOCK, in his glorious ſtation,
Paraded at the Coronation.
Not ſo our *City* DYMOCK came,
Heavy, diſpirited, and tame,
No mark of ſenſe, his eyes half-clos'd,
He on a mighty *Dray-horſe* doz'd.
Fate never could a horſe provide
So fit for ſuch a man to ride,

Nor find a Man, with ſtricteſt care,
So fit for ſuch a horſe to bear.
Hung round with inſtruments of death,
The ſight of him would ſtop the breath
Of braggart Cowardice, and make
The very *Court Drawcanſir* quake.
With *Durks*, which, in the hands of Spite,
Do their damn'd buſineſs in the Night,
From *Scotland* ſent, but here diſplay'd
Only to fill up the Parade;
With *Swords*, unfleſh'd, of maiden hue,
Which Rage or Valour never drew;
With *Blunderbuſſes*, taught to ride,
Like *Pocket-Piſtols*, by his ſide,
In girdle ſtuck, he ſeem'd to be
A little moving *Armory*.
One thing much wanting to complete
The ſight, and make a perfect treat,
Was that the Horſe (a Courteſy
In Horſes found of high degree)
Inſtead of going *forward* on,
All the way *backward* ſhould have gone.
Horſes, unleſs they breeding lack,
Some Scruple make to turn their back,

Tho'

Tho' Riders, which plain Truth declares,
No ſcruple make of Turning theirs.

Far, far apart from all the reſt,
Fit only for a ſtanding jeſt,
The *independent* (can you get
A better ſuited Epithet)
The *independent* AMYAND came,
All burning with the ſacred flame
Of Liberty, which well he knows
On the great ſtock of ſlav'ry grows.
Like Sparrow, who, depriv'd of Mate
Snatch'd by the cruel hand of Fate,
From ſpray to ſpray no more will hop,
But ſits alone on the Houſe-top,
Or like Himſelf, when all alone
At *Croydon*, he was heard to groan,
Lifting *both* hands in the defence
Of Intereſt, and Common-Senſe;
Both hands, for as no other man
Adopted and purſu'd his plan,
The *Left*-hand had been loneſome quite,
If He had not held up the *right*,

Apart He came, and fix'd his eyes
With rapture on a diſtant prize,
On which in Letters worthy note,
There, TWENTY THOUSAND POUNDS, was wrote.
Falſe trap, for Credit ſapp'd is found
By getting twenty thouſand pound;
Nay, look not thus on Me, and ſtare,
Doubting the Certainty—to ſwear
In ſuch a caſe I ſhould be loth—
But PERRY CUST may take his oath.

In plain and decent garb array'd,
With the prim Quaker, FRAUD, came TRADE;
CONNIVANCE, to improve the plan,
Habited like a *Jury-man*,
Judging as Intereſt prevails,
Came next with meaſures, weights, and ſcales;
EXTORTION next, of helliſh race,
A Cub moſt damn'd, to ſhew his face
Forbid by fear, but not by ſhame,
Turn'd to a *Jew*, like ——— came;
CORRUPTION, MIDAS-like, behold
Turning whate'er She touch'd to gold,

TENCE led by LUST, and PRIDE
Stri[illegible]g with PONTON by her ſide,
HYPOCRISY, demure and ſad,
In garments of the Prieſthood clad,
So well diſguis'd, that You might ſwear,
Deceiv'd, a very Prieſt was there;
BANKRUPTCY, full of eaſe and health,
And wallowing in *well-ſav'd* wealth,
Came ſneering thro' a ruin'd band,
And bringing B——— in her hand;
VICTORY, hanging down her head,
Was by a highland Stallion led;
PEACE, cloathed in ſables, with a face
Which witneſs'd ſenſe of huge diſgrace,
Which ſpake a deep and rooted ſhame
Both of Herſelf and of her Name;
Mourning creeps on, and bluſhing feels
WAR, grim WAR treading on her heels;
Pale CREDIT, ſhaken by the arts
Of men with bad heads and worſe hearts,
Taking no notice of a band
Which near her were ordain'd to ſtand,
Well nigh deſtroy'd by ſickly fit,
Look'd wiſtful all around for PITT.

FREEDOM—at that moſt hallow'd name
My Spirits mount into a flame,
Each pulſe beats high, and each nerve ſtrains
E'en to the cracking; thro' my veins
The tides of life more rapid run,
And tell me I am FREEDOM's Son—
FREEDOM came next, but ſcarce was ſeen,
When the ſky, which appear'd ſerene
And gay before, was overcaſt;
Horror beſtrode a *foreign* blaſt,
And from the *priſon* of the *North*,
To FREEDOM deadly, Storms burſt forth.

A *Car* like thoſe, in which, we're told,
Our wild Forefathers warr'd of old,
Loaded with Death, ſix Horſes bear
Thro' the blank region of the air.
Too fierce for time or art to tame,
They pour'd forth mingled ſmoke and flame
From their wide Noſtrils; ev'ry Steed
Was of that ancient ſavage breed
Which fell GERYON nurs'd; their food
The fleſh of Man, their drink his blood.

On

On the firſt Horſes, ill-match'd pair,
This fat and ſleek, *That* lean and bare,
Came ill-match'd Riders ſide by ſide,
And POVERTY was yok'd with PRIDE.
Union moſt ſtrange it muſt appear,
Till other Unions make it clear.

Next, in the gall of bitterneſs,
With rage, which words can ill expreſs,
With unforgiving rage, which ſprings
From a falſe zeal for holy things,
Wearing ſuch robes as Prophets wear,
Falſe Prophets plac'd in PETER's chair,
On which, in Characters of fire,
Shapes Antic, horrible and dire,
Inwoven flam'd, where, to the view,
In groups appear'd a rabble crew
Of Sainted Devils, where all round
Vile *Reliques* of vile men were found,
Who, worſe than Devils, from the birth
Perform'd the work of Hell on earth,
Jugglers, *Inquiſitors*, and *Popes*,
Pointing at *axes*, *wheels*, and *ropes*,

And *Engines*, fram'd on horrid plan,
Which none but the deſtroyer, Man,
Could, to promote his ſelfiſh views,
Have heads to make, or hearts to uſe,
Bearing, to conſecrate her tricks,
In her left-hand a *Crucifix*,
Remembrance of Our dying Lord,
And in her right a *two-edg'd ſword*;
Having her brows, in impious ſport,
Adorn'd with words of high import,
On earth PEACE, *amongſt men*, GOOD WILL
LOVE *bearing*, and *forbearing* ſtill;
All wrote in the *hearts blood* of thoſe
Who rather Death than Falſhood choſe;
On her breaſt (where, in days of Yore,
When God lov'd *Jews*, the HIGH-PRIEST wore
Thoſe Oracles, which were decreed
T'inſtruct and guide the choſen ſeed)
Having, with glory clad and ſtrength,
The VIRGIN pictur'd at *full length*,
Whilſt at her feet, in *ſmall* pourtray'd,
As ſcarce worth notice, CHRIST was laid,
Came SUPERSTITION, fierce and fell,
An Imp deteſted, e'en in hell;

Her

Inflam'd, her face all o'er
Smear'd with human gore,
O'er heaps of mangled *Saints* She rode;
Fast at her heels DEATH proudly ſtrode,
And grimly ſmil'd, well-pleas'd to ſee
Such havock of mortality.
Cloſe by her ſide, on miſchief bent,
And urging on each bad intent
To its full bearing, Savage, Wild,
The Mother fit of ſuch a child,
Stirring the empire to advance
Of Sin and Death, came IGNORANCE.

With looks, where dread command was plac'd,
And Sov'reign Pow'r by Pride diſgrac'd,
Where, loudly witneſſing a mind
Of ſavage more than human kind,
Not chuſing to be lov'd, but fear'd,
Mocking at right, MISRULE appear'd,
With Eyeballs glaring fiery red
Enough to ſtrike beholders dead,
Gnaſhing his teeth, and in a flood
Pouring corruption forth and blood

From his chaf'd jaws; without remorſe
Whipping, and ſpurring on his horſe,
Whoſe ſides, in their own blood embay'd,
E'en to the bone were open laid,
Came TYRANNY; diſdaining awe,
And trampling over *Senſe* and *Law*.
One thing and only one He knew,
One object only would purſue,
Tho' Leſs (ſo low doth paſſion bring)
Than man, he would be more than King.

With ev'ry argument and art,
Which might corrupt the head and heart,
Soothing the frenzy of his mind,
Companion meet, was FLATT'RY join'd.
Winning his carriage, ev'ry look
Employ'd; whilſt it conceal'd a hook;
When ſimple moſt, moſt to be fear'd;
Moſt crafty, when no craft appear'd;
His tales, no man like him could tell;
His words, which melted as they fell,
Might e'en a Hypocrite deceive,
And make an infidel believe,

Wantonly

Wantonly cheating o'er and o'er
Thoſe who had cheated been before,
Such FLATT'RY came in evil hour,
T'ois'ning the royal ear of pow'r,
And, grown by *Proſtitution* great,
Would be firſt Miniſter of State.

Within the Chariot, all alone,
High ſeated on a kind of throne,
With pebbles grac'd, a Figure came,
Whom Juſtice would, but dare not, name.
Hard times when Juſtice, without fear,
Dare not bring forth to public ear
The names of thoſe, who dare offend
'Gainſt Juſtice, and pervert her end;
But, if the Muſe afford me grace,
Deſcription ſhall ſupply the place.

In *foreign* garments he was clad,
Sage Ermine o'er the gloſſy *Plaid*,
Caſt rev'rend honour, on his heart,
Wrought by the curious hand of Art,
In ſilver wrought, and brighter far
Than heav'nly or than earthly Star,

Shone

Shone a *White Roſe*, the Emblem dear
Of him He ever muſt revere,
Of that dread Lord, who, with his hoſt
Of faithful native rebels loſt,
Like thoſe black Spirits doom'd to hell,
At once from pow'r and virtue fell;
Around his clouded brows was plac'd
A *Bonnet*, moſt ſuperbly grac'd
With mighty *Thiſtles*, nor forgot
The ſacred motto, *Touch me not.*

In the right-hand a ſword He bore
Harder than Adamant, and more
Fatal than winds, which from the mouth
Of the rough North invade the South;
The reeking blade to view preſents
The blood of helpleſs Innocents,
And on the hilt, as meek become
As Lambs before the Shearers dumb,
With downcaſt eye, and ſolemn ſhow,
Of deep unutterable woe,
Mourning the time when FREEDOM reign'd,
Faſt to a rock was Juſtice chain'd.

In his left hand, in wax impreſt,
With bells and gewgaws idly dreſt,
An *Image*, caſt in baby mould,
He held, and ſeem'd o'erjoy'd to hold.
On this he fix'd his eyes, to this
Bowing he gave the loyal kiſs,
And, for Rebellion fully ripe,
Seem'd to deſire the ANTITYPE.
What if to that *Pretender*'s foes
His greatneſs, nay, his life he owes,
Shall common obligations bind,
And ſhake his conſtancy of mind?
Scorning ſuch weak and petty chains,
Faithful to JAMES he ſtill remains,
Tho' he the friend of GEORGE appear:
Diſſimulation's *Virtue here.*

Jealous and Mean, he with a frown
Would awe, and keep all merit down,
Nor would to Truth and Juſtice bend,
Unleſs *out-bullied* by his *friend*;
Brave with the Coward, with the brave
He is himſelf a Coward ſlave;

Aw'd by his fears, he has no heart
To take a great and open part;
Mines in a ſubtle train he ſprings,
And, ſecret, ſaps the ears of Kings;
But not e'en there continues firm
'Gainſt the reſiſtance of a worm;
Born in a Country, *where the will*
Of One is Law to all, he ſtill
Retain'd th' infection, with full aim
To ſpread it whereſoe'er he came;
Freedom he hated, *Law* defied,
The Proſtitute of Pow'r and Pride;
Law he with eaſe explains away,
And leads bewilder'd Senſe aſtray;
Much to the credit of his brain
Puzzles the cauſe he can't maintain,
Proceeds on moſt familiar grounds,
And, where he can't convince, confounds;
Talents of rareſt ſtamp and ſize,
To Nature falſe, he miſapplies,
And turns to poiſon what was ſent
For purpoſes of nouriſhment.

Paleneſs

Paleneſs, not ſuch as on his wings
The Meſſenger of Sickneſs brings,
But ſuch as takes its coward riſe
From conſcious baſeneſs, conſcious vice,
O'erſpread his cheeks; *Diſdain* and *Pride*,
To upſtart Fortunes ever tied,
Scowl'd on his brow; within his eye,
Inſidious, lurking like a ſpy
To Caution principled by Fear,
Not daring open to appear,
Lodg'd covert *Miſchief*; *Paſſion* hung
On his lip quiv'ring; on his tongue
Fraud dwelt at large; within his breaſt
All that makes Villain found a neſt,
All that, on hell's compleateſt plan,
E'er join'd to damn the heart of man.

Soon as the Car reach'd land, He roſe,
And with a look which might have froze
The heart's beſt blood, which was enough
Had hearts been made of ſterner ſtuff
In Cities than elſewhere, to make
The very ſtouteſt quail and quake,

He caſt his baleful eyes around;
Fix'd without motion to the ground,
Fear waiting on ſurprize, All ſtood,
And Horror chill'd their curdled blood,
No more they thought of *Pomp*, no more
(For they had ſeen his face before)
Of *Law* they thought; the cauſe forgot,
Whether it was or Ghoſt, or Plot,
Which drew them there. They All ſtood more
Like Statues than they were before.

What could be done? Could Art, could Force,
Or Both direct a proper courſe
To make this ſavage Monſter tame,
Or ſend him back the way he came?
What neither Art, nor Force, nor Both
Could do, a *Lord* of foreign growth,
A Lord to that baſe wretch allied
In Country, not in Vice and Pride,
Effected; from the ſelf-ſame land,
(Bad news for our blaſpheming band
Of Scribblers, but deſerving note)
The Poiſon-cauſe, and Antidote.

Abaſh'd

Abaſh'd the Monſter hung his head,
And, like an empty Viſion, fled;
His Train, like Virgin Snows which run,
Kiſs'd by the burning bawdy Sun,
To loveſick ſtreams, diſſolv'd in Air;
Joy, who from abſence ſeem'd more fair,
Came ſmiling, freed from ſlaviſh awe;
LOYALTY, LIBERTY, and LAW,
Impatient of the galling chain,
And Yoke of pow'r, reſum'd their reign;
And, burning with the glorious flame
Of Public Virtue, MANSFIELD came.

FINIS.

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